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Featuring

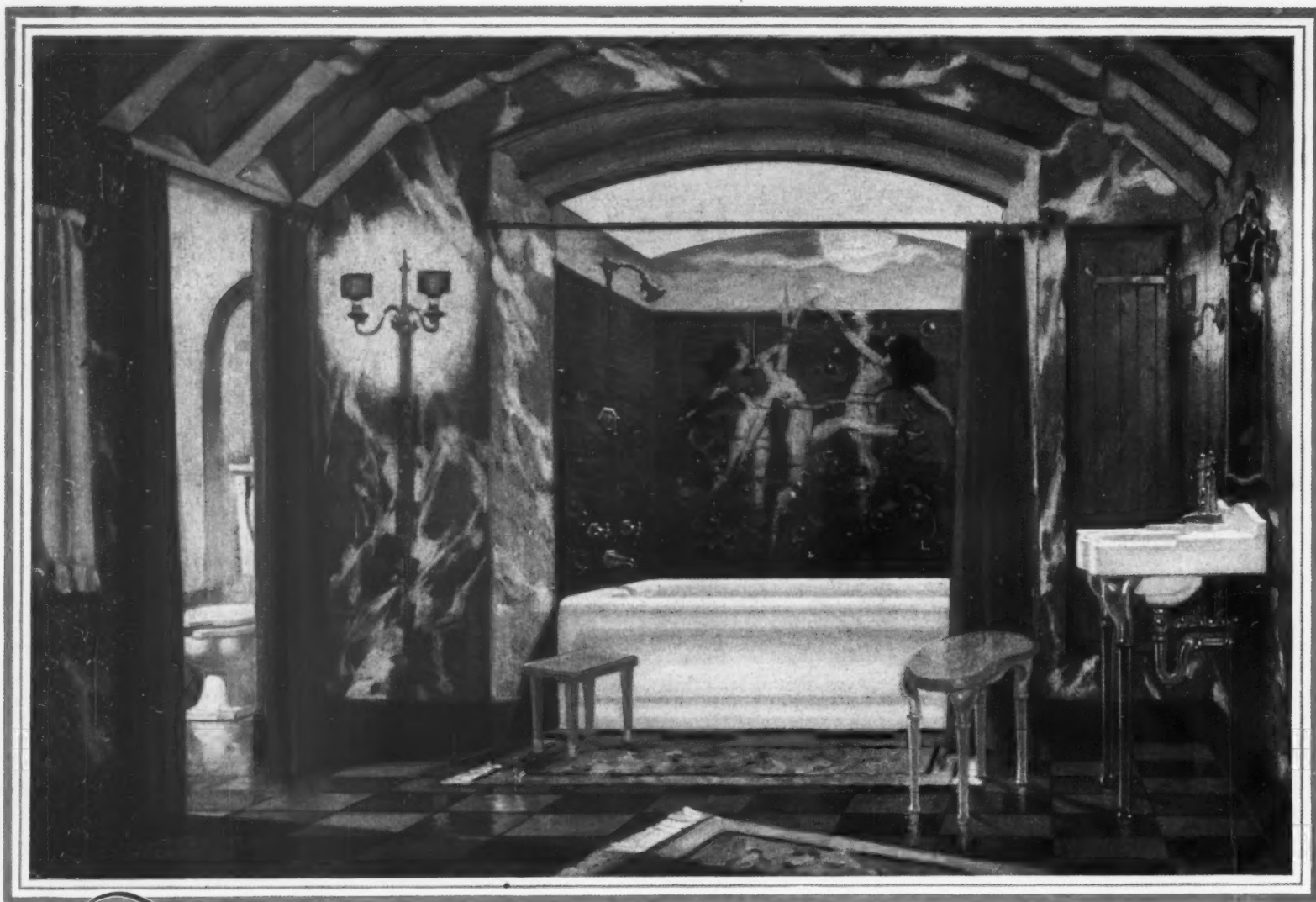
GALLI-CURCI *on* HUNTING HUSBANDS

PARADISE POACHERS *by* BEATRICE GRIMSHAW *and*

YOUTH CALLS IT FREEDOM *by* LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

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Reproduction of an oil painting by Clarence Cole. One of the many original bathroom designs illustrated in the book "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home

The great change has come in Plumbing Fixtures



Fittings for the "Templeton" lavatory are as original in design as the lavatory itself. Fine silverware is not wrought with greater care.

That change has to do neither with material nor usefulness. It has to do with design. Therein lay the promise of finer plumbing fixtures and finer bathrooms.

For years plumbing fixtures have been more practical than beautiful. Styles were standardized. Individuality was priceless because unobtainable.

Then "Standard" designers visioned a way to greater distinction in plumbing fixtures. That way was not to turn from today's ideal materials to the marble slab with cemented-in bowl, rococo and reminiscent of the brownstone fronts of the Eighties. It was to create finer forms, and then to improve manufacturing processes that these forms might be modeled and fired in genuine vitreous china.

So they originated designs, not forgetting that simplicity is an art from which beauty springs—even in vitreous china plumbing fixtures. Plumbing fixtures, yes, but you will very likely think of them as fine bathroom furniture when you have seen them at a "Standard" Showroom or illustrations of them in the book "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home. Your copy will be sent on request.

Prices of "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures in the bathroom illustrated above, with fittings of hexagonal design in smooth Chromard finish, not including cost of installation: 5½ foot Woodmere Bath of Acid-Resisting Enamel with combination bath and shower fittings, \$290; Templeton Lavatory, \$540; Purimo Water Closet, \$120. Portal Dental Lavatory (not illustrated above but described in the book) \$60. These fixtures are available at additional cost in black and several beautiful color shades. Fittings are also available in gold plate or Chromard, with hand-hammered panels of Chromard, antique or green gold. Prices on request.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.
PITTSBURGH

"Standard"
PLUMBING FIXTURES

THE PROFESSION speaks its mind on troubles of the gums...

*Soft food is
the cause of soft gums . . .*
**DENTISTS SAY.. Ipana and
massage the logical remedies**

IF you go to your dentist for a few moments' advice upon gum troubles, he will gladly sum up for you the latest findings of the profession.

He could show you lectures, papers and clinical reports by the hundred—the fruit of years of research by distinguished men. But probably he will give you the gist of it all in some such terms as these:

"Gum troubles start right in your dining-room at home. For the food you eat is to blame!

"Before we began to refine our foods to make them delicious, people didn't have much trouble with their gums. The coarse fibre and the natural roughage made plenty of work for the oral apparatus. Mastication kept the blood supply within the gums in lively circulation. Gums were nourished—they remained in normal tone and vigor—firm, sound and healthy.

How soft food impairs gum health

"But what happens today? If you eat something that needs a little real chewing, you only criticize the cook. You demand tender meats, peeled fruits, soft vegetables, flaky pastries and fluffy puddings. Your gums are robbed of work. Their circulation falters. The tissues grow congested—soft, inflamed and tender.

"Soon you may notice a tinge of 'pink' on your tooth brush. That is a signal of danger near at hand—a warning that your gums need immediate care.

"The logical way to correct or prevent the trouble is to stimulate the gums twice a day through massage. You can do it easily in just a few moments at the time you brush your teeth. Simply brush your gums, too, gently but thoroughly, every square inch of them, inside and out. Stir up their sluggish circulation, and they'll soon improve—in color, in firmness and in health."
(Summary taken from hundreds of excerpts from authoritative dental papers, lectures and texts.)



Even when gums seem entirely sound, dentists recommend Ipana and massage as a wise preventive measure

And there are thousands of good dentists—among them very possibly your own—who add:

"The massage alone is good, but massage with Ipana Tooth Paste is better. Use it for the massage as well as for the regular cleaning of your teeth. If at first your gums are tender to the brush, rub them gently with a little Ipana spread upon your finger tips, after you finish brushing your teeth."

For Ipana contains ziratol, a stimulating and healing hemostatic. For years specialists have used ziratol in treating the gums. Its presence gives Ipana the power to aid in building your gums to sound and sturdy

health—the first step in preserving the natural lustre and beauty of your teeth.

Ipana is worth a 30 days' trial

There is a coupon in the corner. It offers you a ten-day trial tube. Use it if you wish. Certainly this tube will prove to you Ipana's delicious taste and remarkable cleaning power.

But ten days can hardly show you Ipana's good effect on your gums. One month is a far fairer trial both to you and to Ipana. Stop at the next drug store you pass and get a full-size tube (about 120 brushings). Use it to the last squeeze! Then will you know *all* Ipana can do to improve the health and beauty of your mouth.

IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF SAL HEPATICA

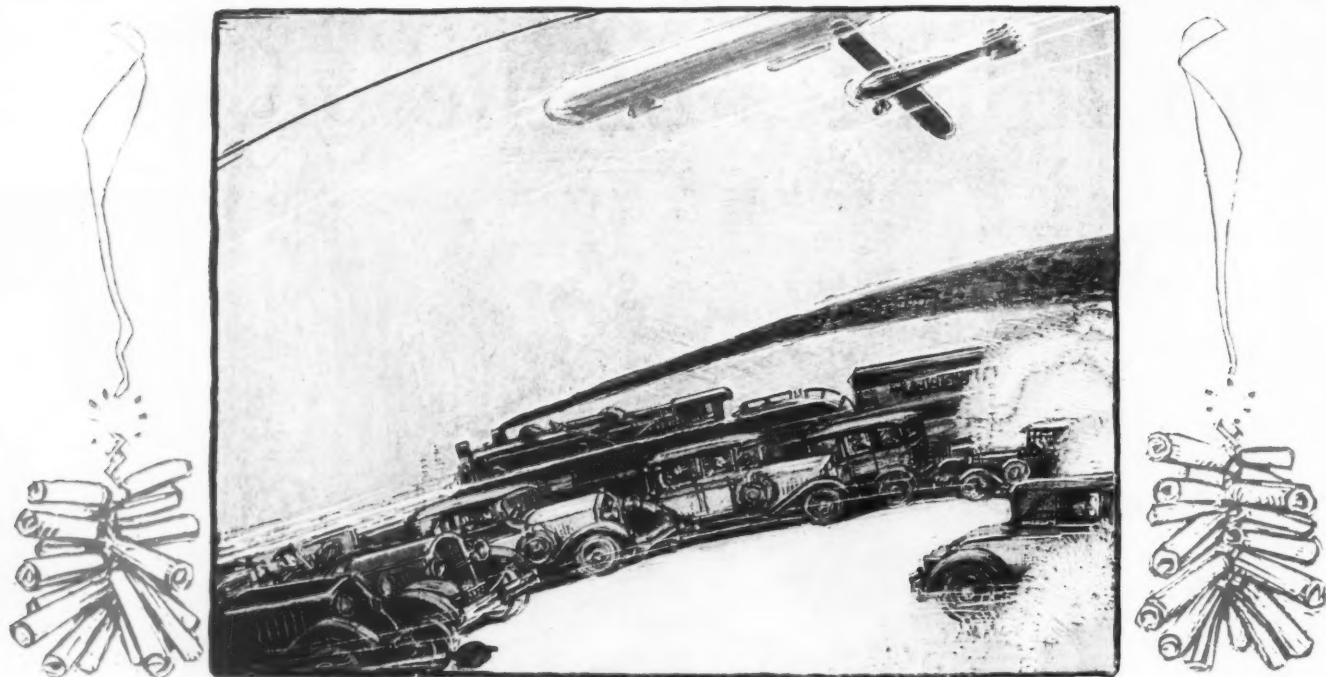


BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. E-78, 73 West St., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Editorial



FIRECRACKERS

WE live in an era of hard roads and soft drinks. That, in itself, explains many things.

☞ ☞ ☞

It is the Fourth of July and we're off to join the Big Parade! To the tune of humming motors and the rhythm of "Turkey In The Straw"—like so many determined ants scuttling over an acorn—we go creeping and crawling and—in lapses of traffic—dashing and darting all over the whole face of this new re-discovered world of ours.

We are a people on the move—restless, impulsive, eager to go anywhere and everywhere. Going only, it seems, for the sake of getting far enough from home to be excused for speeding back.

Speed is the national password. We Stop, Look, and Listen only for railroad trains.

In prairie schooner days the familiar cry was "Powder River, let 'er bust!" Now, fender to fender, following the Big Parade, we hear, "Speed it up, brother. Don't block the traffic." North, south, east, west, we go where the going's best!

Show us an El Dorado, a hidden retreat, a remote resort and within a week we will show you all the "comforts of home" tiled bathrooms and radios, golf courses and No Parking signs.

As a nation we should be labelled "In Transit." We go where we are led, following guide posts and road maps, knowing others will follow and still others will go before, not halting to question whither, whence, or why.

In the tonneaus of our sedans we have found a

new frontier. Neglecting sunsets and landscapes, overlooking strange scenes and new faces we go where everyone goes, minding only road signs, blow-outs and crying babies.

True we carry back impressions! Impressions of thousands of others just like us, moving at the same pace, keyed to the same pitch, hurrying hither and back for obviously no reason at all, save to say they have been and gone; impressions of "popcorn, peanuts, cracker jack and candy," impressions of hurry and bustle and crowded hotels.

Leather chaps have surrendered to golf knickers, covered wagons to cushioned cars. Filling stations loom over once picturesque missions dotting California's far-famed Camino Real. And no village—be it ever so humble—is without its "Antique Shoppe" or its "Tourist Accommodations."

☞ ☞ ☞

Everything is bridged—time and space and distance. This is an age of sandwich shops and thirty million "ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience," restrooms and penny papers, television and billboards.

We have the best stations, the fastest trains, the finest service—"Only 19 hours between New York and Chicago—Maid and valet service—a crew of 250 servants, proud of their duty—An investment of \$15,000,000 in each special train."

"Get your letter in the air mail early." Thirty-six hours after your message leaves New York it lands in San Francisco.

Koehl, Huenefeld and Fitzmaurice span the At-

lantic and next morning's papers carry their telephotos.

We are a young nation, a new people. One moment we wonder what will happen to the younger generation and the next we are doing eighteen holes on a golf course—or speaking before the Garden Club on the "Transplanting of Dahlia Bulbs."

☞ ☞ ☞

It is the Fourth of July anywhere in the United States. If a large city, sleek, black trains are slinking down silver tracks at break-neck speed, carrying hundreds of passengers out into the once great open spaces. Take us anywhere but home—for a day or two! And then take us back again with equal speed.

10,000,000 people in New York—3,000,000 of whom push out of the city on every holiday—droning and buzzing and hurrying like bees from a hive. And like bees working and hurrying and going they know not why.

Meanwhile, pouring into the cities from every countryside come cars of every kind—new fours "especially adapted to modern traffic conditions," comfortable sixes and luxurious eights. Cars filled with relatives, candy, folding compartments, camp chairs and picnic lunches.

☞ ☞ ☞

Into this crowded scene, striking the hour monthly, come the women's magazines. As one of these it is the purpose of McCall's ever to be an alert reflection of the changing tide.

THE EDITOR



LES POUDRES COTY



Summer — when every woman must look her loveliest — and when warmth and sun make it most difficult! The fragrant coolness of COTY Talc keeps the body delicately exquisite beneath filmy frocks, after golf or tennis. The smooth perfection of COTY Face Powder glorifies the complexion under the most glaring light. Together they are essentials of fresh, enchanting daintiness.



OLYMPIC LIPSTICK
The new double size, in five radiant shades for the glamorous accent of colour.
REFILLS—Obtainable everywhere.

COTY TALC
IN TWO SHADES
BLANC AND ROSE
and all the favoured Coty Odeurs

"ROUGE"
how to use it for greatest beauty — a booklet illustrated by CHARLES DANA GIBSON

COTY, INC.
714 Fifth Avenue, New York
CANADA — 35 McGill College Ave., Montreal



Choosing a Husband

A voice heard round the world speaks—
and points the way to feminine happiness

By Amelita Galli-Curci

MANY letters come to me from girls and young women in almost every section of the country and the questions they ask me concern, in the main, the all important one of choosing a husband. Their implied confidence touches a very tender chord with me. To answer all these letters has been impossible, they are so numerous and personal. Then the idea of replying collectively occurred to me.

The first question in considering so important a subject would seem to me: How old should a woman be before she chooses a husband. My answer would be twenty-eight. At nineteen or twenty a girl is in love with love. Having no definite ideas on the subject most men to her prove captivating; she is blinded by the physical side of things. An ideal marriage is never founded on physical love of the youthful kind which flies away so quickly. The physical is not enough to satisfy the maturer mind. As Swedenborg expresses it, spiritual love, true love, goes on forever. To name the age of twenty-eight, with its more ripened judgment and experience, as a time when a woman may more safely choose her husband, would once have aroused stormy protest. But that day is past. Women in business or a profession no longer look on marriage as a means of support. A goodly proportion of women engaged in occupations make a better living than the average young man could offer them.

This is not by any means decrying the old order once generally accepted, when woman, more helpless and clinging, embraced her sole, safe refuge in matrimony. There was good reason for it. To have entered on a professional or business career would have made her lose caste socially. Only teaching or the calling of a prima donna was open to her; nor had all women voices to take up a singing career.

We may call this age material, but it offers a bigger scope for genuine love matches than did the one preceding it to which credit for greater spirit of romance was given. There is today a further advantage: women, thrown into freer association with men on the plane of business, understand them far better. They become, not helpless helpmates, but pals and comrades in the conduct of their husband's affairs. And understanding through this new freedom the world and life much better, they are equipped to become wiser mothers in the upbringing of their children.

The vexed question has often been put to me:

"Should women with children follow their profession or calling, or should they remain in the home?" Here, again, circumstances usually decide the situation. A woman who, though loving her children, has neither the gift nor inclination to train them would more wisely leave it to others who are better equipped. Such a woman may be spared to her profession to the advantage of all concerned.

However, given the true mother instinct with the gift and inclination to train her children, the place above all others for the woman, notwithstanding business or professional outlook, is the home. Should she forsake it her children will become, not representative of her or the training she would instill, but the product of governesses.

In saying these things I wish to stress the fact that I do not single out the professional or business woman as a class apart from all others. In every walk of life we find two types, the woman with the true maternal instinct and the woman lacking it. And the professional or business woman with ambition to make her talents useful in the world is a figure commanding profound admiration.

There are two vastly important things that should be carefully held in mind when a woman chooses her life partner: The interests of both should be the same; they should be equally well educated, otherwise they will never understand each other.

A union of interests is, to my mind, absolutely indispensable to a happy married life. Where the same tastes and aims exist the pair supplement each other in pursuit of their life work. It becomes a speaking of the same language of mind and soul, and a firm basis for true comradeship.

THE length of an engagement, to my way of thinking, depends upon the temperament of the engaged. Waiting at least a year before beginning married life is sure-

ly not too long an engagement. During that year two people learn to know each other, if they keep in an analytical mood. It is seldom that really happy marriages are prompted by sudden impulse. There is another thing in which this year of engagement should

bring enlightenment, and that is whether the man wishes to reign as absolute dictator. A woman should never sacrifice her own personality. It is God-given. In the truly happy marriage neither one is "boss," but a comrade who understands and respects the other.

Surely it is better not to practise camouflaging during the engagement. To show defects as well as the best side of their natures is the honest course for both man and woman. Love at any age, is prone to idealize its object and concealment is no friend of future serenity. Under the best of conditions shortcomings present themselves; the way to meet them is by realizing that we, too, may have failings equally pronounced.

No woman can expect to keep her husband's love if she is uninteresting and badly dressed. Before marriage she has given her best attention to proving attractive to him; after marriage this is equally important.

Women, being keenly intuitive, understand men better and more quickly than men understand women. But there is a scientific method which, in choosing wife or husband, would seem to prove invaluable—psychiatry.

In certain countries of Europe, laws have been made demanding physical examinations before marriage; more countries will, doubtless, follow the same plan. Why not inaugurate mental examinations by a skilled psychiatrist to determine whether a man and woman are compatible or whether certain mental qualities possessed by them will clash to the point of endangering happiness?

An important New York university has established a new department with a noted psychiatrist in charge. His duty will be through careful tests and questioning to find out whether a student is fitted for the calling he has chosen and for which he desires to study.

Why not apply the tests and questionings of psychiatry to candidates for marriage? Such tests would pretty thoroughly reveal individual traits, resources, temperaments. The engaged couple, comparing results, could far more clearly estimate their chance of happiness or lack of it in their life together. Furthermore, they would be informed of what to avoid, what faults they should try to overcome and what would prove the mentally strong points in their union.

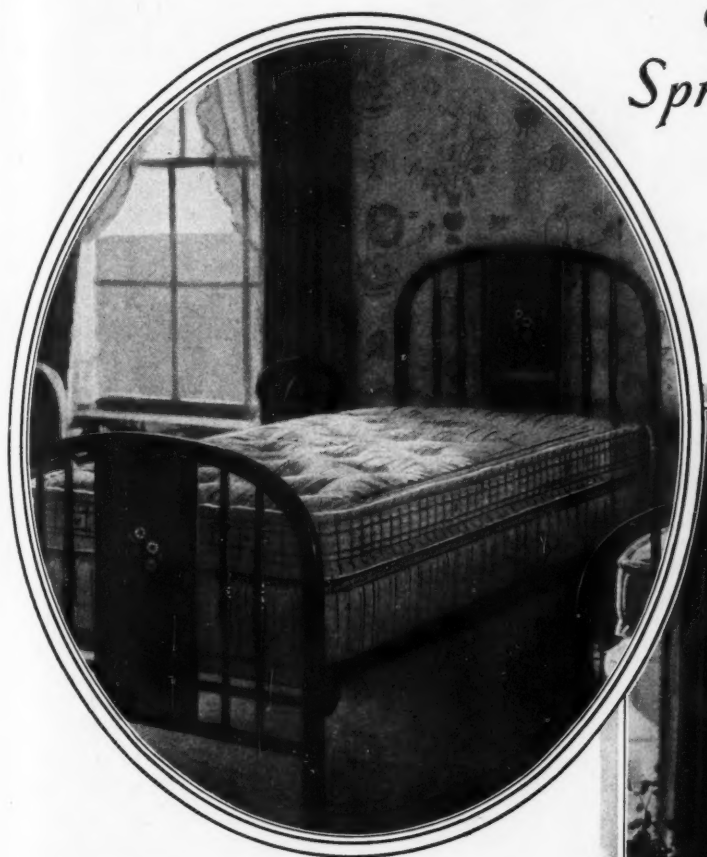
"MATCHLESS FOR COMFORT"

says Mrs. Edward F. Swift

of this splendid Spring and Mattress



Mrs. EDWARD F. SWIFT's own personal charm and generous interest in civic progress have made her one of the best loved women in Chicago. She is a patroness of Grand Opera and a member of the smart women's clubs.



A BEDROOM IN MRS. SWIFT'S LAKE FOREST COUNTRY HOUSE

Chinese Chippendale wall-paper in tones of brown and blue and quaint Victorian beaded chairs lend charm to this gracious room. The Simmons Twin Beds are Model No. 1540, equipped with Simmons Ace Springs and Simmons Beautyrest Mattresses, which Mrs. Swift pronounces "matchless for comfort."



THE SIMMONS ACE SPRING

Buoyant, enduring, yet light and easy to keep clean—and so good-looking with or without the smartly-tailored cover that makes it look like a box spring.



HUNDREDS OF HIDDEN COILS

deep buried in luxurious upholstery assure the matchless comfort of the Simmons Beautyrest Mattress. And, too, they hold the smart boxed sides always upright—they can't be crushed!

COLORFUL and comfortable as a country house should be is Mrs. Edward F. Swift's delightful home at Lake Forest. Many of its bedrooms are furnished with Simmons Beds. And to their charm is added the luxury of equipment with Simmons Ace Springs and Simmons Beautyrest Mattresses.

This splendid spring and mattress together are "matchless for comfort" as Mrs. Swift says. They are the achievement of Simmons, world-famous as greatest makers of beds, springs and mattresses.

The Ace is the modern coil spring—sturdily strong, yet light and easily cared for. "With

its detachable slip cover," says Mrs. Swift, "it is a new discovery!"

The Beautyrest Mattress combines three precious qualities: luxurious comfort, smart good looks, amazing serviceability.

Give your own home this matchless luxury of complete equipment with Simmons Ace Springs and Simmons Beautyrest Mattresses—assuring, as Mrs. Swift says, "The most restful sleep ever known!"

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Ace Spring, \$19.75, Simmons Beautyrest Mattress \$39.50. Simmons Beds \$10 to \$60. Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

SIMMONS BEDS, SPRINGS, MATTRESSES

{BUILT FOR SLEEP}

Grind milk?

"GRINDING" milk makes it better food, just as certainly as grinding corn makes it more fit for our consumption. Cows' milk is designed by nature for the stomach of a calf—a very different organ from the human stomach. The fat in the milk is in big globules which rise to the top and form cream on ordinary milk. They cause the calf no trouble. They often do cause us trouble.

It Needs To Be "Ground"

Evaporated Milk is put through a "milk mill," a homogenizer, which literally grinds the milk. By great pressure the milk is forced through tight crevices, between revolving surfaces, and thrown out in a fine "mist" or vapor. The crevices are so small that the big globules can't get through. They are broken up into particles as small as those in milk designed by nature for babies.

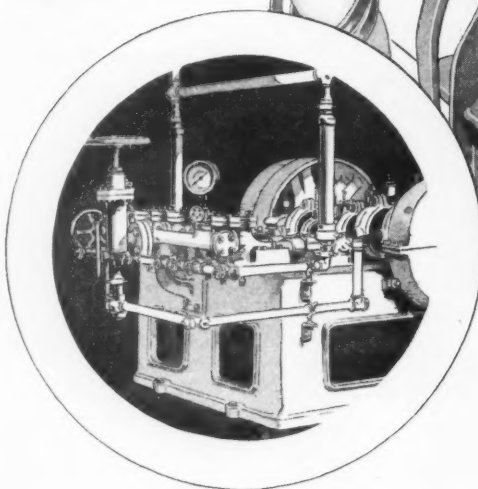
The Cream Stays In The Milk

Because the fat globules are so small in Evaporated Milk, they do not rise to the top. There is no cream line in Evaporated Milk, though it's more than twice as rich as ordinary milk. The cream stays in the milk. Every drop is uniformly rich in all the food substances of milk—in the butterfat as well as in the bone and tissue-building substances. It is rich in all the substances which make milk the most nearly perfect of all food. Evaporated Milk can *never* be skimmed milk.



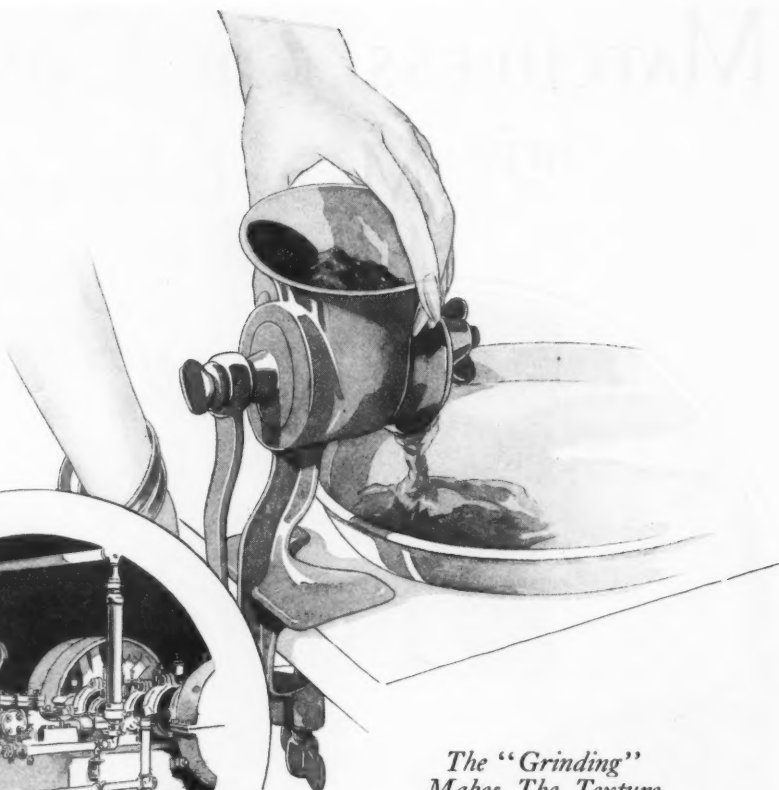
This is the "head" of the big machine. The two small pieces here shown fit so tightly together that 2,000 pounds pressure is required to force the milk between them. Here the fat globules are broken up—the milk "ground."

The small fat globules make Evaporated Milk more easily digested than ordinary milk. For babies, it is as easily digested as mothers' milk. For children, too, it's better food because of its ready digestibility, as well as because of its sure and wholesome richness. Because it is "ground" it is more surely better food for everybody. It is more easily digested, too, because it is sterilized. The curds that form in the course of digestion are soft and flocculent. The sterilization also makes it absolutely safe. Evaporated Milk is the one and only form of pure milk that is both *protected* and *perfected* in purity—that is as safe as if there were not a germ in the universe.



This machine is a series of six pumps which force the milk between the revolving surfaces where the grinding takes place. It is the homogenizer.

More Easily Digested



The "Grinding" Makes The Texture

In the finer articles of food, ice cream, for example, Evaporated Milk gives a richness and a fine smoothness of texture that nothing else can give. In cream soups, milk drinks, chocolates and cocoas; in candies and sauces, the same fine richness and smoothness of texture is particularly noticeable. These qualities are due to the homogenization. The grinding makes Evaporated Milk, and all articles in which it is used, better, more finely textured, more easily digested food.

Pure, Safe Milk

Evaporated Milk is pure, fresh milk from which sixty per cent. of the water is removed. Nothing whatever has been added to preserve it. The sterilization and the sealed can keep the milk as fresh and sweet as when it left the farm. It will keep on your pantry shelf. It is economical to use—convenient to buy. Every grocer and delicatessen in the country has it.

Send for Our Booklets

EVAPORATED MILK ASSOCIATION
976 Illinois Merchants Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me, without cost, your
booklets about Evaporated Milk.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

EVAPORATED MILK

Richer~safer~more convenient~more economical than any other milk

Keeps fresh and sweet on your pantry shelf





❧ JULY FOURTH ❧

By Joseph Auslander

Illustrated by E. F. WARD

*Not bells nor drums nor shoutings, not
The colored Roman candles, nor
The patriot with his pistol shot,
The firecrackers at the store:*

*In none of this, nor in the march
Of well-fed, well-clothed, well-shod fellows,
Nor in the bosom stuffed with starch,
Nor in the pompousness that bellows:*

*In none of this, in none of these,
In nothing of this blare and show,
Would you remark how feet could freeze
And leave red patches on the snow.*

*How can these fine parades recall
Those ragged regiments, that lone
Grim leader's back against the wall,
The bitter cost in flesh and bone?*

*Ribbons and medals have no place
In contemplation of his heart;
The sorrows furrowing that face
Must shame oration's florid art.*

*With prayers and tears as well as steel,
With long bleak vigils in the night,
With hunger stalking at his heel,
With more than enemies to fight,*

*With miseries we cannot guess
From our gay music, Washington
Hoped in the teeth of hopelessness,
And dreamed and dared and struck and won*

*Let us like gods hold good the gain,
Let us like men salute our loss,
Let us resolve that not in vain
Our fathers carried the hard cross.*

*Let us renew their faith, their fame,
Their love of country and their pride,
Because they lived, let freedom flame;
Let tyrants fall because they died!*



Every American paying homage to the signers of the Declaration of Independence should also pay homage to their wives

WOMEN SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

ON July Fourth, one hundred and fifty-two years ago, the Declaration of Independence was adopted by the Continental Congress. On that day two men—John Hancock, as president of Congress, and Charles Thompson, as secretary—signed the document. Not until August second did fifty-four other men add their names to pledge "our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor" to free this country from foreign government. In September Dr. Matthew Thornton added his name to the New Hampshire signers. His signature completed the list of fifty-seven signers we now honor as the Fathers of American Liberty.

The British Government caused the list of the signers of the Declaration of Independence to be read in every British camp. Every soldier and every Tory was instructed that the signers were criminals, to be treated as such. And this list totaled one hundred and eight names, for the British authorities added the names of the wives of the married signers to the list of persons to be held answerable to "Treason!"

It was the women who bore the brunt of the British persecution. Where expeditions were launched against the homes of the signers the husbands were generally away attending to the affairs of the country and the wives were at home alone. The first of the offensives was launched against a woman and the British army orders for it disclosed the fact that Lord Howe knew the husband was not at home. She was captured and her treatment differed not a whit from that accorded the only male signer who fell into British hands. Both died from the effects of the inhuman treatment they underwent while in prison in New York City.

In fact the only difference between the effects on the fifty-seven men who actually signed, and the fifty-one women whom the British added to the list of signers, is that the fifty-one were not consulted as to whether the signing of such a pledge met with their desires. And if they had been asked, would the whole fifty-one have signed? History does not answer this question unequivocally. Except in the case of a very few the reports of the personal feelings of the wives of the signers are meager. They lived in a man's world and few biographers thought them of enough interest even to gain mention in the life stories of their husbands.

Despite this seeming conspiracy to bury these women in oblivion the actions of more than two-thirds of them were such that chroniclers of the time had to include them in the records.

Elizabeth Annesley Lewis, wife of Francis Lewis, was the first one called upon to fulfil the pledge of "life,

What price liberty!

By Eugene Clifford

fortune and sacred honor" as a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Elizabeth Lewis was not an accidental victim of the animosity of the British. The King's officers knew that Lewis was not at his home in White-stone, Long Island, when the expedition was planned. The orders to Captain Birch read "to seize the lady and destroy the property." To aid Birch a ship of war was also dispatched to Whitestone, and with the ship shooting from the water side of the Lewis estate and Captain Birch and his troop of light horse on the land side, the lady had no chance. She was thrown into prison in New York City. Her cell had no bed. She was allowed no change of clothing. For three weeks she was prevented

from communicating with anyone. Then an old colored servant discovered her whereabouts. He smuggled her some small articles of clothing and took out from her letters to friends, apprising them of her plight.

Congress demanded of the British authorities that better treatment be accorded her. The demand was ignored. Washington then made prisoners of the wives of two prominent British officials who were living in Philadelphia. He sent word that unless Mrs. Lewis was immediately released these two English women would be given the same treatment as she had received. The threat resulted in the release from prison of Mrs. Lewis. She was not allowed to leave New York. Her health was broken by her stay in prison. For months, weak and suffering, Mrs. Lewis remained in New York barely possessing the necessities of life. When, at last, she was permitted to join her husband in Philadelphia, her family had barely time to get to her bedside before she died from illness contracted in prison.

Abigail Smith Adams, the wife of John Adams, is another of the fifty-one women held responsible for the pledge of "life, fortune and sacred honor," and who would have willingly signed if the opportunity had been offered. Her numerous writings, including her letters, are fervid with devotion to the cause of independence.

Of the other Mrs. Adams—Elizabeth Wells, second wife of Samuel Adams—history has but little to say directly of her sentiments in regard to independence. But the record of her that is in history makes it certain that Samuel Adams never could have earned his title of "father of independence" if it had not been for her. At the time she married him he was a widower with two children, a failure as far as finances were concerned, and fully deserved to be called shiftless. From pure neglect he had lost the business and money he had inherited. His house remained to him. He was already committed to his patriotic course.

Elizabeth did truck gardening and sewing in order to have food in the house while Sam devoted his entire time to the affairs of the colony. She managed to entertain his friends and consequently she was host to the greatest patriots of the time. Her letters, what few are preserved, consistently show a great desire to keep his mind free from any worry in regard to family affairs, especially at critical times when affairs of state were demanding his attention.

Annis Boudinot Stockton, wife of Richard Stockton, and mother of Mrs. Benjamin Rush, whose husband is another signer, left in her own writings a record of her loyalty to the cause of the colonies. [Turn to page 96]



... while the wives were at home alone

Sun Porch Magic

your chance to show how clever you are with color



Hazel Dell Brown
will help you

Color is king in this sun porch planned by Hazel Dell Brown, decorator. Her crowning touch of color is the floor—one of the new effects in Embossed Inlaid Linoleum, No. 6071. Mrs. Brown will help you create rooms like this, with modern, inexpensive furnishings you can obtain at local stores. Her new book, "The Attractive Home—How to Plan Its Decoration," explains this free service. Sent for 10c. (Canada, 20c.) Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 307 Lincoln Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.

your imagination have full sway.

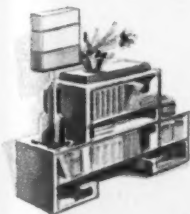
You'll know just how much you can do when you see the new Armstrong's Linoleum Floor designs now showing at good department, furniture, and linoleum stores. They have satin-smooth, easy-to-clean finish of Accolac. Eye-tempting. Purse-appealing, too.

Look for the
CIRCLE A
trade-mark on
the linoleum



BEFORE you read further, please step into your own sun porch . . .

Unlike a dining-room, a living-room, or even a bedroom, a sun porch is seldom governed by any set rules of decoration. It is almost a room apart—a room in which you can indulge your flair for independent expression . . . a room that will respond amazingly to the magic wand of color.



Brightly hued furniture is right at home in a sun porch. Unusual pieces in the modern vogue, too, can be used in smart good taste.



Draperies in colorings that rival the sun will add true gaiety to any sun porch setting.

This is the room in which brightly painted furniture—even that modernistic table or chair you long to use—belongs. In this room you can splurge with gay, yes, brilliant draperies—the very ones that caught your eye the last time you were shopping.

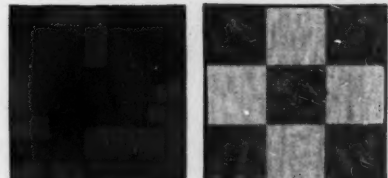
And . . . if you've always wanted a colorful, patterned floor, yet felt a bit timid about such a seemingly bold step—install one in your sun porch right over the old boards. It's the final magic touch that transforms a sun porch into—the room you've always dreamed about but never thought could be yours. . . .

Try sun-porch magic in *your* home! It's your opportunity to show your cleverness with color, to let

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN . . INLAID . . EMBOSSED . . JASPE . . ARABESQ . . PRINTED



Two new designs in Armstrong's Linoleum. Both have new dirt-resisting Accolac finish. Right—Marble Inlaid No. 83. Left—Moulded Inlaid No. 5031.



To be Mary Queen of Scots, or Helen of Troy for one evening—to have life move to music, and hold romance within one's hands—need it ALL be make-believe?

When you face sunlight ~ instead of moonlight ~ what of beauty, then ?

Kindly cosmetics under soft lights or a friendly moon *can* lend romantic loveliness. But daylight and sunlight persist in coming to test romance and beauty. So isn't it true that one's everyday complexion must be—not masked in decorative mystery—but genuinely charming?

There must be fineness beneath

A skin that is naturally clear, silken and fresh is lovely morning, noon and night. Cosmetics may heighten its beauty, for its petal-like texture takes them well.

But fineness and smoothness must come from more fundamental things. From health—the right diet, fresh air and enough sleep. And from proper outside care, that aids natural bloom and beauty.

And what is the proper outside care? What authority may best answer this important question? Isn't he the dermatologist—the physician who has specialized in the care of the skin, with no jars and packages to sell?

This physician says first of all that there is a great deal of *misinformation* abroad about complexions. Millions of dollars are spent every year upon "skin-foods," mysterious lotions and other so-called skin treatments

which actually cannot perform half the promises they make, and many of which actually harm the average skin.

Complexions need care, but far simpler care than is sometimes considered necessary, says the doctor.

Indeed all they need is to be kept as clean as possible and, if they tend to dryness, to be gently softened.

They need to be kept clean with a pure soap—as pure as Ivory Soap!

"With a healthy skin of normal resistance," says Dr. William Allen Pusey, dermatologist and former head of the American Medical Association, in his book on the care of the skin, "the only care needed for the face is to keep it clean and to protect it from damaging

What physicians say about complexion care

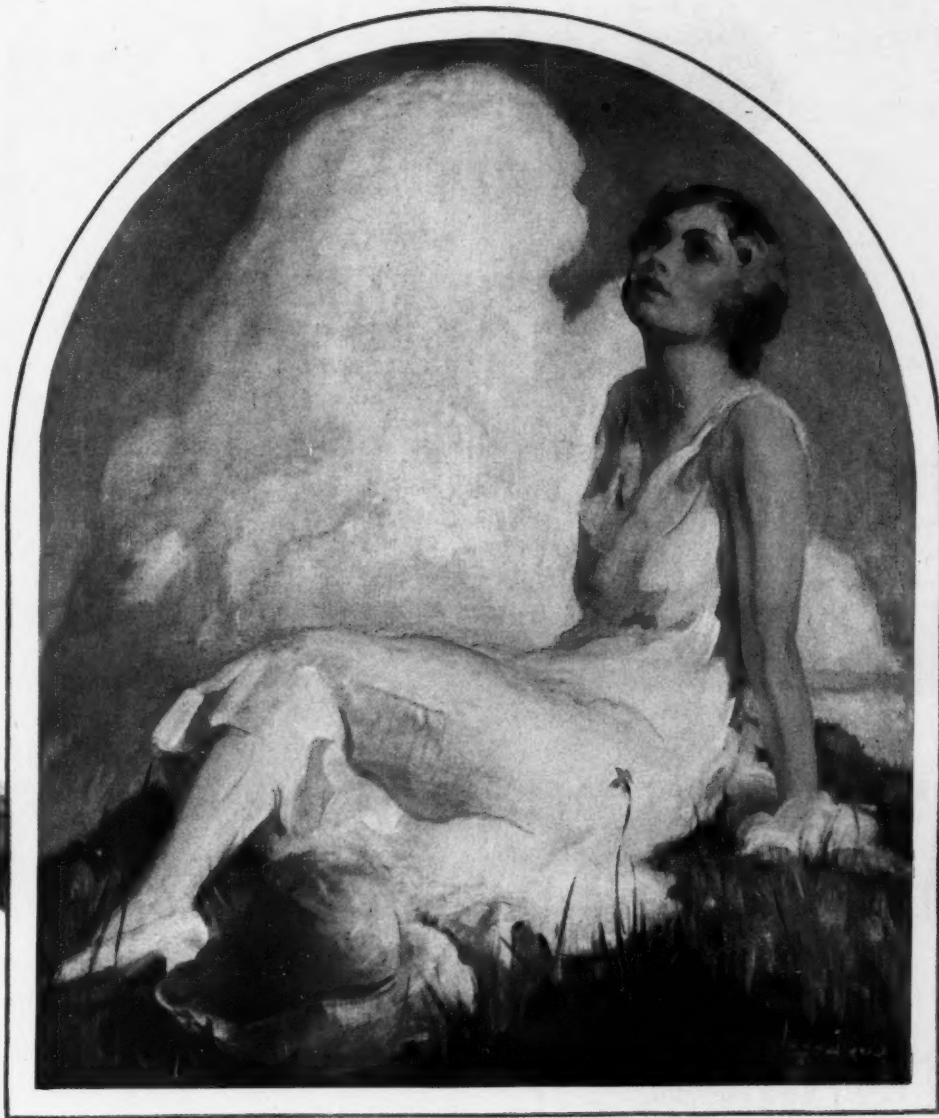
The first requisite for a good complexion is health. A rational diet with plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables and eight glasses of water a day are more beautifying than any cosmetic.

The second requisite for a good complexion is cleanliness. A pure soap performs an invaluable service in keeping the skin clean. The qualities essential in a toilet soap are purity and mildness.

For oily skins, the following procedure each night will be helpful: First use a pure cold cream. This softens dust and make-up. Wipe it off. Then use hot water and a pure soap, cleansing the skin vigorously, removing all the cream. Rinse with cold water.

For dry skins: Avoid too-hot water or lotions containing alcohol. Use only a pure, mild soap. At night, after washing the face, rub in a little pure cold cream. Protect a dry skin from sun and wind as much as possible.

In cases of serious skin troubles, a physician should be consulted.



To meet the challenge of daylight and sunlight, complexions must be naturally fine and petal-smooth. To keep them so, doctors say simple care is best and safest.

influences. The way to keep the face clean is to wash it, sometimes with a soap and water, sometimes with water alone."

Since you must rely upon your soap to accomplish so much, it must be the very *finest* soap you can buy. It must be pure and thorough and gentle.

What makes a "beauty soap"?

Ivory, for example, is as nearly perfect a beauty soap as you can buy. It is so pure that it keeps the skin of millions of babies—the finest, loveliest skin in the world—smooth and unfretted. It gives an exquisitely soft lather which bubbles gently against your face, works quickly down into every tiny pore, where it cleanses safely and thoroughly. It

gives the kind of simple cleansing which frees all the pores from accumulated dust and waste so that they can do their own beautifying.

A "beauty shop" in your skin

The cleansing is vitally important. For in your marvelous skin itself you have natural beautifiers all ready and willing to work for you. Tiny glands are constantly compounding moisture and oil to keep your skin soft and smooth—if you let them.

But these little beautifiers must be kept free to do their work, and only soap and water can do this. (Cleansing cream will soften and remove the surface powder and the dirt, but soap-and-water are necessary for deep, thorough cleansing. And unless washed off,

cream will add to the troubles of the oily skin.)

A good Ivory washing once or twice a day is a safe and sure path to the beauty that belongs to every healthy skin when kept safely clean. Ivory is recommended by physicians and dermatologists for this purpose because they know that there is no finer, purer soap at any price.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Free: A little book on charm

What kind of care for different complexions? Figures? Hair? The "why" of wrinkles. Which cosmetics for different skins? A dainty little book—*On the Art of being Charming*—answers many questions like these and is free. Send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Department 14-GF, P. O. Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IVORY SOAP

...kind to everything it touches

99 4/100% Pure



IT FLOATS





You can soak the hard work right out of your washday... *this new way*

When a tubful of clothes stares up at you, have you ever wished they would wash themselves? Of course, they can't *quite* do that—but almost!

Do you realize that Chipso *soaks* clothes clean?

Chipso is *modern*. The minute you pour hot water on the fine, thin flakes, the richest, lastingest suds imaginable foam up before your eyes. Just *leave* the clothes in these Chipso suds while you tidy the house or wash the breakfast dishes (with Chipso, too!) and when you come back in 20 minutes or so, the dirt will be ready to drop out. (If you prefer to soak overnight, the clothes will be safe as a baby in a cradle—because Chipso harms nothing but dirt.)

You can remove this loosened dirt now, just by *squeezing* the suds through the clothes. If any spots remain, rub them a little between your hands—and you are ready for rinsing and wringing! Really, a Chipso tub-washing is as easy as that! And if you use a washing machine, soak your clothes the same way *before* you start the motor—and see how much sooner they are clean.

Millions of women now end wash-day well before 10 o'clock—and without a stroke of old-fashioned, hard work. No drudging over washboard and boiler! Not a moment wasted chipping or melting bar soap! They use Chipso! Chipso soaks their clothes clean!

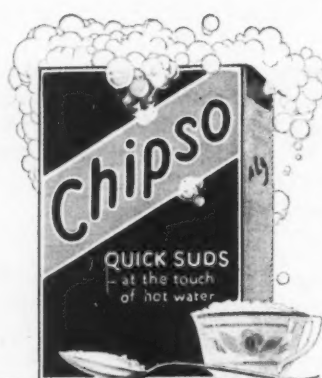
Dishpan drudgery goes, too! And you will find a new half hour *every* day if you

will let Chipso suds help you with your dishes. Here, too, Chipso does the hard work for you:

Pour hot water *on* Chipso flakes—for instant suds! Wash the glass and silver first. While you are rinsing and wiping them, put the china into the Chipso suds to soak off the grease. Again, while you finish up the china, soak the cooking utensils in exactly the same way. This method is quick, easy, and keeps your hands practically out of the dish-water!

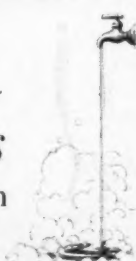
You will find that a little Chipso does lots of work, too—a large box lasts a month of dishwashings, or 4 to 6 family washings!

PROCTER & GAMBLE



Chipso -
hot water -
instant suds

Soaks clothes clean
Dishes 1/3 less time



Free: *Saving Golden Hours*. "How to take out 15 common stains . . . save clothes by soaking . . . lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with the newest laundry methods, are discussed in a free booklet—*Saving Golden Hours*. Send a post card to Winifred S. Carter (Dept. CM-7), Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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The most amazing success in the history of household soap

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"You'll always remember to say please and thank you, won't you Philip?"

ORPHANS' ORANGES

*An apple brought tragedy to Eden,
But an orange held joy for a little child*

By Mc Cready Huston

Illustrated by GEORGE BREHM

AT the first flounce of an organdie skirt on the front steps of the Belmont dwelling, reopened for a visit by the family, Philip Laird left his seat on the horse block before his home down the street and began what, to his seven-year-old mind, was an unconcerned advance. A moment would have taken him to a straw cushion beside Miss Anne Belmont, but by idling past one of the town pumps, where he took an elaborate drink, to Robinson's drug store, where he studied the green and red decanters as though he had never seen them, he hoped to give his call an unpremeditated air. By the time his loitering brought him to the uneven flagstones of the Belmont sidewalk, Miss Jane and Miss Belle had joined their sister, and they were all sitting

together on the stoop in after-supper pensiveness.

Philip examined the iron shoe scraper, waiting for an invitation. It came in a minute from Mrs. Howard Belmont herself as she appeared from the dusky hall-

way, tucking her black-edged handkerchief under her taut belt. To her "How's your mother this evening, Philip?", he answered a meek, "Pretty well," and sank to a cushion

below the family group, where he waited quietly.

The Belmont girls—grown-up to seven-year-olds—took the child's presence for granted. They were bored with this sleepy Pennsylvania village, their father's boyhood home, where they were required to stay some solemn weeks every year. This boy was just a part of Brownsburg to them. They knew he had come to go driving with them on the trap, for he was primly dressed up.

Here and there along maple-lined Market Street other families were appearing. First came the children, some carrying bits from their supper tables; then the

fathers in shirtsleeves. Presently, as the children scattered to twilight games, the mothers appeared, casting off kitchen aprons at the doors.

Philip's "pretty well" in answer to the inquiry about his mother was perfunctory. He seldom saw her, for she was too ill; had been for weeks. Philip and his brothers, Henry and John, had been thrown on their own resources. Henry's occupation, it seemed to the Belmont girls, was to sit on the horse block in front of the Laird home and burst into tears as the vaulting Philip rolled majestically past on the Belmont trap. Henry was only four; but for all his tears, the Belmonts had never taken him driving. Their unbending toward the children of the town was limited to Philip who, the girls understood, reminded their father, Howard Belmont, of their little brother so recently dead in their home in the West. "Mr. Howd," as Philip called him, liked to have him on the front seat of the trap. Philip was certain that Mr. Howd was more akin to the boy who had died than to his young lady daughters; and by the same reasoning he felt he belonged somehow to Mr. Howd.

There was a picture of General Grant in a history Philip had found around home; and to the boy there was a resemblance between the general and Mr. Howd. He had removed the picture, concealing it in a cigar box under a loose board in the washhouse floor. On Sunday afternoons he would take it out and look at it.

The arrival of the trap roused him from his reverie. He scrambled over the front wheel and up to where Mr. Howd, reins in hand, was lighting his cigar. Philip smiled shyly. His intimacy with Mr. Howd was one of dreams chiefly. The two seldom spoke; but, driving home in the dark, Philip would sometimes start from the sleep that always overtook him, to find himself held snug by Mr. Howd's arm.

When he was with the Belmonts, Philip never alluded to his other life. He had known enough of grown-up failure to be fearful of inviting attention to his affairs. It was this fear that had led him to say his mother was pretty well when he knew she was not. He might have made Mr. Howd understand, but not Mrs. Howd and the girls.

As the trap rolled down the hill and passed the Laird house this evening, Philip was reminded of his fortunate access to escape. Down where the street neared the

river, he was dreamily conscious of flashing bare bodies of swimmers. A bill poster, pasting gigantic letters on a barn, reminded him of the approaching circus. There were things for a boy to do.

Suddenly he heard Mr. Howd say: "How would you like to go to Iowa with us when we go back home, Major?" It was the first time the idea of Mr. Howd's going away had been presented to Philip. That was what struck him first; no more rides, no more explorations among the wealthy. Before he could frame a reply Miss Belle urged from behind, "And you could ride Nip."

Nip, Philip knew, was the pony that had belonged to the dead son. Miss Anne now added more quietly, "We thought your mother might get well sooner if we took you with us for a while."

"Don't you want to go, Philip?" It was Mr. Howd, and Philip had to reply.

"Yes, sir; that is, if Mother needs me to go. When . . . When are we going?" he asked, looking up into Mr. Howd's grave, bearded face.

"Next week, son."

The circus bills had said June 25; he would be gone then. Philip laid a hand on Mr. Howd's arm. "Are there circuses in Iowa?" he asked.

Mr. Howd laughed. "Circuses? Barnum's every Summer. All the big ones; no one-horse shows."

"I guess I want to go then," the boy whispered. Then he slid down over the front wheel, leaped the curb, and faded in the direction of freedom.

HELD by the light under the door and the odor of medicine, Philip stood in the hall outside his mother's room and listened for a sound that would send him to bed reassured. None coming, he turned the knob softly and stole inside, effacing himself on a chair against the wall. Dr. Richards was sitting beside the bed. In an arm chair by the front window was Father's shadow. His quick glance went across Dr. Richards' bulk to where his mother lay. He could not see her face.

Neither man was aware of the child, who sat and gazed at the lamp and wondered if he could slip out again without making a noise. Noise was the worst thing for mother, they had said; probably that was one reason

they wanted him to go away. He measured the distance to the doorknob, remembering the squeaky board. Just then the snap of the doctor's watch case transfixed him and he shrank into his chair as Father towered to his feet and went to the bedside. The doctor was reaching for Mother's white wrist.

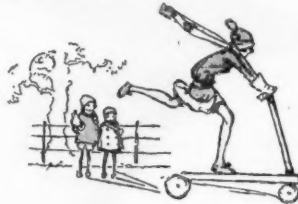
As the doctor stood there Mother's eyes opened and rested on Philip. She smiled. Somehow, he managed to cross the room—the few feet of matting seemed so wide and his legs felt so queer. He knelt beside the bed now and a thin, light hand came to smooth the hair away from his eyes.

"You have been sitting there a long time, haven't you?" she asked. "Not very." He was astonished to find his voice.

She stroked his forehead. "Well, Mother's better now. Go to bed and don't feel bad."

"Guess she'll do now, Frank," the doctor said. "I'll run in tomorrow morning." He gave his watch a final snap and went out. Snapping watches was not the kind of noise

that counted, Philip decided.



THE family, it developed next day, had been talked to by Mr. Belmont. And now that he was officially instructed by Father to think over going home with the Belmonts, which meant Father meant him to go, Philip found no joy in his customary affairs. A shanty in course of construction in Scotty Gray's yard at any other time would have aroused the carpenter in him; but today he only sat on a pile of tomato racks and regarded the genius of Scotty, Gabe and Red. After a while an opportunity of assisting at the currying of Dr. Smith's horse gave half hour of forgetfulness. Supper time, however, found him still gloomy and, as the currying had caused Father to sniff several times, he knew he would have to wait for a better occasion for reopening the matter that was weighing him down. So, longing for courage to ask Father to decide for him against going to Iowa with the Belmonts, he took off the offending clothes in the washhouse and scrubbed himself furiously. Then, in the twilight of the half-story, he arrayed himself in his Sunday trousers and a clean waist. He drifted inevitably to the Belmont steps.

Mr. Howd already had the trap at the door and was stroking Bones' muzzle. He had on the soft black hat that Philip liked, the hat that made him look like General Grant. The boy wondered if it would be all right to tell him about the picture in the old cigar box under the loose board in the washhouse.

"Want to see a picture of my boy?"

Mr. Howd put the question oddly, not looking at Philip, but speaking as though to the Summer breeze that was stirring the maples. Philip left the horse's head. A sheaf of letters drawn from an inside pocket and among them a small photograph of a boy of eight or nine, in a photograph gallery marine scene, standing beside an anchor.

"He's gone now," Mr. Howd was saying. "You see I've got three girls, all grown, and never any boy but him. Just when we were getting to be buddies out there in Wellington, he went away. That's why we came on here to the old home, sort of thinking it would be easier to get used to it. But it's no use. I can't do it. I've got to go back to the empty house some time. So I thought I'd like you to go too; we would have a boy again for a little while—a boy around the house and yard. You would shout; we'd hear you laugh."

He stopped and laid the picture away. Then he added: "Your mother will be better without so many around."

That was what Philip could not understand—how the absence of a boy could make Mother better, when it made Mr. Howd feel so bad. He knew the time had come to choose. He thought of his glorious freedom; life in the little frame house; over the hills. He thought of the mornings and the evenings; the dusty level of Market Street at noon. He thought of the reaches of the pebbled creek, hunts for crawfish, boys splashing in the pool below the dam, walks in the country on Sunday afternoons. But through it all he saw his mother lying on her bed; he saw Dr. Richards and caught the smell of medicine . . . choking him. If he should not go and then Mother should be worse, perhaps die . . .

"Your father has three," Mr. Howd was saying. "He's willing to lend you for a while. Maybe he'd let me keep you till you grow up."

Not to come back! Philip looked up frightened.

Mr. Howd laughed softly. "I was just talking; back in the Fall. But sometimes I can't help wishing you were an orphan."

"What is an orphan?"

But before Mr. Howd could tell him the young lady daughters and their mother appeared at the door and began their descent to the waiting trap. [Turn to page 76]



He had on the black hat that made him look like General Grant



Youth Calls It Freedom

Youth triumphant- or Youth misled?

By Laura Spencer Portor

Illustrated by R. J. CAVALIERE



THERE was probably never in the world so much talk of independence among the young as there is today; and probably never so many declarations of independence. But what I should like to know is—what comes of it all? Older people are likely to turn their eyes on me at this juncture, and say, "But how in the world can you ask? Look around you. Were there ever so many young people so set on being independent in every possible relationship of their lives? Independent in their work and in their play. Look at them!"

Well, I do look at them; have looked at them; in fact, have had exceptionally good opportunity of looking at them; and I don't see such a thrilling amount of independence. No, I really don't.

I see, of course, plenty of what they call independence. Take for instance, the Eighteenth Amendment. Thousands of young people would tell you that they are independent of it. But it does not look to me so strikingly like independence as it looks like a sort of declaration that they will be weak if they want to, and what are you going to do about it! Not that they look at it in this light. They call it freedom, and are probably pretty well convinced that it is freedom. But somehow I cannot avoid the idea that the "Eighteenth" has made slaves of a good many of them. Mind you, I am not arguing for or against the Eighteenth Amendment. I am not even complaining of the weakness of many of those who find their way to a supposed liberty by breaking this amendment with so much fracas, I am only trying to say that I seem to see a marked lack of real independence in this connection, and a good deal of rather unclear thinking.

Let these young people, headed as they believe for freedom, proclaim from the house-tops if they wish, that they like weakness, that they prefer the shackles of this particular kind of weakness, and that they intend to wear just as many of these shackles as they please. That might be foolish and rather depressing; but at least it would bear some slight likeness to a very poor quality of independence. But most of them do not do that.

They seem to delight to delude themselves. They hold out their shackles to you, as it were, and say, "You see how free we are! By golly we've got rid of the old shackles, anyway!"

"Privileges" and "Liberties"

Then, that other young people's question of "privileges" and "liberties" between the sexes. There are a good many people not especially involved in it who simply ignore it; but a vast number of wholesome, intelligent parents and older people in this land today know perfectly well that this really is one of the outstanding problems of our young people.

Now, personally, I am not offering an opinion or argument one way or the other. What I am interested in and concerned about is the way the young people regard this question. Again, it is, with thousands of them, all a matter of what they call "freedom" and "independence." Again they believe they have gotten rid of shackles and again they hold out shackled hands to prove it to you; and again, in this matter as in the other, they declare they are free as older people never were. And again, if you are a logic-loving, truth-loving person, it is enough to make your head spin.

For if you look honestly at these "privileges," "liberties" and "freedoms," what do you find? Something, I think, that no exact-minded person could call by these names.

"It's no use talking about it, Aunt

Belle," I heard the niece of a friend of mine say not long ago. "Lots of girls hate petting and that sort of thing. I loathe it myself. But the men will have it."

Well, that is perhaps not so wonderful, once they find they can have it. But the ever freshly wonderful thing is that the young people involved still insist on boasting about their freedom.

Shades of George Washington! Shades of the "Fathers of our Country"! Shades of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence! Yes, and shades of the young men whom a good many of us used to know and like, and dance with (not so fearfully long ago either!) when neither they nor we were at all convinced that we had much freedom, in days when they would not have dreamed of asking, much less demanding, and we would not have dreamed of permitting a "liberty."

There is a great deal of fine humor in it somewhere I tell you!

But please, please! I do not mean to boast. The years that follow on youth, if they are met squarely, are not, for the most part, designed to make one boastful. Nor am I boasting of what we were or were not when we were the age of these young people of today. They may be, in fact, I feel pretty sure they are, much better in a hundred ways than we were. But there is one thing in which we do seem to have outclassed them—we were certainly not slaves to our "admirers" (yes, we actually had that word "admirers" then. It was in common use, and it described something). The "admirers" were too admiring, perhaps, to presume to dictate or tyrannize. The way then to be popular with men, if that was one's leading idea, was to "allow" nothing, and to demand everything.

It is certain that young men were quite as human as they are today. Human nature does not alter much, after all. But the fact remains that the larger number of them neither asked nor demanded "privileges." The better types would not have owned even that they wanted them, and it was customary to look down on the few girls here and there who encouraged anything of the kind. There was a beautiful [Turn to page 62]



*Where strange death stalks in
cannibal jungles on the banks of the
mysterious Sepik a little English
girl finds her great adventure*

Paradise Poachers

By Beatrice
Grimshaw

SEA and sky were almost transparent; so light, so joyous, so filled with latent sun. Palms on the beach shone yellow-green. Volcano-islands of pale purple mushroomed with bluish vapor, seemed to float balancing on the rim of the horizon. The beach towards which the boats were flying on full tide, lay white as lime along the bay; but the waves that smoked and thundered down its length broke clearest tourmaline. Everything laughed...

"Home," said the soul of Joannet.

She had never been to North New Guinea; her childhood had not taken her beyond the capes and islands of British Papua, the island-continent's southeastern part; her girlhood, up till now, had been cabined, cribbed by London squares and school classrooms. But this smoke and thunder of the white long beaches, this laughter of the palms, the feeling of freedom, solitude, emancipation from the known world and its ways, that blows upon the winds of the wild places—all these came back to her now. This flying boat was taking her, a stranger and an orphan, to a strange relative. For the home on Joannet Island was waste, long ago, and the parents were dead. And yet this too was home. Joannet, child of the Dark Land, felt her heart leap up to know it.

Behind her the little, dirty steamer that had brought her on from Rabaul, lay wallowing frightfully in the swell; before was a line of unbroken foam. Joannet did not remember; she only felt what one must do. When the screaming, naked savages ran into the sea, and danced there madly awaiting the boat; and when their own boys leapt over the side into the boiling froth and began to shove as for their lives. Joannet, instinctively, moved a little forward, held on tight as the bump came; then leapt onto the plunging bow, flinging herself into the slippery black arms of the nearest native. Back went the boat with the wave; the native staggered, then heaved her up and held her like a sack of copra, and plunged through the froth to shore. She was the first to land.

"Well done!" came the voice of Peter Hardy, the other passenger, as he slipped off a native's dripping back. "By Jove, you might have been doing it all your life! It was a near shave that time; the boat all but turned turtle. You'd have been drenched if you hadn't jumped in time. Well, and how do you like New



*Hardy
turned at the
horse's approach*

Guinea? Rabaul isn't New Guinea, you know; it's civilized; you don't drop over the edge of things till you get along about here—Where's my monkey? What for you no look out good along my something, monkey? By-n-by I smack you."

Joannet knew that the word Hardy used meant "valet," just as she had known how to jump when the whaleboat took the beach. And she knew too that Peter Hardy, her chief comrade through the long voyage up from Sydney, was talking for talking's sake, to fill a gap... What gap? That was something she hadn't time to think about, with the white figures of her uncle and the other men of the station hurrying down the beach. She would have to think of it. Peter and she—why hadn't he called her anything but "you" on the run from Rabaul?—Peter and she had been almost—practically—as good as—engaged, before the "Melusia" got through Whitsunday Passage. But not—engaged. There's all the difference...

Yes, she'd have to think—not now—there was her uncle; there were other people—A woman? They had said there were no other white women on the station. If her eyes were not dazzled by the sun and the surf, it was

a woman, and one she knew. Mrs. Starkey—who had been on the "Orient" boat coming out from home—who wouldn't tell anyone where she and her husband were going.

Joannet's heart sank. Absurd to link Peter's curious reserve, and the chance of Mrs. Starkey's presence, into a prophecy of ill. Absurd to feel, as her uncle came nearer and nearer, waddling across the sand, that the glories of that wondrous landscape were fading. Absurd to know, all of a sudden—and she "in colors again" this six months—that she was a parentless, poor creature, without money save what this uncle chose to give her, and without a friend in the world who could be of any use...

Uncle Andrew had her hand in his, fatly pressing it. He was like a turtle; his arms were short, resembling flippers; his body was so long that one could hardly see his legs. His white badly starched coat was too big, and hung down behind like a shell. Joannet did not like the blue and red color of his face. When he kissed her, she smelled whisky. But he was kind. He shouted to the boys to collect her things; asked her if she hadn't been sick, if the voyage from Sydney had been pleasant, if she was afraid of being eaten by the cannibals; but did not wait for any replies; swore instead, that she must want tea at once; women were always wanting tea—"Your poor aunt now—always at the teapot—dear good woman though; never saw her like—"

Joannet, following him up the narrow hill track that was only wide enough for one, remembered tales she had heard years before of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Muswell in their Port Moresby days—

"I suppose she was very annoying," thought Joannet, secure in the consciousness of her own amazing difference from her aunt, and from all unpleasing and unsuccessful women. She was pretty; she was liked. These two days up from Rabaul in the coasting steamer, which ought to have been so much more than they were, lay like a deposit of lead at the bottom of her light self-confidence; but she had no time to think about them now. She was obsessed by the fact that she was an orphan, and that Uncle Andrew, with whom she had to live, because there was no one else, was like a turtle.

Still—still—there was the lonely, laughing beach, and the shallows of tourmaline; the volcanoes, the breath of New Guinea stirring her, half-whispering strange secrets in her ear. Life was calling...

Uncle Andrew Muswell led the way up white steps on to a veranda hung with flaming bougainvillea. There were long chairs and little tables; reed blinds hung across the sea-glare from below. New Guinea native "boys," with woolly heads and eyes of brown and white glass, were padding about the veranda, setting tea. The drowsy honey-thick scent of frangipanni came up from the garden, and out beyond swept the Pacific unbroken save for the little islands. The stir of cities, the chatter of

society was very far away, below the ringed horizon; the pulse of life timed itself to slow hours and some burden, nameless, yet weighty, slipped without sound from tired shoulders and buried itself in the blue of the outer sea.

Joannet felt some such thoughts as these, vaguely shaped, as she rested in her chair, and drank tea. Uncle Andrew had not been so red and blue, so turtleish, so weakly inclined to fuss, years ago. She loved the "feel" of the country, but did not know whether it was right to do so. There had been some appalling fellow passengers on the coastal boat. She thought then of Peter Hardy—fine, quiet, firm as his own name, gentle as a child—and yet this country had made him too! The vision of Mrs. Starkey flitted before her.

Uncle Andrew fussed in again, with a plate of tinned cake. "I've opened it for you; I thought you'd like it," he said. "Dear me, but you're like your mother! Have another cup." And Joannet knew suddenly, she could not have said how, that the turtle had wanted to be her father, once, in ages past. He was so fussy and trembly

Illustrated by
MEAD SCHAEFFER

over the tea; he stared at her so . . .
 "Mother wasn't as good-looking as I am," thought Joannet, with twentieth century candor. But the fancy softened her to Uncle Andrew.

"Uncle," she said, "I'll do my best to make you comfortable; it was very good of you to pay all those school bills that poor Dad left, and to have me here."

"Oh, as for that, my child," perked Andrew, "the boys see to everything and you'll have nothing to do but play. Do you have fever much?"

"I didn't when I was a child."

"Very lucky, very lucky. Sorry to say I do; the doctor orders me to be most careful; good food and suitable stimulant—suitable—" he was pouring out a "second-mate's nip" of whisky from the decanter silently brought him by the boy.

TWO hundred yards further along the little hill on which the bungalows were built, Hardy was throwing his clothes out of his trunk, in the search for a dry suit. His "monkey," a small, sharp New Irelander, was busy setting out boots, unpacking shaving tackle, hanging up ties. The only other occupant of the house was just as busy, with the assistance of another "monkey," packing up to return to Rabaul by the crazy little steamer.

"Who are these new people, Starkey and his wife?" asked Hardy.

"Now you're asking something," was the answer. "She says they've come to trade. They bought old Samson's store, the place that never paid sixpence."

"What does he say?"

"Lays low and says nuffin. Silent beggar. Don't know a sack of copra from a trade handkerchief. Don't want to know. Some sort of a gentleman waster, I reckon; plenty of that kind about. By the way, Hardy, what's your game now-a-days?"

"I'm going to build a house up the Sepik, if you're

really keen on knowing just what I'm intending to do.

"WHAT!"

"Don't stop your packing; the boat doesn't mean to wait over this tide."

"But I say—the Sepik! They'd take your head as soon as look at you."

"Oh, I'm not as ugly as all that." He glanced in the mirror on the rough packing case dressing table and it gave back a broad, manly countenance, sun-coppered, beak-nosed, with gray eyes. Peter Hardy's plain face had been liked by many a woman, and well he knew it, if he hid his knowledge deep.

The government man twisted his tiny moustache. "I say, Hardy, I'm sorry for that Field girl."

Hardy stopped unpacking to look at him. The medical assistant was serious.

"It's not professional, you know, to talk, but I don't give old Muswell six months—maybe a year. His heart and kidney trouble may send him off any time."

"Plantation mortgaged to the hilt. There's the beastly steamer whistling, and they only whistle once. Hi, Monkey, get a move on—good-by, good-by, be good, and if you can't be good—" His voice died away down the hill, still going.

LEFT alone, Hardy sat down on an unsteady camp-bed to think.

In the station of Kaitupi, there were now five white folk left. Himself, old Muswell and Miss Field, and the rather mysterious pair, Mr. and Mrs. Starkey. If anything were to happen to Muswell, the girl would, of course, go to the Starkeys till something could be arranged. What? . . . Peter Hardy, his long legs stretched out, cogitated deeply, with a pipe to help. He saw many things in his mind's eye. A girl, slim, with brown hair and blue-gray eyes, with teeth as white as a young dog's and a gay, graceful way about her—a girl who

was like other girls, and yet not like.

The pipe slipped down between his fingers.

"Master," came the "monkey's" small voice. "You have barth?"

Peter Hardy rose, pulled out a fresh set of underthings, padded away to the bathroom, an iron hut set among flowering oranges and limes outside.

"Gad," he said to himself, as the cool shower sluiced over his hot flesh, "the smell of those flowers reminds me of something miserable—what is it—funerals? Oh!"

He had remembered. It was not funerals.

WITHIN a week, Joannet Field had slipped back into the life of New Guinea as though she had never left it.

To Joannet, it seemed natural enough that one should wake with a half naked headhunter standing by one's bed; a headhunter who was careful not to spill the tea, and who roused you from sleep with gradual, cautious murmurings, so as not to separate your soul from your body by too suddenly recalling the former from its wanderings . . .

The shower, in water that the night had cooled; dressing in fresh white clothes, with last evening's taken to the laundry; breakfast on a shaded veranda overhanging green palm-tops and blue, diamonded sea; horse and saddle, perhaps, by and by, before the sun grew too strong; a canter down the long avenues of palms; a gallop along the white sea beach where you could see all the other houses of Kaitupi—the plantation house, store, Government resthouse for traveling officials; boy's houses, bachelors' quarters where you could note, at once, if anyone tall and quick-moving, was heading towards Andrew Muswell's plantation home. But no one ever did. Joannet saw the figure once or twice; waved to it, in the distance; saw it wave back, and then, with heart beating faster than [Turn to page 84]



She could see Mrs. Starkey's reply on the red laughing lips before it came

IT was one sweet Fall evening that my father told us the tale of the Golden Star of Carolina. We were sitting on the green patch before the door of our New Hampshire farmhouse, around him a circle of neighbors who listened with awe to his easy-flowing narrative.

My father was a weaver of shining and opalescent tales. Thrusting into the web of the narrative iridescent words and phrases that jewelled the straight-driving warp, he never for a moment halted the speed of the story, but gave to it a beauty and luster that might be compared to the sheen of ancient tapestries.

"There lived near the Gap of Dunice," began my father, "a man on whom the sea had put enchantment. His people and the house of my people were but two Irish miles apart. His name was Spillane, Peter Spillane.

"When he was a little boy the sea would come to him in the nights. It would come up from Dingle Bay that was a day's walk from his home and talk to him. Talk to him sweetly. It told him of cities that it knew, of cities that sat on the edge of blue waters like white swans. It whispered of beautiful beaches where there were big feathery palms. It told him of the music of the racing surf.

"These stories that came to him from the sea he told to his father and mother, and they thought he was bewitched. Bewitched for sure. His father, Paddy Spillane, took him to a wise man who was called *Seaghan Rudah*, which in Gaelic is Red John. Red John of the Foxholes people called him, for he had no home. He slept in the hedges, and the birds and the animals knew him as well as they knew each other.

"Old Paddy Spillane told Red John of the Foxholes about young Peter's dreams, and Red John listened, his wrinkled face turned up to catch the sunshine. 'Well and good,' said he, when old Paddy had finished his story, 'and it's an easy matter to settle. There's a blind fish that swims in St. Finan's Well, and it's



"At wedding and wake, at fair or festival there rose the dish

GOLDEN STAR

Out of the sea she came—

By James Francis Dwyer

that same fish that can tell us if your lad is born for the sea. Bring the boy and I will ask the fish."

"Paddy Spillane brought young Peter to the holy well, and *Seaghan Rudah* spoke to the two of them. 'In the fine legends of Ireland there are stories of men who were *roons*,' he said. 'They are spoken of in traditions that go back to the days of the Firholgs and the Sons of Miled. Many have forgotten those legends but they are believed in the Aran Islands and part of Galway. And those who believe them know that sometimes, not often, a boy is born who had the blood of a *roon* in him!'

"'But a *roon* is an animal,' cried old Paddy Spillane, 'an animal that lives in the sea!'

"'It is,' said Red John of the Foxholes. 'In the tongue of the Sassenach it's a seal. In the Gaelic it's *roon*. And I'll tell you this, and mark it well, if the blind fish in this holy well leaps out of the water when I speak to him it's the blood of a *roon* that is in your son, Peter. Pay me ten shillings now, and hold your whist while I speak to the fish.'

"Old Paddy Spillane paid the ten shillings with much grumbling, then Red John turned to the water and spoke softly in Gaelic. And, while he was speaking, the blind fish that lived in the well leapt clear of the water! 'Glory be to God,' said the wise man, 'it's the blood of a *roon* that is in the veins of your son! Let him go to the sea for the sea is his lover.'

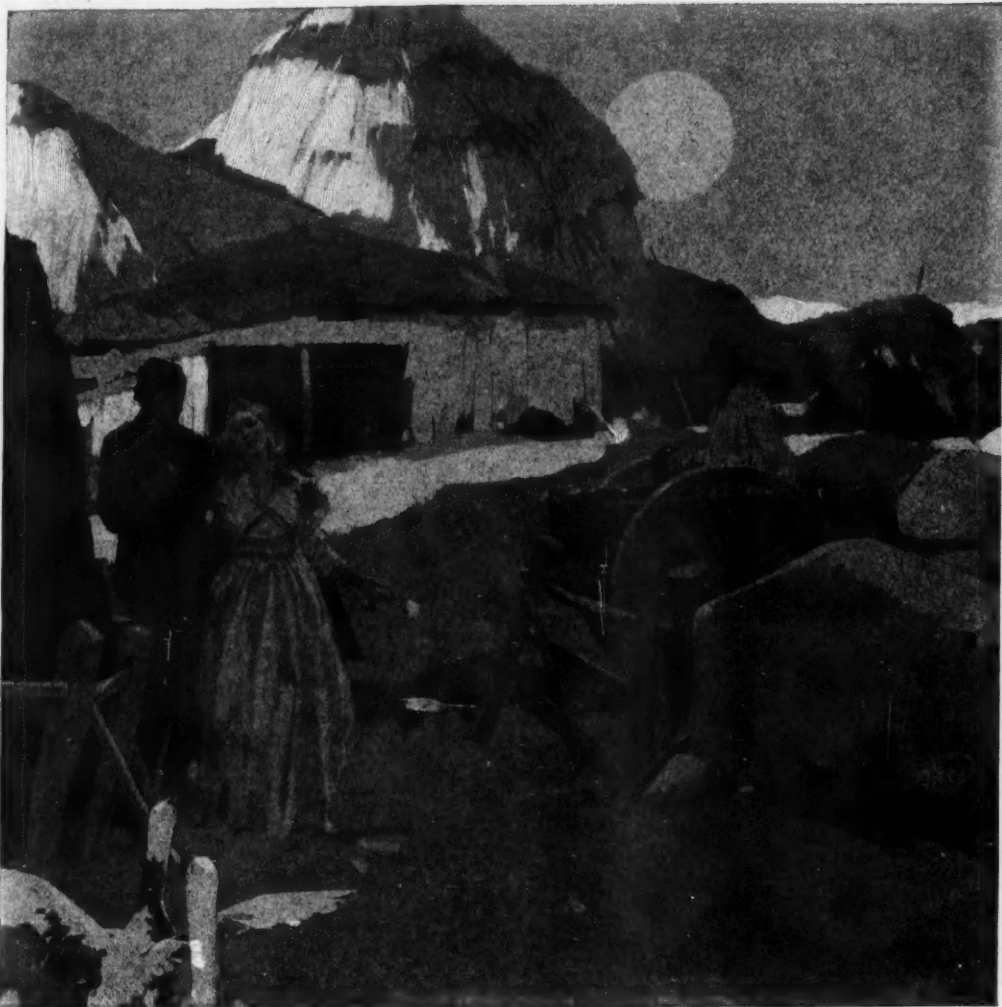
"Old Paddy Spillane was so impressed with the

leap of the blind fish that he took young Peter down to the sea. To Kenmare Bay he took him, and of what happened when Peter saw the sea, saw it for the first time, his father told when he returned to the Gap of Dunloe. A queer tale that puzzled the countryside. 'When he saw the big waters,' said old Paddy, 'he wept like a girl! He ran into the water, spoiling the good clothes that I bought for him, and he talked to the waves as if it was a young woman that he loved. Crooning to them and they slopping over the fine clothes of him. And while I stood shouting at him there came along the captain of a ship that was in the harbor. A big man who watched young Peter talking to the waves. Down the sand stepped the captain and he took Peter by the shoulder and turned him round so that he could look into his face. 'One man only such as you have I seen before,' said the captain. 'One only. And to him the Lord gave a knowledge of the sea that was given to no other man in the world. Ship with me, boy, and the sea will be kind to you.' Old Paddy Spillane would cry as he finished his tale. 'He's gone to the sea!' he would yell. 'It's a *roon* I've bred! A *roon* for certain!'

"A great sailor Peter Spillane proved to be," continued my father. "A wonderful sailor. He was an officer on a sailing ship when he first came home. A sailing ship that brought bacon and flour from New York to Queens-town. Bacon and flour for the poor of Ireland. A fine man he looked in his blue uniform with golden anchors on the collar of his coat. Old Paddy Spillane dragged



The song brought the girl out of hiding



for gossips to feed on. Peter Spillane's wife. Who was she?"

OF CAROLINA

fashioned of wave and wind

Illustrated by WALTER EVERETT

him all around the countryside, begging him to tell stories of America. Proud as Lucifer was old Paddy.

"Peter, dear," he would say, 'tell them of the big buildings in New York. Listen, people, they're so high Peter tells me you can see Ireland from the tops of the big ones. An' speak to them, Peter darling, of the trains that fly through the air like birds. Hold your tongues back there an' listen to the wonders that they have in America.'

"I was very small then," said my father. "A small gamin of seven, and I never saw Peter Spillane again for five years. A full captain he was then, his ship laid up in Queenstown while he made a trip to the Gap of Dunloe to see his father and mother. And on this second visit he brought a bride. A girl who was the strangest bride ever brought to Ireland. Ay, or to any other country in the world!

"Never have I seen a woman with the wild beauty that was on the face of Peter Spillane's wife. Never. A proud wild beauty that made you think of a moor at sunset. Or a ship with fat sails crashing through a sea. Slim, and straight, and beautiful was she, and she walked with the grace of a jungle animal.

"Her eyes were gray-green, and so deep that you lost yourself in them. Her skin was like honey and her lips that would tempt all the saints on the calendar. Never have I seen anyone like her. She had neither the English nor the Gaelic, but, in speaking to Peter, she made little noises that thrilled one, and which Peter Spillane

seemed always able to understand perfectly.

"Upon the countryside there fell a great curiosity with her coming. For of curiosity the Irish have more than their share, and that may be the reason for a lot of their troubles."

"It was harvest time," said my father, "and I was earning a few shillings by helping old Paddy Spillane. And, eating in the house, I saw a lot of Captain Peter's wife. Ay, and I heard a lot too was strange, without a doubt. Neither English nor Irish had the woman. Not a word of what old Paddy Spillane said could she understand, yet she and Peter could talk to each other in a tongue of their own. Talk with little thrilling whispers that made you think you were in a great forest filled with warbling birds. Music was in the voice of her so that you got little thrills in your spine when you heard her.

"And a strange name she had too. Old Paddy asked his son what her name was the day she arrived. 'Golden Star,' answered Peter. 'Faith, that's a strange name,' said old Paddy. 'It is,' said Peter. 'A queer name but it's the only name that she has. I gave it to her,' said he, 'it's myself that

christened her, Golden Star of Carolina'."

My father halted in his telling of the tale. "Golden Star of Carolina," he repeated softly. "It was a sweet name to come into the life of a boy of twelve that I was then. In the countryside there were Bettys and Maggies and Kates, but there was no one with a name that ran like honey from the lips. Golden Star of Carolina! And Captain Peter Spillane had given it to her himself. With my own ears I heard him tell his father, and the puzzle of the thing kept me awake at nights.

"Little errands I ran for Peter, and his bride seemed to like me. Always she smiled, and her smile was something that made the cloudiest day full of sunshine. On the very first day of her arrival she had whispered something to Peter, and Peter laughed and looked at me. 'Mrs. Spillane would like to know your name?' said Peter to me. 'She wants to know the name that your mother calls you?'

"And I told him. Told him my name in Gaelic, for my mother never used the English if she could do without it. 'She calls me Shamussen Beug,' I answered. 'Little small Jim.'

"Now how Peter Spillane made his bride understand my name I don't know, but he did. And she repeated it softly with a sweetness that I never knew of till she uttered it. 'Shamussen Beug' she murmured . . . And I was her small slave from that moment.

"Gossip fattened on her. Click, clack, click went the tongue of the countryside. Grabbing word of truth and smothering it with the lies they piled on top of it.

"At wedding and wake, at fair or festival there rose the dish for real gossips to feed on. Peter Spillane's wife. Who was she? Where did he get her? Why couldn't she speak the Gaelic or the English? Why did he go out into the foreign places to find a wife when there were plenty girls in Kerry? Girls who could cook and harvest and chat, sociably to their neighbors.

"But to me she spoke," said my father softly. "Spoke two words each day that were more [Turn to page 65]



I was her small slave from that moment



"One evening Bob and I were playing checkers. Mr. Lincoln was looking thoughtfully into the fire and apparently did not hear what Mary was saying. Finally a silence. Mary put down her piece of embroidery and said, 'Your silence is remarkably soothing, Mr. Lincoln, but we are not quite ready for sleep just yet' "

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The American Romance



MARY, WIFE OF LINCOLN

By Kate Helm

HER NIECE

A VIVID little person, rosy-faced and vivacious, galloped into the yard of "Ashland," the handsome Lexington home of Henry Clay. It was Mary Todd, an impetuous little lady of Lexington who held high court in every heart. She had come to show Henry Clay her pony, and setting aside his conference, Mr. Clay invited the child to dinner. Mary's sunny nature had always delighted Henry Clay: "If you were not already married," the little girl said graciously to her host, "I would wait for you." Throughout these years in Lexington, made gay with southern social activities, Mary idolized her father and Henry Clay. At fourteen she entered a French boarding school conducted by Monsieur and Madame Mentelle and with her quick wit and fine mind distinguished herself as a linguist; from an early age she had been eagerly interested in political discussions. At eighteen she was a popular belle, with many suitors for her hand. And then, on Mary's first visit to Springfield, she met Abraham Lincoln. It was her first cotillion. Slowly circling the room in a waltz, her attention was attracted by a tall, spare, but powerfully-built man. She guessed correctly; it was Lincoln. They fell in love, and the romance of these years makes one of the sweetest stories in history. On Friday, November 4th, 1842, Mary Todd became the wife of Lincoln.

Part III

MR. and Mrs. Lincoln commenced their married life at a little inn, the Globe Tavern, primitive and devoid of anything like luxury. But for the modest sum of four dollars a week it would have been surprising if the Widow Beck could have furnished her boarders with more than the barest necessities of life. Although such surroundings could not fail to be anything but distasteful to Mary, reared as she had been, she never murmured; nor did she utter a single complaint, even to any member of her own family. Indeed they assert she seemed very happy. Mr. Lincoln also seemed satisfied and had lost some of the deep gloom which had affected him all his life, and for

And so they were married! But they did not live happily ever after, for shadows of "past regrets and future fears" loomed large through days of poverty and political defeat.

But the days lengthened into years and the years brought public recognition. * * *

And at last Mary's prophecy, "You've no equal. You will be President of the United States," became a chapter in history. * *

which historians have tried in vain to account.

Mary knew of this deep and settled melancholy in the nature of the man she married. She had been drawn to him in the first place by this dreamy pensiveness. She had an irresistible impulse to impart cheer and gaiety; to make smiles take the place of gloom in this man she so tenderly loved. That she might fill his life with the comforts and refinements he had always lacked would be her greatest joy; she felt she could be to him a real help-mate. He was careless about being warmly clad, and indifferent as to his meals; she intended to see that he should be more careful about his health, that when they went to house-keeping he should have nutritious, appetizing food, well served at a well-ordered, dainty table, there should be flowers and snowy damask. She looked forward with eagerness to the little home they would have together. Dreaming of this, she contentedly lived at the tavern, received her callers without complaint and made no apology for her unlovely surroundings. With parties

and family dinners with her sisters and her Uncle John, and best of all, with the quiet evenings with her husband, talking and making plans for the future, the year passed away quickly.

Ever since his eldest daughter, Elizabeth, had married Ninian Edwards, Robert S. Todd had gone to Springfield always once, sometimes twice a year to visit his daughters and his nephew, John Todd Stuart. The arrival of Mary's first son, Robert Todd, born August 1, 1843, was the important occasion of one of the visits. "May God bless and protect my little namesake," he had prayed and Mary had whispered a fervent "Amen."

From the Globe Tavern Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln went to housekeeping in a little cottage of their own on the corner of Eighth and Jackson Streets. The little home was painted white and had green shutters. It was sweet and fresh and Mary loved it. She was exquisitely dainty and her house was a reflection of herself, everything in good taste and in perfect order. She thoroughly enjoyed her new responsibilities and to her spirited manner, which had attracted Lincoln in the first place, was now added a charming little air of dignity, as befitted a householder, and the mother of a son.

As Mr. Lincoln's law practice increased and his finances improved he and Mary added to this house a second story, and although Mary passionately loved beautiful and desirable things, because of the cost she had to collect her furniture and rugs very slowly, and although she loved to make herself pretty and dainty for her husband, she did not burden him by incurring heavy debts. With discriminating taste she bought the materials, always of the best, and made her own dresses. Yet in spite of this small outlay she gained the reputation of being extravagant. Many of her feminine critics on double the expense did not dress half so well.

In 1846, Mary Lincoln was the proud mother of another son, Edward Baker, born March 10. Eighteen months later her longing to have her Kentucky relatives see her two boys was to be gratified. She was homesick for a sight of the [Turn to page 106]

Illustrated by PRUETT CARTER



ANN SATRIDGE was a somber woman, angled and gaunt, tall as a man and built like one. She wore garments made in one piece, of width and length convenient to work, and buttoned uncompromisingly up the front.

And yet there was a comeliness about her, a certain wistfulness far back in the hard, dark eyes, a height and power to the bold-boned face. She matched her environment well, for when she stood on the wind-swept lip of Singing Cliff and looked out and down over the world of dropping slants, she was as much a part of it as rock or stream or stirring pine tree. The calm and silence of her daily life was profound as that of the great hills themselves.

For twenty-four of her thirty-seven years she had lived where she was, on the "high ranch" of her father in the Oregon Cascades. She well remembered the long roads and the ramshackle wagons that were home to her and her parents, and the ever-changing vistas of travel. She could recall her mother's querulous plaint for a settled place, a house, a garden, and her father's many and ever-ready excuses to be moving on.

John Satridge had been a selfish man always, a rover who never should have married, and he had dragged the unhappy woman from Florida to the Northwest coast where she died soon after the birth of Ann. And here, in the most unlikely spot possible for gardens and growing things, he had settled on a tract of mesquite land. The nearest post-office was seven miles away down the gigantic slopes. The mountain stage passed twice a week, and by it were they able to live, for it carried regularly the five gallon can of cream to the town far, far down in Rogue River Valley.

There was unlimited forage in the mountains for the small herd of cows, so that they kept sleek and fat and milked long after low-land cattle were drying on the sun-cured grass of the valleys. But each year scavengers took a toll of her herd—panther and wolves and even a bear or two. Ann waged relentless war on them with her father's old "long tom" rifle, and two hounds whose forebears had ambled under the various wagons from the Everglades. These dogs were Ann Satridge's joy. They were always with her, rocking shadows at heel, and these three made a striking picture on cliff, rim-rock, for Ann Satridge loved the high places.

John Satridge had sat in his chair, or pulled himself about the house, for six years a bitterly complaining and rebellious argonaut, paralyzed and helpless. And for six years Ann Satridge had waited for him to take his last great journey—that she might take the trails herself!

She was kindness itself to the old man. But she knew for certain that just as soon as he no longer needed her she would go—even to the ends of the earth—to Singapore and Sydney and Johannesburg. She did not know what she would do in those places, but that she must go was as inevitable as the sun's shining above.

For six years she had lived leanly, though for her



CHAINED

"And of all broken-hearted things
The brokenest are captive wings!"

father's comfort she spared nothing. The steady stream of the cream checks was diverted into a bank in the distant town and the figure they represented was a fairy carpet to her—a transport of golden dreams.

Loneliness was a stranger to her, for besides an ancient Atlas on the shelf and the weekly newspaper, she had her wind-swept rim-rock, her singing pines and her dreams. She knew her brown hair was graying at the temples, but she did not care. Ann Satridge had never had a lover. "Queer," the natives called her, old long before she was ever young. But she had her dreams and so she did not miss what she had never known.

AND then on a day in midsummer symbolism fell into her life, giving a new meaning to her dreams.

She was out on the slopes of Ghost Mountain with the old gun on her shoulder, her dogs at heel, when in meadow shiny with sunlit grass, she saw something lying like a broad copper disc spread in the light. It was stretched to the utmost, it seemed, as if within it yearned a spirit of flight chained into helplessness. Two great wings lay flung upon the grass a full six feet, one delicately and tensely spread, every splendid feather quivering; the other with a curious look of having been thrown where it lay. Between them a tall, war-like head reared itself magnificently like a lance. For a great distance all around the soft grass of the high meadow

had been flailed to the earth beneath. This grass was dull and drying, fully three days wilted.

"My soul!" said Ann Satridge "Eagle! Golden eagle!"

She held back the eager, quivering hounds with a sharp word, laid down the gun and advanced alone. The enigmatic, unblinking eyes faced her like living lights.

An instant pity filled Ann Satridge's heart. She saw the broken feathers, the beaten grass, sensed the tragic





EAGLES



By Vingie E. Roe

Illustrated by FRANK HOFFMAN

struggle to rise to the high blue vault that was home to this intrepid spirit. For a long moment they stared at one another with bright, fearless eyes.

"Tuckered," said Ann finally, "plumb tuckered out. It's a wonder somethin' ain't done for you before now—th' wolfs or th' big cats. They do like to find some big things helpless. It's lucky I found you, Mister Bird—I

want to see you fly again high up in the blue sky."

ANN was late at her milking that night. She had come home down the dropping slants, marching serenely in her wide petticoat, with the skirt of her denim dress torn from the waist and securely bound around the captive of the meadow. John Satridge snapped viciously over his delayed supper and the long-delayed work.

"Gallivantin' all over th' country an' bringin' home sick birds!" he grumbled. Ef I was a man agin! Will you bring me my supper, Miss, or must I get it myself?"

Ann drove a strong stake into the hard earth of the dooryard, attached to it a thin chain with swivel and leather leg-strap and after a violent struggle set the eagle's broken wing and bound a rough splint to it. For a time he refused food, gazing afar with lifted head and eyes that saw beyond the rim of the narrow world. Wild, fire-lit eyes, untamed and untameable.

"I know," Ann would say beneath her breath. "I know how you feel—chained. Me, I'm chained, too. Only you feel worse than me, because you've been. I ain't never been—nowhere. I only long an' hope fer flight—you're eatin' your heart out fer th' awful loss of what you've had."

She was kind and patient with the poor captive, offering for food everything she could think



of. In the end nature's great law prevailed and the magnificent bird ate of what was given him.

"Some day," Ann would promise him, gazing into his fierce eyes, "some day, when this here wing sets strong again, I'll loose you—though goodness knows how I'm goin' to do it with you at full strength—an' watch you sail right out an' away. It'll make my own heart race to imagine what's in yours when you feel th' free sweep an' grand rush of wind under your wings again."

JULY drowsed away langorous, scented, with wild azaleas on the flats and scarlet spikes of snow flowers at the high snow line.

And at the beginning of August something else came into Ann's life. Adventure this time. On a sultry morning a man stood in the kitchen door with an automatic levelled at her.

"Be still," he said, "I'm hungry. Don't say anything and get me some food—please."

That last word was so ludicrously incongruous with the gun that, Ann Satridge struggled with a laugh. Then the red of indignation stained her temples.

"Put down that gun, you young fool!" she said, "I don't do no stranger's biddin' under my own roof—least of all that way. There's food in plenty here for th' way-farer an' it's free to such—but you'll ask my pardon pretty before you get a mouthful—gun or no gun."

For a long moment the stranger regarded Ann Satridge's grim face.

Then he lowered the gun. "I beg your pardon, Madam," he said dully, "but I am hungry."

"Humph!" snorted Ann, "an' ill mannered. Come in an' set down—an' lay that ordnance on th' floor."

Gingerly, with eyes that searched all corners of the clean bare kitchen where the sunlight drenched the floor at door and window, the boy obeyed. The woman set food before him, plain, sweet stuff, wholesome and delicious and watched him fall upon it like a famished wolf.

"There's something wrong with you," she said bluntly, "what you running from? Kill somebody?"

"No!" he blazed, "I'm not that bad!"

"Um," said Ann, "then it's thievery. What'd you rob?"

"Bank. In Oklahoma. Thought I was safe—got clear out here—only to see my own picture posted on the first depot door I looked at when I left the rods!—Say," he broke off, astonished to find himself "spilling" his very inmost secret, "have you a telephone?"

"Land sakes, no!" said Ann, "I told you, you're safe, didn't I? Well, you are. Did you get th' money from that bank?"

The boy shook his head and a bitter smile drew his lips. "The others—the rest of the gang—got that. I only got the night freight out."

"An' dishonor," said Ann Satridge nodding severely, "a load to break th' stoutest heart." [Turn to page 81]



Young America Goes To The Opera

Our hometown boys and girls - fresh from class plays and church choirs - invade the Metropolitan to sing with the world's great artists

By Selma Robinson



Parisette in the role of "Nedda" in "Pagliacci"

LIKE a cool, crisp wind with a suggestion of Spring in its freshness, youth has come into the opera house, American youth, sturdy, reliant, confident and eager. Bright-eyed girls with figures like young trees, boys with alert faces and jaws that are firm and clean—the old fashioned tenor with a roll of fat under his chin and a waistline that is more than his height and the over-stuffed, red-plush type of prima donna with a voluminous bosom and no neck to speak of are as different from these young singers as the horse and buggy are from the airplane of today.

These singers are of the present, they are the present, too young to have a past, too impatient for the future. They have today and they use it fully, gloriously and wisely, while they look with sharp, intelligent eyes up the avenue of tomorrow. Greater success, or oblivion in ten years? They know well enough how the present determines the future.

The mud-colored square building on Broadway, half-way between the garment factories and the theaters is their particular heaven, where dreams of childhood take shape in silken costumes and curled wigs. The boy who wanted to swing a sword and rescue a fair lady in a manner romantic but strictly polite finds himself doing that and being paid for it. The girl who sighed over princesses in flowing gowns and hair, becomes a Juliet with the world looking on and admiring. And more than anything else it gives the opportunity for the outpouring of that liquid beauty that throbs like a pain, that seems like one's very soul turned into music and beating, clamoring for a voice.

To see them back-stage amid the shadows of the cavernous platform, looking absurdly youthful despite glued on beards or rouged cheeks, is to see the high school seniors of anybody's home town getting ready for the annual play. They wet their lips nervously, they adjust a costume that needs no adjusting, or examine for the fifteenth time a wig that is securely pinned. They look much younger than they are, with all that towering scenery about them, and small and a little frightened. A hurried humming under the breath, a persistent clearing of throats, still a last tug at their costumes, and at last they are out upon the stage, a

row of blinding lights like a dike between them and the vast ocean of faces out front. No high school performance this time—this is serious work with four thousand persons looking on in the world's most famous opera house and the critics waiting to acclaim or attack. They breathe an inward prayer (oh yes, they still believe in the efficiency of prayers, these modern young folk) and plunge into song. The make-up melts a bit under the hot lights, the orchestra sounds vague and far away, barely distinguishable from the stage, but there is the conductor's baton beating time, a candle in the gloom, leading the way to safety and maybe fame.

Where do they come from, these courageous youngsters? How did they get there? What do they want and where are they headed for? How does it feel at twenty-two or three, to get from life what one would be grateful to receive in twice as many years? And now that they have arrived, does the realization measure up with the anticipation?

They come from the little towns, for the most part. Few of them are from the great cities, and hardly one, if any at all, are native New Yorkers. One is from Arkansas, another from Pennsylvania, a third from Texas, and the others come from those small cities that figure in newspapers only when it is reported that so and so has become the possessor of a three-legged hen or that "Granny" Myers is celebrating her 103rd birthday, having gotten that way by not swearing or wearing short skirts. There is only one dyed-in-the-wool New Yorker, Frederick Jagel, and even he was born in Brooklyn!

Most people have the impression that there is a small scattering of Americans in the Metropolitan. The astounding truth however is this: More Americans are represented in the Metropolitan Opera Company than any other nationality. Of the eighty singers in the roster thirty-eight, or nearly one-half are native Americans. This would seem to be a broad and sweeping denial to the charges that Americans are discriminated against in music. The singer who has been called one of the greatest sopranos in the world is an American girl, Rosa Ponselle, and she has attained her present position in a comparatively short time. Then there are Mario, Tибbett, Chamlee, Diaz, Whitehill—Americans all.

The gates are open wide for those who would be heard. Outsiders have been led to believe that some special kind of pull is required. Or that vast sums of money must be spent in bribing officials. Any number of fantastic tales have originated, but the truth, as usual, is so simple that few will accept it as fact. You want an audition? Certainly. You may have it. As simple as that. You write a letter to the Metropolitan and say that you want them to hear you sing and shortly afterward an appointment is made.

Hundreds of such applications are made every year, and each one is heard personally by Gatti Casazza and the six great conductors. Throughout the entire season of opera, several days every week are given to auditions. It is a scene more intense and dramatic than any that has yet been put on for public entertainment at the opera house. Usually it is held in the afternoon, about the only time that the auditorium is not in use. The house is dark, but the platform glows brilliantly (to some it seems unmercifully) above a row of "foots." The applicants come forward, one at a time, feeling like lambs led to the slaughter. There is a shrivelled looking "girl" who has been trying out for the past ten years in various companies; her hair is dressed after the fashion of the Mauve Decade. In a quavering voice she sings the Jewel Song from "Faust," several notes off key. She finishes. A deep "Thank you" rumbles up from somewhere in the darkened house and she goes off. A long-limbed girl of twenty or so is next. She chooses to sing one of the more florid arias that only an experienced singer should attempt. Her breath is short, her pitch is wrong. She knows

the air, but that is about all. Again that ominous "Thank you." Five more or a dozen more may be heard before a single promising voice is discovered. In season, perhaps five hundred voices are heard and only about ten singers are selected as worthy of the Metropolitan stamp. The lucky ones are subjected to at least two auditions—sometimes three—under different circumstances, before a decision is reached.

Occasionally it happens that the applicant possesses a potential talent of real value which for a variety of reasons is not yet of operatic quality. Last year one of the Metropolitan stars discovered a shop girl who was singing after hours in a Fifth Avenue hosiery store. An audition was arranged for her. Gatti was reported as being agreeably surprised, but he advised the girl to work hard and try again. She got herself a job in a movie theater at \$250 a week on the strength of the publicity that attended her discovery; now it remains to be seen whether she will forsake a lucrative field for the more modest financial beginnings of opera.

Contrary to reports of big money in music, the novice makes about as little in opera as he does in other fields. The beginner makes in one season what a Gigli or a Jeritza earns in one evening. About \$2,500 or even less is an average salary for the first season. After that, the increase depends on the singer himself. Naturally the singer with a wide repertory is worth more than one who knows only two rôles.

Marion Talley, the wide-eyed miss from Kansas City,



Marion Talley as "Gilda" in "Rigoletto"

Chalk drawings by Neysa McMein

who some one wittily said is "the dean of operatic debutantes," has undoubtedly had an influence on the receptive attitude toward Americans in the opera, though plenty of American singers were in the company before her arrival. There was something particularly glamorous about the unknown from the middle west who stormed the formidable gates and was welcomed by a whole nation. An eighteen-year-old singer with the clear cool voice of a flute and the unruffled calm of a cucumber, Miss Talley found herself overnight the most famous girl in America. There were innumerable operatic debuts before her coming, but none attained the significance of hers. Now, whenever a new name is announced for the Metropolitan, the story makes the first pages of all the New York newspapers. Photographers burn enough flash light powder to take a million banquets and feature writers vie with each other for newer and more colorful adjectives. Who knows? Perhaps another Talley has arrived.

Gatti Casazza himself is admittedly partial to young Americans.

"There are no more beautiful voices in the world than the feminine American voice," he says. "For me, I would much prefer to have only Americans, for it would save me the trouble of an annual visit abroad in search of new talent. Many of the young people in this country are not willing to work hard enough, and without work there can be no success in whatever the operatic field."

The Metropolitan's "baby stars" know how true this is. Mornings find them busy studying languages. Afternoons they rehearse at the opera. Evenings they sing performances or study again. Sixteen hours of work a day is not unusual with them.

"And when we do get some time off, where do you suppose we spend it?" asks Mildred Parisette, the twenty-two-year-old "flapper" prima donna. "We go to the opera and see what the older singers are doing."

Miss Parisette, the daughter of a socially prominent Philadelphia family, and a graduate of one of the most exclusive private schools in the East, willingly gave up the parties, the tea dates and dances that other girls of her age delight in, to toil for countless hours in the opera house and out. So modest that she refuses to talk about herself at all, the little soprano considers that she is merely on the first step of the stairs to success, a stairway that is steep and must be climbed alone.

Two baby stars who are already far advanced in their careers are "The Allentown Twins," as everyone calls Dorothea Flexer and Louise Lerch. Flexer is a dark, solemn eyed beauty of twenty-four, whose rich contralto voice is a little surprising for one so young. Louise Lerch, also dark and beautiful, is a year or two older than Dorothea. Her voice is one of those exquisite coloraturas that rise like a shaft of light to unbelievable heights. Last year she sang Lucia di Lammermoor and Gilda in Rigoletto, two parts that were Talley's in her first year.

Few male Americans were admitted to the Metropolitan last season, and the youngest were Frederick Jagel, tenor, and Everett Marshall, baritone. They were studying and singing in Italy and Gatti heard them at the auditions which the opera company holds every year in Italy for foreign talent. Jagel, though only thirty years old, has a repertory of more than twenty rôles, a record that few veterans can boast of. In his first year at the

opera he sang eight leading rôles, and he is considered one of the most promising of the younger singers. His name was Ieghelli in Italy, a short, jolly fellow whom everyone loved. He is still short and jolly and beloved. His life story reads like an Alger yarn. Always interested in music, he studied voice with his father. Ambitions are one thing and finances quite another, and at sixteen, young Jagel became a clerk in a wholesale house. Evenings he sang, more for love than for the small fee he received. One night he performed at a party given by the wife of a wealthy silk merchant, who was so impressed that he offered the boy assistance in his career. His progress was rapid and a few years later he was singing as soloist in the leading motion picture palaces on Broadway. Five years ago, he sailed for Italy, and in Milan he began intensive operatic training. In 1923, he made his debut in Livorno, birthplace of Mascagni, at a salary of three and a half dollars a day, but soon he was earning \$100 a performance, enough to keep him in style. He toured Italy, Holland and Spain, and after a single audition, he was signed up for the Metropolitan. He made his American debut on November 8 of last year as Rhadames in Aida.

Marshall used to carry water to the opera stars who appeared at the music festival in Worcester, Mass., his home town. Though probably none of the singers was aware of his presence, he saw himself associating with them in a thrilling future, singing with them on the stage of the Metropolitan. Weeks before the festival took place in Worcester, young Marshall would study the announced programs and make himself familiar with all the baritone numbers.

"You see, I thought one of them might take sick, nothing serious of course, but the way they do in books, and the management would ask me to take his place.

Then I would get up and sing with all my might and after that I would be famous. But the baritones were all healthy animals," he said chuckling.

His friends, and all his relatives told him to take up a sensible profession, but his mother believed with him that he should be a singer. To get money for music lessons he became an apprentice in an engineering office, a canoe instructor at the Lake Placid Club—anything that would give him enough funds and a little leisure for study. Finally he had saved enough to go to Italy to continue his work.

Unlike the great run of American singers who are said to buy their way into the innumerable little opera companies of Italy, Marshall was paid for his services. He did so well that within a year an audition was arranged for him with Tullio Serafin of the Metropolitan. The conductor was pleased and he in turn asked the twenty-three-year-old boy to sing for Gatti. His final audition was before all six of the Metropolitan's conductors and two days later his contract was signed. He has sung the Herald in Lohengrin, and one other rôle—that of Silvio in Pagliacci, though he includes fifteen rôles in his repertory.

"I know the parts are not exactly what you might call leads," he admits good naturedly, "but then Lawrence Tibbett sang exactly those two rôles in his first year. Now look at him."

When Marshall returns to the Metropolitan this season he will come with a brand new wife, a young singer, whom he fell in love with in his student days. He went abroad last April especially to be married, and to assist his bride at her debut as Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana."

The newest of the debutantes is Grace Moore, whose history includes a past of amusingly divided interests. In Jellico, a little town in Tennessee, Miss Moore taught the girls and boys their Bible in a tiny, neat

Grace Moore as
"Mimi" in
"La Bohème"



Sunday school. When she decided to become a singer, she went to Washington to study at the Chevy Chase school. It happened that Giovanni Martinelli, one of the most famous stars of the Metropolitan, sang a concert there and on his program was the name of the young soprano. The tenor told her she had a beautiful voice and encouraged her to continue. Accordingly she ran away from school, came to New York and got a job in the chorus.

She did not remain there long, however, and a year or two later she was singing important parts. In "Hitchy Koo" she had her first real opportunity and she used it to such advantage that Irving Berlin signed her up as the prima donna in the "Music Box Revue." Her salary was a high one, and her position was among the finest in the field of revue. But she had not forgotten opera.

In 1925, Broadway was amazed to hear that Grace Moore had deserted it to work "long hours with little pay" learning opera in France and Italy. Mary Garden's teacher taught her. For experience she joined an American company touring the provinces. Last October her contract was announced, and on February 7 of this year, at a riotously applauded debut, a new Mimi made her appearance, a twenty-seven-year-old soprano, who promises to be as attractive in opera as that other graduate of the musical comedy stage, beautiful Mary Lewis.

Grace Moore is very much like the orchids she wears. Daintily, expensively dressed, she is a fragrant wisp of sophistication from her cropped head to her slim feet. She loves pretty clothes, fast cars, flowers, music and France. She adores parties, her three tall brothers, her father, her mother and the whole state of Tennessee. She is forever getting herself engaged, according to report. Despite the fact that she was a very queen of musical comedy, Grace Moore looks a "home" girl. Her face is round cheeked and devoid of make-up. Her hair is brown and soft.

After completing her first season she made a concert tour of the South where she was accorded an extravagant welcome. Everybody had read the news of her debut, and everyone wanted to see the newest of the prima donnas. She has been promised a plum for next season—the title rôle in "Louise" and no less a personage than the composer himself, Charpentier, will cross the Atlantic for the first time to hear her.

It is a comparatively short while ago that the Metropolitan Opera Company was accused of being anti-American, or rather pro-foreign in its selection of voices. Italians predominated and there was also a large percentage of Germans. Here and there an American name showed itself—Anna Case, Sophie Braslau, Rafaelo Diaz, Clarence Whitehill, to mention the more prominent ones, but they constituted a small minority. Within the past few years the great change has come about. Half the singers now are American, and some of the greatest names are American. American opera has been presented there with great enthusiasm. And for the future? It is not a wild guess to predict that within ten years or so, the Metropolitan Opera Company will be known as an American Company, made up largely of American singers from all parts of the country, singing American operas, with here and there an alien name selected because of great triumphs abroad, to show that the Metropolitan is too big to discriminate against foreigners.



Dorothea Flexer in
her rôle as the maid
in "Turandot"

BITTER HERITAGE

By Margaret Pedler

Illustrated by JOSEPH SIMONT

FEAR of evil blood bequeathed by her swindler-suicide father causes strange apparitions to stalk like dreadful ghosts through the mind of Herrick Lindris. Circumstances force her to earn her living as a mannequin in a Paris shop, where Lady Bridget, who had loved her father in bygone days, finds her and adopts her. In England, living with Lady Bridget and her son Billy, Herrick grows to love Mac Kenyon, but refuses to marry him and cannot bring herself to tell him why. One day Mac Kenyon saves Herrick from death on a wild horse and because of the weakness brought about by the accident, and out of gratitude for Mac's tenderness and bravery, she tells him of her fear of marrying him—a fear that she will bring tragedy into his life through the instrument of the evil blood she thinks she has inherited from her swindler-suicide father. Mac tells her that his own father was a suicide because of money, and Herrick consents to their engagement.

Part Four

TO Herrick the days which followed her engagement to Mac Kenyon were days of enchantment, filled with a happiness that almost hurt, so poignant was it, in the realization that the shadow which had lain across her life during the last three years had at last been lifted.

To only one person the news brought no satisfaction, and that was Gair Severn.

Herrick herself was not left long in doubt upon that point. He joined her, one morning, by the lake, having happened to see her from one of the Rectory windows, and deliberately followed her.

He greeted her conventionally enough: "And how are you after your exciting experience of last Thursday?" he inquired politely, as he fell into step beside her.

Herrick stole a furtive glance at his face. "You're rather difficult to understand, aren't you?" she said, forcing herself to speak lightly. "Am I to take this as your particular method of offering your congratulations?"

Her words seemed to snap some link of self-control within the man beside her. Suddenly he bent forward and caught her into his arms, crushing her lips beneath his own with kisses that bruised and hurt, while the flame of his passion swept over her like a scorching wind from the desert.

"Let me go—let me go, Gair," she said breathlessly. "Let you go—to Mac Kenyon?" he returned. "Swear you'll marry me and I'll let you go. Not otherwise."

At the sound of Mac's name, that terrible feeling of being alone with Severn left her. She would never be alone in the world any more, never again have to fight life single-handed. Her courage returned, she bent her head back to meet his eyes with the cool bravery of her own.

"Then I'm afraid we shall have to stay here indefinitely," she said, her voice edged with a gentle contempt. "For I assure you, Gair, I've every intention of marrying Mac and none whatever of marrying you . . . we seem to have reached an *impasse*, don't we?"

"You're rather a plucky little devil, aren't you?" he said, with a mixture of amusement and reluctant admiration showing on his urbane features.

"Thank you," she replied demurely. "And now, may I go home, please?"

Suddenly he laughed. "Yes, you may go," he said. "But you needn't think you've won. I've never been defeated yet," and his eyes met hers, still reckless and unconquered.

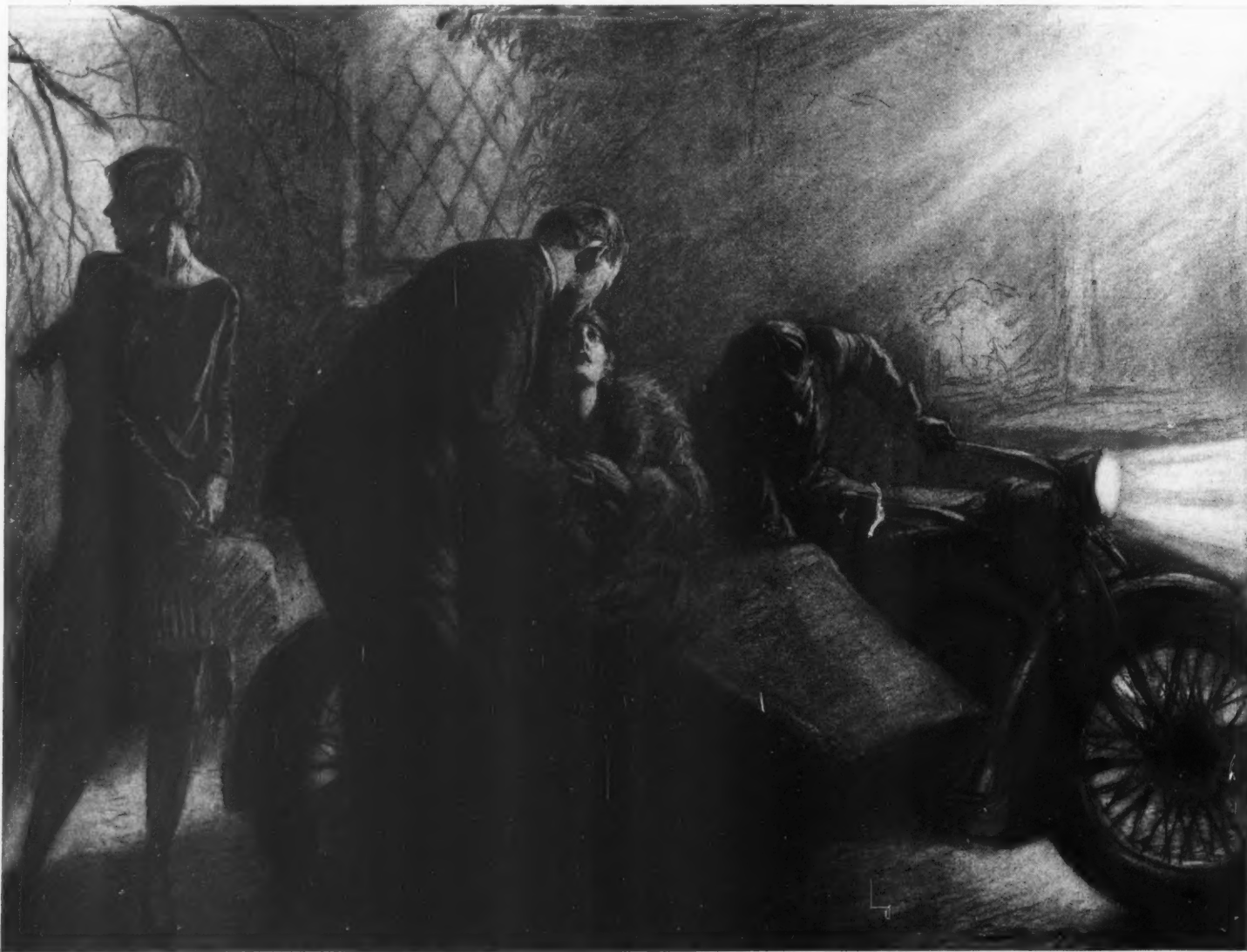
"Don't forget, Herrick. I never give up—never. And you'll marry *me*—not Kenyon, or any other man."

And he stood aside with a half-mocking bow for her to pass. But she was conscious, as she made her way homeward, of this man's indomitable will-power, as of some menacing shadow that still lay across her path. She told herself that as long as she and Mac believed and trusted in each other, Gair could have no power to hurt them. But, in spite of herself, his last words beat ominously in her mind, "You'll marry *me*—not Kenyon or any other man in the whole wide world."

THE following day Severn quitted the Rectory abruptly and returned to London. With his absence from St. Heriot her fears retreated into the background of her thoughts, only emerging spasmodically to give her a little jolt of uneasiness, as if to say: "Don't forget I'm still here!" Nevertheless she was more completely able to enjoy her new-found happiness.

Only one cloud shadowed her horizon—the knowledge that Carol's life was gradually becoming more and more difficult to bear. Carol complained very little, but she was losing those fugitive gay spirits that not even Sir Francis' tyranny had hitherto been able to quench, and in her eyes dwelt an expression of conflict and uncertainty.

One day Herrick mentioned this to Kenyon. "Mac," she said, as they stood together in the bright March sunlight, "haven't you noticed [Turn to page 100]



Carol was ghastly pale: "Oh Jem! something frightful will come of this," she said tensely



Indians on shaggy mustangs, advancing in single file like a huge gliding python



TOO PROUD TO FIGHT!

*A fort that thrilled to a Yankee chance
and forged a new frontier*

By Rupert Hughes

Illustrated by MAURICE BOWER

LONG before the wagon train had sighted the unfinished stockade in the loneliest wilds of the territory of Wyoming its approach was known to the Indian scouts, who flashed the news along the snowy ridges from one bit of broken mirror to another.

Bleak gales snapped the covers of the prairie-schooners like musketry and shook the spirits of the forlorn plodders until Fort Vrooman, which had seemed to Milly Faxon the very rendezvous of dread, become a desired haven where warm fires and stout roofs would be wealth enough; and the dubious shelter of the stockade, a fair paradise.

Then, with shelter and safety so near, suddenly down from the snowy heights shot a line of savage Indians on shaggy mustangs advancing in single file like a huge gliding python hastening to encircle the lesser coil into which the little snake of the wagon train made haste to draw itself.

The Indians were visible from afar, and the men had time to unharness the mules and tether them inside the corral; the women made barricades of boxes and trunks inside the wagons and gathered their children about them.

Captain Faxon and his new-found friend, Major Bovard, were the only soldiers in the company. Both were as eager now as scientists in a laboratory, their only excitement the joy of imminent triumph over some baffling secret. For the civilians, farmers and gold-

seekers, who sprawled in the snow to fire between the wagon wheels, they had no thought except of scientific disposition. For the women and little children and the sick they had only sharp words of admonition.

The Indians had learned to ride up close enough to tempt a volley and then charge before the old muzzle-loaders could be drawn back, loaded with powder and cartridge, rammed and made ready. They came on pell-mell now, to be greeted with an almost instant slaughter. They fell off, realizing that this wagon train was far better equipped than the soldiers. There were breach-loaders in this company of pioneers, and they must be approached with the shameless caution of Indian warfare.

Keith passed the wagon where Milly crouched behind

an immense barricade of trunks, and tossed her a laughing reassurance of safety.

A bullet went through Keith's hat and he laughed again as he looked at the hole; then shouted into space: "A good line shot, but a little too much elevation!"

It was magnificent as bravery, but to his wife it was abominable bravado. He could laugh when his death meant leaving her and his baby to the mercy of the savages! She had always adored fearlessness, but now she wondered.

Milly had just bloomed out of girlhood when the soldiers came home from the Civil War in '65. Her father's wealth had brought to his house a swarm of young generals, colonels, and wearers of medals for distinguished valor. Weary of camps and hardships, they all had fallen in love with Milly. And the only one she would listen to was Captain Keith Faxon, who had brought out of the war nothing but grievances, starved pride, and a sense of martyrdom.

"I went in a Captain, came out a Captain! When the battle broke, it was always, 'Captain Faxon, here! Captain Faxon, there! Captain Faxon, take your men into that trap and smash it! Captain What's-your-name, hold this point at all costs!' But when the battle ended, some awkward fellow with a big political pull took the honors and left me the sweat and the bloodshed."

Seeing him so cheated of all compensation for his



There came from somewhere a boom! Like the smiting of a distant drum

bravery, Milly had been impelled to give him her young love as the only prize in her power. He had fascinated her by his lonely need of her and she had bewildered him and everybody else who knew her and loved her, by marrying him. She had been a little shocked to find that in spite of his hatred for his profession, he planned to stay in the army, though he must accept a lieutenantcy to be employed at all. He would consider nothing else; he had scorned her father's proffers of a good post in his office. Eat his heart out in a stuffy office—not he.

SO Milly gave up her luxuries for the straitened life of the Eastern garrison, where Keith took a little delight with her for a while. But the bugles tore at his heart, and she would be awakened by his tossing and groaning to find him sitting up with a fevered brow.

It had amazed the girl to see how furiously a man could torment himself with thwarted ambition and glories unachieved. They had been married scarcely more than a year when she learned that he was pulling ropes to be ordered out to the frontier where the Indians were wreaking havoc.

Milly could hardly believe her ears when Keith came to her with the first look of exultance she had ever seen on his face, and broke the good news to her that he was ordered into the thick of this massacre-festival.

"But what about me and the baby?" She had asked, and he had answered:

"It's tough out there, but you're a soldier's wife, aren't you?"

The man she had loved because she pitied him had suddenly becomes a ruthless and implacable tyrant. Yet she must follow where he led. The dismal hardships of western travel in 1866 were lightened for other women by the hope of new fortunes, riches in place of poverty, gold for copper, wide fields for stony acres. But Milly was dragged off protestingly into the wilderness that her husband might bet his life on his luck.

AT Fort Laramie they joined a pioneer train of woeful prairie schooners to be drawn by ill-broken mules over rough, ill-broken roads for two hundred and thirty-six miles to Keith's new army post, Fort Vrooman.

Leaving Laramie, they had left the well-worn road to Oregon for the Bozeman trail, named after a pathfinder who had been killed by the Indians. This trail pierced the land of the Sioux, the deadliest warriors in the West, led by Red Cloud, an Indian with skill in organization and strategy.

The very air was alive with grisly tradition, and the threat of a like fate. Milly had been told by the gossips of the train that white men who were captured killed themselves when they could, to save themselves from the fiendishness of the Indians.

For the women an uglier torment was reserved, and to Milly it took on a meaning of ghastly vividness, as she huddled in the covered wagon and listened to the steady fire of the Sioux.

And Keith had brought her here, knowing all this! He had found a kindred soul in Major Alexander Bovard, who shared his contempt for peril and his belief in the mystic power of the uniform. They stood at ease near Milly's wagon waiting for the Indians to draw nearer, voicing their only regret—the fact that they had only civilians to command instead of soldiers.

THE wagon train was a shambles of shattered people, animals and wagons, and the circle was about to be closed, when there came from somewhere a boom! Like the smiting of a distant drum.

Keith ran to the wagon and called in: "It's all over, honey. The Indians are gone. The commandant of the fort must have heard the sound of our guns, for he's sent out a rescuing party with a howitzer. Isn't that just my luck? He'll take all the credit now for saving us, just as we had 'em whipped. Gad, what luck I have!"

Milly could try to console an orphan or a widow, or a wounded animal, but she had no comfort to offer such an amazing regret.

The detachment from the fort rode up, and was greeted with rapture by the train. As they rode through the big gate of the fort later, they were met by General Hingeley, whom Keith and Bovard saluted with more deference to his shoulder straps than to himself. He looked like a sick eagle, worn and dispirited.

When the teams were unharnessed and feeding, Gen-

eral Hingeley called the newcomers together and addressed them with an uneasy embarrassment and a timid aspect that somehow endeared him to Milly, who did not like too much assurance in a man.

"Ladies and gentlemen, with the exception of the two officers who came with you, you are all planning to move on to the northwest, where, I hope, fortune awaits you all. But poor as our hospitality is, you must make the best of it for a long while. I must forbid you even to leave the stockade without a pass signed by me. The Indians make travel too dangerous to be attempted. They have killed more than a hundred and fifty men, women and children in the last few months in this region."

There was a murmur among the settlers as Hingeley went on. "I haven't a man to spare for the escort. Personally, I don't enjoy fighting Indians. This is their country. The government gave it to them by treaty, and then ordered me to come in and build this fort."

"The Indian chiefs came and told me that I had no right here and I must get out. But I can't get out. I am under orders. The great Sioux chief, Red Cloud, has gathered thousands of Indians back of the long ridge you see yonder. Indians do not like to attack even a strong wagon train in corral. But Red Cloud hopes to get together enough men and train them and inspire them till they will forget their habits and swarm over this stockade. They can do it easily whenever they think they can."

"I keep asking for reinforcements. I get promises, but no men. I dare not go out and meet Red Cloud's thousands with my hundreds. My soldiers are brave but the Indians have breach-loaders, the army still has the old muzzle-loaders. The Indians can take the first volley of the soldiers, then charge and butcher my men before they can reload. They grow more audacious every day."

"So we must stay inside these walls," Hingeley went on. "I have to keep on building the fort, but very slowly, for my men have to go out into the woods and stand off small bands of Indians long enough to cut down a few trees and bring them into the sawmill. The wood trains are always under attack. The pickets are always being fired on. But Red Cloud is saving the bulk of his men for the big fight. Heaven only knows when it will come. Up to now they are afraid of my four howitzers."

"As for the ladies, please be sure that we will protect you to the last drop of blood. And if we die, we will take you with us. So make yourselves as comfortable as you can, and—good-night!"

A murmur of dread and protest went through the company. The pioneers grumbled at General Hingeley, but Milly liked him the more, because he had no ambition either to kill or be killed, for glory or any other insane reason. Yet when she and Keith went to the cabin assigned to them, he demanded in surly offensive tones:

"Well, did you ever hear such a [Turn to page 96]

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE MONTH'S INTERESTING
EVENT TO WOMEN

How Good Are Our Public Schools ?

By HELEN TAFT MANNING

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WHEN the National Education Association, which represents the public school teachers and superintendents from all parts of the country, met in Boston a little while ago, the newspapers, devoted most of their attention to the fact that Mrs. Lindbergh flew across part of the continent to attend the meeting. While all American women must have been interested in this reminder that the spirit of adventure is not confined to the masculine side of her eminent family, it is worth noting that the object which attracted her to this meeting was the perennial question of the public schools.

The most notable speech made before the Association was that in which President Lowell of Harvard University contended that our public schools were far behind the schools of Europe in the speed and efficiency with which they prepared students for college. Boys and girls who enter our universities today, according to Mr. Lowell, are not really prepared to do college work at all, and almost two years must be spent in college classrooms over work which is usually accomplished by the preparatory schools, public and private, in Europe. Well and good then, he concluded, the colleges can do this if they must, but let the schools at least speed up the work they do now and try to send their graduates to college at seventeen or eighteen instead of holding them back until they are nineteen or twenty as at present.

Naturally, President Lowell's remarks did not escape severe criticism. In many points the accuracy of this statement of the situation was disputed, but several of the leaders in the Association went further and challenged the very assumption that our public schools should be judged on their ability or inability to prepare for college. Since the public schools of America are required to educate the entire youth of the country, only a small fraction of which will ever attend college, is not the problem of higher education a negligible one in our educational situation as a whole? Many of the later speakers at this Boston meeting urged that the high schools should break even more completely with the colleges, and should refuse to shape their courses to meet the college requirements.

Certainly Mr. Lowell's criticism is narrow in its scope and there are many other points of view than that of college preparation from which our public school system should be considered. Yet I think that his speech raises a vital question for any democracy to face. Whether or not boys and girls are to be prepared for college, it is certain that the kind of education given ought not to be adapted to the lowest levels of intelligence among the pupils. If the duller and slower chil-

dren in any large group set the pace for the brighter ones, it means that the more promising members of the rising generation, instead of learning to work hard and go ahead for themselves, will be encouraged to take things easy and waste their time—an unhealthy viewpoint.

It is not so much the goal of the schools, whether that be preparation for college or for a trade, as the leisurely pace set in making for it, that is open to criticism. Slow minds and slow fingers have to be trained as well as nimble ones, and no doubt there are more of

the former for the schools to handle. But as the slower pace is actually bad for the abler pupils in any subject, we shall have to come to some method of reclassification by which the better students can be pushed ahead. Already there are a few special classes for the "backward" children. But we are less willing to recognize the exceptionally quick and able ones, in part, because they themselves soon learn and in time may actually prefer to travel at the slower pace. Our school system will never really meet needs of the country until it searches out in every class the boys and girls who might be racing ahead, for they should be the ones to set the pace and fix the standard of achievement for their own generation. "We must," says Mr. Abraham Flexner of the General Education Board, "have done with the idea that boys and girls will be mental prigs or physical wrecks if their superior endowment is utilized. Assuredly a nation of a hundred million will not make its proper contribution to civilization, unless excellence is esteemed and enabled to play its proper part."



President Lowell of Harvard

THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH *Segovia, Prophet of Guitar*

REVIEWED BY DEEMS TAYLOR

THE great Paganini used to fall in love at more or less regular intervals. One of these attacks, we are told, was so severe that he retired with the object of his affections to an island, abandoned the vio-



Forerunner of a Renaissance

lin, and devoted three years to mastering the guitar. Commentators usually dismiss this bit of musical history with a literary shrug, as indicative merely of the irrationality of genius and of the disintegrating effect of love upon the human intellect. Recent events, however, have gone to indicate that perhaps Paganini was not such a fool as he looked. For a young man named Andres Segovia, who came to America early this year, has proved that in the hands of a finished technician and artist the guitar can be an instrument of extraordinary variety and beauty, capable of commanding the respect of the most uncompromising of musicians.

It is not easy to convey the charm of Segovia's playing, simply because we have nothing, in this country, with which to compare him. The guitar, in his hands, has nothing in common with either the sentimental moanings of the Hawaiians or the familiar gentle PLUNG-plong-plong of the college campus performer. The first-named make the instrument almost entirely a melodic one; the second employ it largely for accompaniments. Segovia has developed a technique that renders the guitar an absolutely independent and complete musical instrument.

He plays scales, arpeggios, and even trills, with the apparent ease of a skillful pianist; he plays chords with solidity and completeness that suggest the harp; he produces harmonics that recall the same instrument. He can produce a tinkling, bell-like tone very similar to that of the harpsichord. By some magic of stopping and fingering he can even play intricate contrapuntal passages such as no player of a plucked instrument has any business to be able to manage. I have heard him play a three-voiced fugue by Bach in such a way as to make it sound not only possible, but easy.

In short, as this rather helpless description tries to convey, Segovia reveals the guitar as an instrument of totally unsuspected possibilities, one that suggests, on the whole, a keyboard instrument, and still manages to preserve an individuality emphatically its own. It is at its best as a chamber instrument, played in a hall not too large, before not too many people, for its natural tone is mellow and subdued, and Segovia wisely does not attempt to force it.

The music he plays is fully worthy of the distinguished technique that he lavishes upon it. His American programs comprised pieces by Albeniz, Granados, and others of his fellow-countrymen, as well as Greig, Schubert and a group of fugues and other short works by his favorite composer, Bach. Nothing could be further from what one would imagine a program of guitar music to be, and nothing could be more delightful.

Segovia is, as his name implies, a Spaniard, born in Granada not so very long ago, and his passion for the guitar dates from his early youth. Curiously enough, although he has studied harmony, counterpoint, and other branches of musical theory, he never took guitar lessons; his technical command of the instrument being due entirely to his own practice and self-instruction.

He has unearthed an astonishing amount of guitar music by famous composers, including pieces by Boccherini (who wrote five string quartets with guitar obbligato), Schubert (who wrote one), Fernando Sor, a famous Spanish guitarist and composer of the early 19th century, and Paganini (he wrote 104 guitar pieces during his three years' retirement). The bulk of the music that Segovia plays, however—the Bach pieces, for example—is edited or transcribed by himself, as his uncanny technique enables him to produce effects undreamed-of by the average composer for the guitar.

His American tour, although a very brief one—about six weeks in all—was a triumphal march while it lasted. He returns next year for a season that may last as many months, and will probably take him to the west coast.



Dolores Del Rio and Ralph Forbes

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

The Trail of '98

DIRECTED BY CLARENCE BROWN

REVIEWED BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

THREE or four years ago, perceptive observers in the ranks of the movie-going public began to notice that Clarence Brown was a director of more than usual capability. In two of his productions—*Smouldering Fires*, a domestic triangle drama, and *The Signal Tower*, a railroad melodrama—appeared unmistakable evidence of that sound pictorial sense which is, or should be the foremost item in the equipment of every movie director. Not that there was anything freakish or in anyway extraordinary, about Mr. Brown's methods; the most interesting and significant aspect of his work was that his point of view seemed to be right. He was concerned not with superficial frills or sensational trimmings, but with the task of telling a story as simply as possible in terms of pictures that move.

Mr. Brown began to rise in the Hollywood scale. He directed Rudolph Valentino in one of his last appearances *The Eagle*, and then achieved an enormous success with *Flesh and the Devil*.

Now he has been turned loose on one of those "epics" which fall, sooner or later, to the lot of every director of any distinction. It is called *The Trail of '98*, and it is a melodrama, on a grand scale, of the gold rush to the Klondike region.

There are scenes, large and small, which more than justify the substantial confidence that has been placed in Clarence Brown. There are many other scenes that have no justification whatever. Here and there, and more particularly in the early reels, Mr. Brown gives to the Alaskan pilgrimage a dramatic magnitude that is happily reminiscent of the celebrated march of the covered wagons; and then again he indulges himself in outbursts of preposterous hokum that are reminiscent of the cheapest and crudest of the old ten-twenty-thirt' melodramas.

In short, *The Trail of '98* is an uneven picture. It has moments that touch greatness, and other moments that touch bottom.

The story follows a group of characters, who start off from San Francisco, inflated with visions of gold that grows on bushes and may be had for the plucking. They arrive at the Alaskan coast; and then start the long, weary, six-hundred mile hike to Dawson City—up the ice-covered slopes of Chilkoot Pass and through the perilous torrents of the Yukon. Many of them never reach the end of that hike; the few survivors who do struggle into Dawson City learn that the Bonanza days are over and that they may as well turn back and go home.

Nevertheless, all the virtuous characters in this melodrama strike gold—great glittering masses of it—and the vicious characters meet the horrible fates that they deserve.

Needless to say, among the principal nugget seekers in *The Trail of '98* are a young man and a young woman, with attendant love interest. There are also a picturesque old evangelist, a comical Swede and a comical Hebrew, an assortment of painted dance hall girls and

bewhiskered prospectors, and a leering villain who jumps one claim too many. There is also a snow-slide of staggering proportions.

Dolores Del Rio is the heroine, Ralph Forbes, the hero. Harry Carey is the villain and Karl Dane, Tully Marshall and George Cooper play important rôles.

THE WORLD EVENT
OF THE MONTH*The Evolution of Japan*

BY COL. EDWARD M. HOUSE

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SINCE the middle of the Nineteenth Century Japan has steadily progressed in the esteem of the world. Before that time she lay dormant, largely unknown and unconsidered by the Western world—a land of legend and of mystery.

In the Eighteen fifties she was awakened by the magic touch of commerce knocking at her door. She might have repelled this peaceful invasion, but it came in company with formidable battleships whose implied persuasion she was in no position to resist.

Of all the East, Japan was the first to learn that if there was to be future independence, she must place herself in condition to treat with foreigners on equal terms. Using the English Navy as a pattern for her own, and seeing in the German military machine the kind of army she would have, great strides were made toward an organization which was to be effective in war and a guarantee against foreign interference. All this was done so quietly and unostentatiously that when the quarrel with Russia in 1904 flamed into war, the world was startled by the completeness of her preparations.

At first the United States welcomed Japan into the family of nations and willingly accorded her the place she had won. Later ques-

tions of immigration and the tenure of land arose, and our Western seaboard gradually came to look upon her as a sometime possible enemy. This feeling slowly took form throughout the United States and Japan has come to be thought of as the one power with whom we may have to reckon in the future. There should be little ground for this feeling, for war between Japan and the United States would be the acme of folly. Nothing could be gained at all commensurate with the loss of life and treasure. Of necessity, it would be inconclusive. We might lose the Philippines, probably would, but we could refuse to make peace without their return. Japanese and American commerce might be destroyed. That would be annoying but not fatal to either country. Knowing this neither the United States nor Japan would gladly bring about a conflict so utterly hopeless and unnecessary.

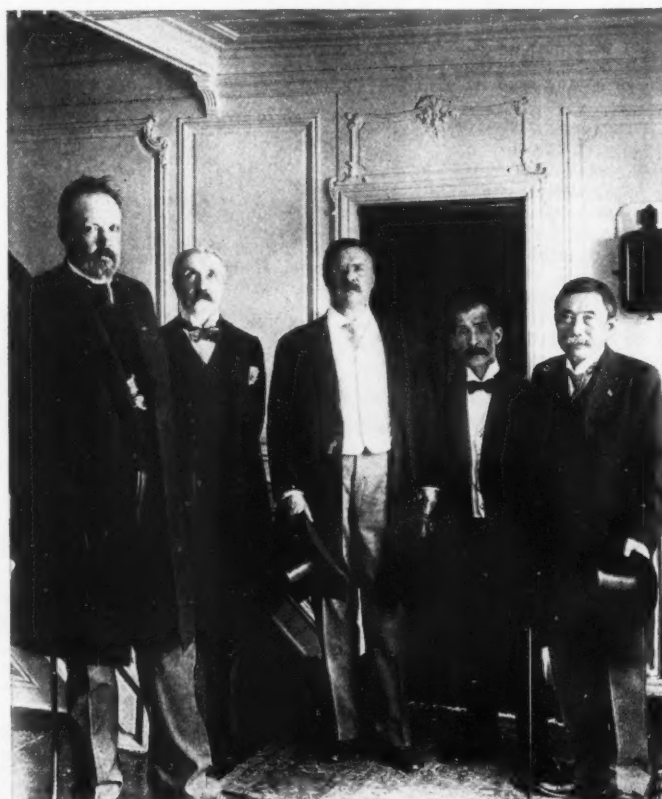
Since the administration of Woodrow Wilson the United States has adopted a policy of isolation, and we have done nothing toward cementing friendships anywhere, not even in the Western Hemisphere. Some day it is conceivable that we might engage in war with a great European power. Then it would be the opportunity for Japan, Mexico and other nations to hold us to account for some of the things, imaginary or real, they have against us.

No nation, no matter how powerful, is wise to defy the world. Germany did it and is the most recent example of such folly. The United States relatively is stronger now than she will be later. Her position has been brought about not alone by the augmentation of her wealth but by the depletion of the resources of other powers.

The German Kaiser took no means of hiding his dislike of the Japanese and on several occasions hurled his defiance at them. They bided their time and when Germany was beset by enemies on every side during the Great War, they joined her foes and at the end had the satisfaction of taking the German possessions in Asia north of the Equator. Before 1914 who could have dreamed that this would come about in 1919?

Fortunately, the Japanese are an intelligent and progressive nation. When Germany grew great through the power of her military organization, Japan went along in the same direction. When Germany came to disaster, no one was quicker to realize the cause than they. Today the Japanese are moving steadily along the path of peace. They are making friends wherever friends can be made. In no direction has their attitude changed more than toward China. It will not be long before there will be complete accord between these two countries. Japan moves, too, towards democracy. Witness the enlargement of the franchise by nine million new voters.

These moves are in the right direction and if trouble comes between Japan and the United States let us be sure our moral position is unassailable.



Count Witte, Baron Rosen, Theodore Roosevelt, Baron Komura and Ambassador Takahari



André Maurois

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

Disraeli

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

REVIEWED BY LAURENCE STALLINGS

LORD MELBOURNE once met a ringleted young man, whose fine Jewish features were framed in a soft white stock buttoned into a yellow waistcoat of surpassing beauty, at a party in Mayfair. Lord Melbourne, grown grizzled in the ministerial service of Queen Victoria, was puzzled by the dandy. With English bluntness he asked the exquisite his goal in life. The young man, whose name was Benjamin Disraeli, said that he wished to be prime minister of England. "By God," said Lord Melbourne later, "the fellow will do it yet."

There is more of the fairy tale. Lord Melbourne, suffering with gout, stood at attention in an audience with his Queen. "I am very sorry," said the Queen, "that etiquette does not allow me to ask you to be seated." The end of the episode appears when Disraeli had become prime minister, and had the gout himself. "To think of you having the gout all the time!" exclaimed the queen. "How you must have suffered! And you ought not to stand now. You shall have a chair!" Mr. Disraeli, remembering Lord Melbourne sighed with contentment and remained standing.

Not since Mr. Strachey's *Queen Victoria* captivated us all has there been such another book on the Victorian age as André Maurois' *Disraeli*. The writer is a Frenchman, best known for his story of Shelly's life, which he called *Ariel*. Mr. Bernard Shaw once said that the English do not deserve great men, for they do not understand them. But certainly the French deserve great Englishmen when they understand them as well as M. Maurois.

Disraeli is fictional biography, a combination of an *Alger* book, a copy of *Alice in Wonderland*, a story by *Balzac*, and a novel by *Galsworthy*.

Maurois has all the charming adroitness of a lair in dealing with facts. His story is from start to finish, colored [Turn to page 62]



Dr. Paul Scherer

THE SERMON
OF THE MONTH*The Higher Hazards*

BY DR. PAUL SCHERER

REVIEWED BY
REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, Litt. D.

DR. PAUL SCHERER is the Secretary of the United Lutheran Church of America, and the pastor of Holy Trinity Church in New York city. Last Summer the press carried a report of a memorable address which he made at the Conference on Faith and Order in Lausanne, in which he set forth to



"Constance" as played by Vivienne Segal

what lengths Lutherans are ready to go in behalf of Christian unity.

"One thing is certain," Dr. Scherer insists, "if we set out to find what religion really is, we shall find that it is a daring adventure, a desperate sortie beyond mere common sense into the things that ought to be. For that reason it has made pioneers like Abraham, prophets like Moses and Elijah, martyrs like St. Paul and John Huss, and leaders like Luther and Wesley.

"Our religion at its best," Dr. Scherer affirms, "is an adventure in the friendship of Jesus; and He knew nothing of security. He condemns anxious precaution as heathenish. He knew no safe life and no safe truth. The only caution He ever exercised was against living by bread alone, which is materialism; against worshipping himself and the devil, which is cynicism. Such risks He did not care to take. He gave himself to higher hazards. His life was a reckless fling for goodness, for which He gave all."

"Religion today," says Dr. Scherer, "is too tame, too timid, too tepid. It lacks the heroic note. Most of us refuse to take any intellectual hazard. We are afraid of new truth, lest it disturb our faith. God help such a faith! In the same way we shun all moral hazards, for fear they will unsettle us."

Here are plain words and to the point. They rebuke our shrinking timidities and challenge us to high quest and conquest. What strikes Dr. Scherer about our modern religion is that it is so devoid of "the dare-devil carelessness of the great prophets and leaders of faith." It seeks to save itself, and by a law as inevitable as gravitation it loses its soul of power and prophecy.

THE PLAY OF THE
MONTH*The Three Musketeers*

ADAPTED BY WILLIAM ANTHONY MCGUIRE

REVIEWED BY STARK YOUNG

A YEAR ago there were thousands of people who had seen, applauded and sung from, *The Vagabond King*; and now Rudolf Friml has written music for the story of *The Three Musketeers* that seems to have won quite as much favor, if we are to judge by the crowd at the Lyric Theater. In the central rôle of the new piece the player is the same also. Dennis King, wins as much applause as the swashbuckling D'Artagnan as he did when playing François Villon. And, finally, *The Three Musketeers* does its bit toward the same direction as *The Vagabond King*, by going farther than most of its kind toward opera and romance.

The dozen lavish scenes for *The Three Musketeers* were designed by Joseph Urban; the most ambitious of them is that of the garden of the Tuileries, with its facade, its statues, its terraces and balustrades; the most successful, the chamber of Lady de Winter, with the canopied bed and the mullioned windows from which the balcony opens on the starlit sky and the moonlight flooding in. Mr. Friml has written a march for the Musketeers that parallels his famous Burgundian song in *The Vagabond King*. The lyrics, of which there is a generous supply for many of the characters—that of the Duke of Buckingham in his [Turn to page 62]

STAIRS of SAND

By Zane Grey

ILLUSTRATED BY DANIEL CONTENT

WITH this installment ends the story of Ruth Larey's heart—its conflict with evil men, and its healing by the love and devotion of two desert men—and its final tempering into a noble and enduring fiber by the harsh, yet beneficent rays of the desert sun.

GUERD LAREY was gone; the post was in charge of freighters, as Dabb had mysteriously disappeared; Merryvale had taken up quarters under a dense low-branched mesquite that flourished across the pond below Ruth's door; and from the porch Ruth could see with naked eye the rugged upheaved rocks and cliffs that marked Adam's new hiding place.

How different this morning! The deceitful old desert



The day . . . was an ominous one for Ruth

was in gentle mood. The sun was not white, the sky not copper, the waste of ground not so ghastly. Birds and rabbits visited the pond. Ruth embraced something sweet and blinding, and hugged it to her. This day held much for her, and though she yearned for the starlight and Adam, she wished there were double the intervening hours, so that she could give them to a profound analysis of her perplexing self.

Her thoughts veered suddenly to a tragic, horrible inspiration. It took shuddering hold of her heart and mind.

Alone in her room, with door barred and window darkened, she had courage to voice the insidious thought. She could kill Guerd Larey! The recognition by her consciousness of this inspiration threw her into tumultuous passion, that blinded her and held her in thrall one sickening appalling moment, before she fell prostrate before the temptation. It was irresistible. It was Justice. It was Fate. It would save Adam from staining his hands with the blood of a beloved and prodigal brother.

She lay on the bed, realizing the enormity of her decision, marveling at the tigerish leap of her instinct, bewildered at the revelation of her nature. Here it was stalking from ambush—the raw elemental force of the desert.

If Larey sought her again, to blind her and break her, to make of her a fallen despicable creature, she would kill him. The decision had all the heat of desert sun and the power of the wind and the ghastliness of the naked wasteland. It shook her as if a superhuman hand had gathered her up and shaken her. And then it left her in strange somber peace. If the worst came to the worst she knew in her deepest, most secret soul how to meet it, to save Adam and herself.

But her peace was short-lived. With her

mind settled ruthlessly, it had flung at her the mighty question, "Why?" Why would she stoop to a deed of blood, so foreign to her breeding, and the gentleness that had once been hers? The answer was Love. It was desert love, and Ruth suddenly fell prey to a paroxysm more riotous and violent than that in which she had received the inspiration of murder.

The room, the house could not hold her. She could not breathe there. She must flee to the desert, to the boundless open and the illimitable air and the infinite sun. But once outside, flying up the path, without limp or twinge now, the thought of Adam restrained her. She remembered that it would not be fair to him to take such risk. Instead, then, she threw herself on the sand under the drooping *palo verde*, and there, with her rapt gaze enveloping half the circle of horizon, she looked through the veils of heat, the white glare, the purple haze, through the silver sand dunes and the dim ranges, through all the vastness and terror and beauty of the desert into the mystery of her own heart.

Ruth had loved Adam at Santa Ysabel, with a strange dreamy girlish reverence; she had cherished that for long. When Adam had first met her in the canyon with Stone there had come again the perplexing attraction she had felt in other men, and then afterward what she took for love; and on the way home from Yuma, with her hold on his arm, with the consciousness of what it had dealt in defense of her honor and life, with the sand storm bellowing the menace of this desert hell, she had come to the first real honest love of her life. But that had been an immeasurable nothing to this white scorching flame, this noonday bursting molten fire of the sun.



"Still the same sweet old wild-cat," he returned mockingly

perished in her self-contempt.

How lightly and with what gratification she had trodden the broad and easy path toward destruction. She saw herself from a great height and looked down with withering scorn, with infinite pity, at the creature she had been. Not once nor twice, but many times had the desert tested her, always to find her ready for the sin of Eve. She had not known it then; she had held aloof, at the end, as in the affair with Stone; but that had only been due to the maddening variations of her temperament. Only accident had saved her in those long-past, apparently trivial affairs. When womanhood stripped away her girlish illusions, and she had met Stone, to work a stronger and more perilous charm on him, only God, using Adam Wansfell as his instrument, could have saved her.

Ruth confessed it. She burned into her soul the brand of what she had been, of what she had escaped. Her mother's prayer to Wansfell now clarified. She had been born with beauty of form, of face, of eyes; and with their deadlier parallel—the longing—the passionate need to love and be loved. She saw it all, and abased her spirit in humility and gratitude. She lay there on the sand, propped against the *palo verde*, gazing out at the transfiguration of the desert she had hated, marvelling at this evidence of her changed soul, and at the freedom which had come like a lightning flash out of the heavens.

Just yet she dared not surrender to the thought of her love, to the intimate and terrific sweetness of it, to the deluge that must sweep away all before it. She must make forever hers the truth of herself, of the fate that could no longer be miserable and could never have a tragic end. She understood Adam's love. He was all love. He loved every creature on the desert, the beasts of men, even this illegitimate brother with all his malignance and corrupt maturity. That explained Wansfell, the Wanderer. The same supreme force that had moulded her stairs of sand had fashioned the boy Adam Larey into the man Wansfell.

Out of the boundlessness of her woman's heart, that vessel of perennial and eternal fertility, she must give to the desert that had saved him, made him give good for evil, give in place of the hate that had been a cancer in her breast, love—love, for its ghastliness, its mutability, its cruelty and its eternal beauty, its driving iron to the God-like in man.

RUTH saw Adam every night, and one day, when the heat was tempered by a rain-storm in the north, Merryvale took her out to Adam's hidden camp in the rock fastnesses. It was the wildest and weirdest place Ruth ever visited. A cataclysm in bygone ages had riven and scattered the stone crust of the earth; and the subsequent weathering had worn short canyons deep between splintereed cliffs.

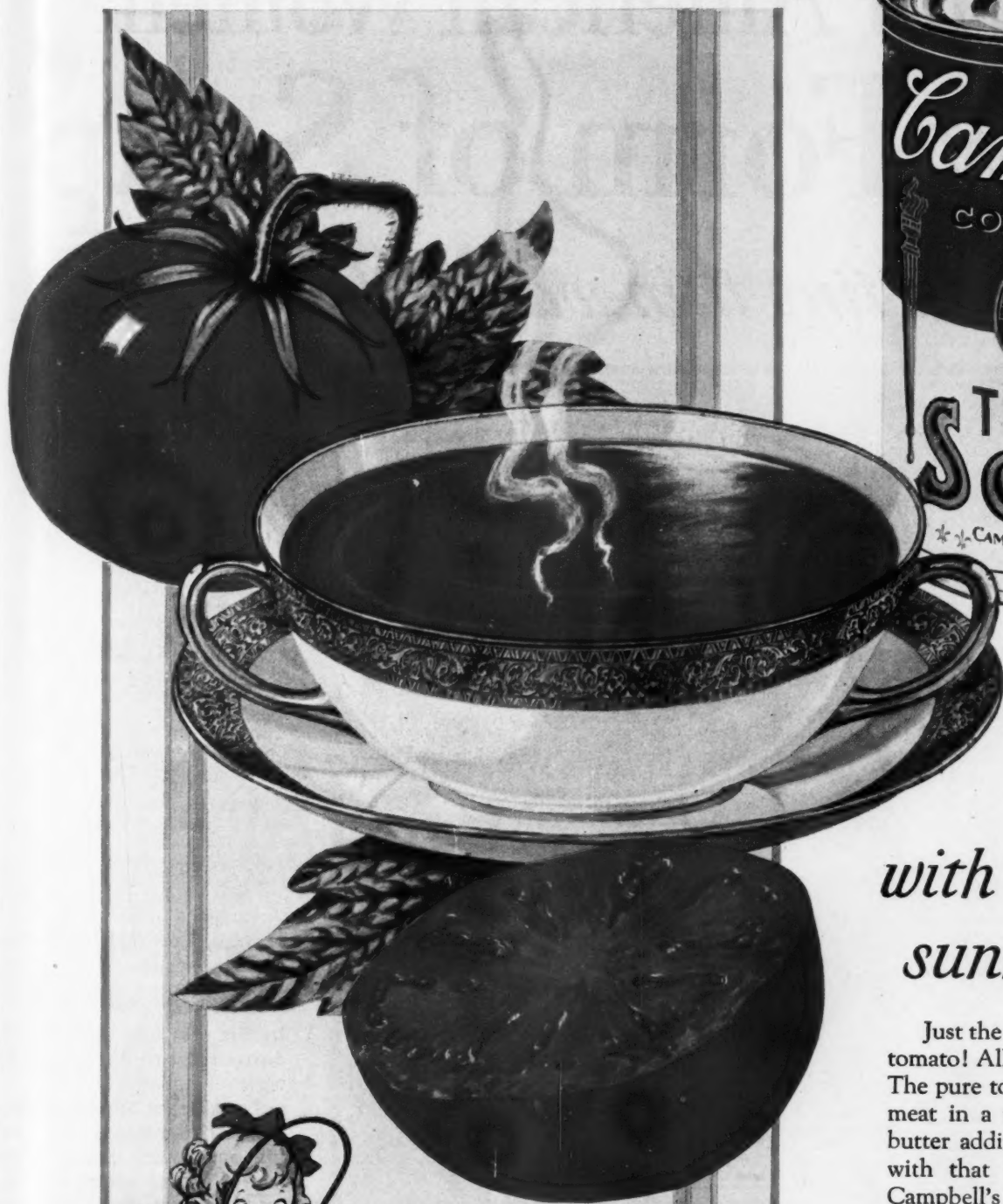
Here, in the shade of an overhanging rock, with the magnificence and immensity of the desert filling her eyes, Ruth told Adam all that she had been. She was merciless to herself. She confessed the littlest and meanest of her motives. She bared her soul. No enemy of hers could ever have sought less favor for her than she sought for herself.

Then quite simply, without sentiment, or surrender to emotion, she told Adam of the gradual change which [Turn to page 68]



A world of love reflected in her eyes

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL
SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET



SOUP

*with the tomato's
sunniest smile*

Just the golden goodness of the full-ripe tomato! All else is discarded by Campbell's. The pure tonic juices, the luscious tomato meat in a rich puree, with fresh country butter adding its food and its flavor, and with that delicate seasoning for which Campbell's chefs are so famous.

Richer still served as a Cream of Tomato Soup according to the simple directions on the label. Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

*You need hot soup with all
the cold foods in summer*

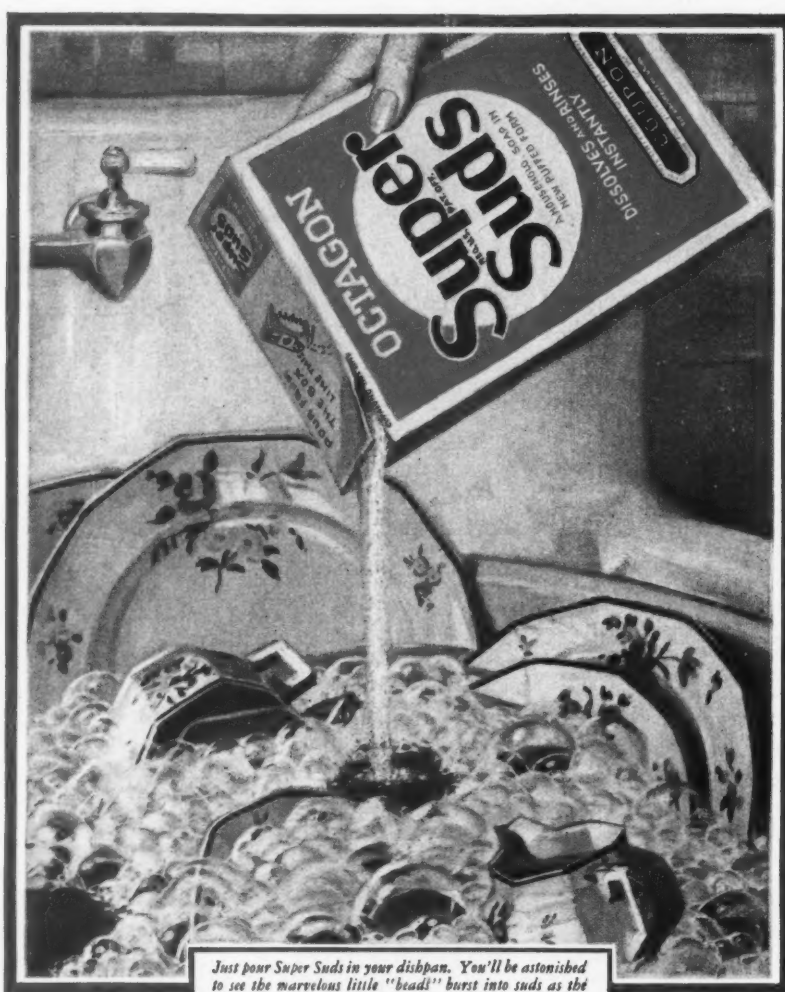
I'm so fleet upon my feet,
I win at every game.
Campbell's fare will get you there
And make you feel the same!

Campbell's SOUPS

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

Now..for American Women a New Form of Soap

made in tiny thin-walled "beads"



Remarkable discovery offers many advantages not found in other forms of soap. Dissolves instantly. Rinses completely. Gets clothes whiter in far less time. Leaves no soapy film on dishes.

A NEW way to make soap has been discovered. A way that banishes once and for all the hardest part of dishwashing drudgery.

It's an entirely new type of soap called Super Suds . . . that dissolves instantly. Gives suds in a flash!

Makes dishes sparkle and glasses glisten . . . in far less time and with less work. No drying is necessary . . . dish-towels aren't needed for china and glassware.

Makes clothes whiter. Leaves no soapy stain.

First bar soap—then chips—now Super Suds

Years ago women had to use bar soap. How hard they had to work rubbing the clothes with the soap, and how hard it was to rinse out those clinging soap particles.

Next came chips. Many women changed to this form of soap be-

Just pour Super Suds in your dishpan. You'll be astonished to see the marvelous little "beads" burst into suds as the water strikes them. Phone your grocer today . . . ask him to send you a box. Use it for all household washing.

cause it could be stirred into a cleansing solution. But clothes and dishes had to be rinsed too much in order to get rid of the undissolved soap.

Now comes Super Suds, and women are changing to it by thousands in preference to all other forms of soap.

Super Suds is not a chip . . . not a powder . . . but a remarkable new form of soap in tiny hollow "beads" so thin they burst into suds the minute they touch water. Four times as thin

as chips, Super Suds is the thinnest soap made.

Why Super Suds is better

In this new soap women have discovered two distinct advantages:

First, Super Suds is so thin it dissolves instantly . . . saves time and trouble. Second, Super Suds dissolves completely . . . no undissolved soap to leave spots on clothes or film on dishes. Women like Super Suds

because it does the work faster and better than any other form of soap ever invented.

Compare Super Suds with any soap you've ever used before. See how much whiter it makes your clothes . . . how clean without the usual drudgery. And then note how it makes dishes gleam and glisten.

Super Suds is surprisingly inexpensive . . . It's the biggest 10-cent box of soap on the market, so you can afford to use it lavishly.

An Octagon Soap Product. Every box of Super Suds carries a coupon. Save them for valuable premiums.

A PATENTED PROCESS. Super Suds is made by a process covered by exclusive patents. (Products, process and apparatus covered by U. S. Letters Patent Nos. 1,651,441; 1,690,740; 1,600,503; 1,634,640; and Reissue 16,749.)

Super Suds

AN OCTAGON PRODUCT

The biggest box of soap on the market for 10¢

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

The First of a series on motor touring to America's inspiring national and state parks: Eastern and Southern Highlands

BY CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

SOMETHING is in the air this sunshiny morning; a mood of vague restlessness quickens your pulse. You drive the car out of the garage. But that faithful "boat" which has ferried you so often on prosaic cruises to market and school or around and around the park and the town's boulevard system looks different today. There's something about it this morning both glamorous and jaunty, suggesting travel, adventure . . . Summer roads are calling: "over the hills and far away!" This is the time to start on that tour, a bit dim in the memory now, which you discussed around the fireplace last Winter.

The idea was—let's see if we can't recall it—to shun the biggest cities and seek out many of the most striking scenic beauty-spots in a country which few of us know well. National parks were to be the high lights of that tour, with national forests and state parks and other places memorable for cherished historical associations or natural wonders at stages along the route. Chiefly, you hungered to see all of the outdoor beauty of America that you could get. That you easily could find a full menu of this in the Rocky Mountain region, or, in like measure, along the Pacific Coast, or later on a drive from ocean to ocean through a strip of our extreme Southland, no one for a moment would doubt. But how about the upper half of the South? And what about the East. This northeastern quarter of our country, where two-thirds of all our people dwell—is it now so densely settled that it has become a mere desolation of sprawling great cities, grimy factory towns and mines and furnaces, with no alluring open spaces left? It would be a delight, at least, if on our way westward toward scenery world-renowned as stunning and dramatic, we might be granted the privilege of seeing some rare natural loveliness on eastern shores.

To the fulfillment of that wish the tour here pictured and described as the first in seeing the entire country has been planned. A route indicating the principal "high spots" to be visited was submitted to an official of the Bureau of Public Roads in Washington. He then prepared, from data upon the best highways available at the time of this writing, the accompanying detailed itinerary. (This official—and the writer no less fervently—urge you, however, to make side-trips frequently and not to follow the black line too slavishly. Other-

Jordan Pond and the "Bubbles". "Where the mountains meet the sea." A glimpse of Lafayette National Park, Mount Desert Island, Maine

Peaks of the Presidential Range of the New Hampshire White Mountains, seen from the road to Bretton Woods



wise, you'll miss half the fun. Do some exploring!) "But are there, really," some of you may demand, "any national parks, any national forests and kindred oases of scenic charm left in this older, well-populated section?"

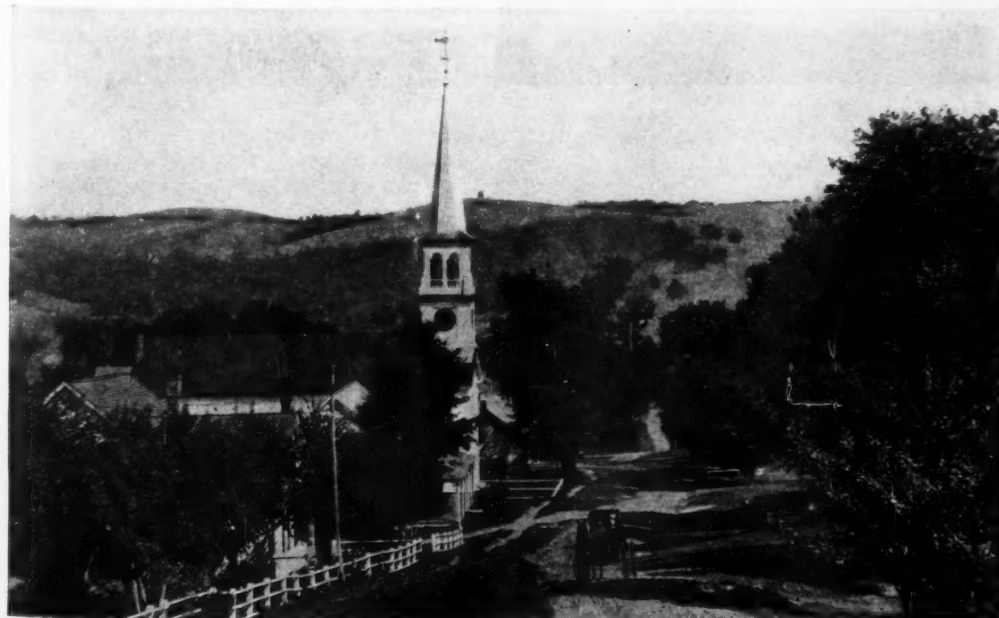
Two national parks, a national park soon to be authorized, and three national forests, a precious battlefield reservation and two state parks—one of these parks exceeded in size by no other public playground in American but the gigantic Yellowstone, are among the offerings.

The tour starts in the far northeast. The route shuns the most congested metropolitan population areas. Through lands of the sky, across a dozen states, we shall jaunt from a rocky sea-beaten island on the coast of Maine to the forest-clad hills at the heart of Arkansas.

An island, "where mountains meet the sea," rugged from a distance with peaks of emerald and blue, glistening at closer view with pink and white granite, is our starting point. Lafayette National Park is twelve square miles of mountains and gem-like ponds in a reservation on Mount Desert Island, Maine, only a few minutes drive from the town of Bar Harbor. Tingling salt air and the fragrance of pine forests mingle here. You may find on the island any type of hotel accommodation up to the most luxurious; or you may pitch a camp in the park. Which happy choice is true of many another of your stopping places along the whole route. Don't content yourself merely with a circuit drive around the island. Be sure to visit some of the lovely inland ponds in the park; and get a mountain top, if the weather is clear enough for good views, to see some panoramas you will not soon forget. Mount Cadillac attains 1,532 feet above the near-by sea level, and is the highest crest along our entire Atlantic coastline.

Mount Washington, N. H., is our next objective, a crest from which to gain the best view of one of our most memorable national forests. From Mount Desert Island we cross to the mainland by a steel and concrete drawbridge. Via Ellsworth a gravel highway now beckons on to Bangor. The route picked through Maine, to the state line of New Hampshire, is from Bangor to the capital, Augusta, then by way of Lewiston, Naples, Bridgton and Fryeburg.

When we veer northward after entering New Hampshire we are at the southeastern borders of White Mountain National Forest. North Conway, Glen, through the pass of Crawford Notch; then the tip-top of that highest of the peaks of the Presidential Range, billowing up ahead on the road to Bretton Woods, is our destination. A motor highway climbs all the way to Mount Washington's summit. Up it we go to 6,293 feet above sea level, the highest spot in all New England; there to be able to view, if the day is clear, for nearly a hundred miles in all directions. Though the mountain top upon which we stand is not national property, the other massive hills of the range have been acquired; you are monarch of what you survey to the extent of 465,000 acres of New Hampshire and Maine. The route now leads via Fabyan and Littleton into St. Johnsbury, Vt. But this doesn't forbid you—particularly if you happen to remember Hawthorne's story of "The Great Stone Face"—to make a detour southward to Franconia notch to view the natural wonder of The Old Man of



Peacham, typical of the charm of country places in Vermont, away from the main travelled highways



A Sunrise over Big Moose Lake, a part of the Adirondack State Park



A scene from Little Round Top in the National Military Park on the battlefield of Gettysburg



In Shenandoah National Forest, the southern Appalachianians, on the Staunton-Parkersburg pike

the Mountain and his surroundings.

Of course we must get on! But no sooner have we passed through St. Johnsbury than another suggestion about a side trip entices. At Danbury let's turn off the main traveled highway and run down to see a real picture of Vermont village peace and contentment—Peacham. Or, if your politics incline another way, there's Plymouth, with the new Calvin Coolidge State Forest as an added attraction.

Our next objective is the great Adirondack State Park in New York. If you like to follow a carefully mapped itinerary the route across Vermont is St. Johnsbury, Montpelier, Waterbury, Burlington, Winoski, South Hero, Keelers Bay and ferry to Plattsburg. "In adjusting the New York-Vermont connection," a memorandum from the Bureau of Public Roads remarks, "the direct ferry across Lake Champlain to Port Kent and thence by highway to Plattsburg, or from Burlington by ferry to Essex, N. Y., should be considered." Do you prefer to take a longer boat ride on Lake Champlain? You may welcome that as a change from so much driving.

"All points in the Adirondack State Park," our government road expert advises next, "are accessible on the east from Plattsburg, Keeseville, Elizabethtown or Lake George. From Plattsburg south the route is via Ausable Chasm, Elizabethtown, Schroon Lake, Chestertown, Lake George, Glen Falls, Saratoga, Mechanicsville, Albany, Catskill, Kingston, Newburgh, Storm King Mountain, West Point, Fort Montgomery, Bear Mountain. Turning west in Bear Mountain Park,

cross Palisades Park to Tuxedo, thence generally south to Suffern (on New York-New Jersey state line.)"

Backgrounds of epics of American history are the lakes Champlain and George. The vast Adirondack State Park, beginning not far westward, is a tract of 1,850,000 acres. The Yellowstone, with 2,142,000 acres, is our only public playground surpassing it in size. Much of the extent of this Adirondack park of lakes and forests and bulking hills has never been anything but wild land—never in private ownership. When you have explored it as much or as little as you please, your route leads down the famous valley of the Hudson. You touch another mountain park in the neighborhood of Kingston, where the state owns 135,000 acres of Catskills. The memory of the beauty of West Point may linger long if you are on hand to see the cadet garrison parade when the

Easton, Pennsylvania, and on to the battlefields.

Pennsylvania is second only to New York State in extent of acreage of forests and recreation parks; but our chosen high lights in Pennsylvania are two of the most precious of our country's battlefields. The state owns the first one on our route. It is Valley Forge. Via Doylestown, Montgomeryville, Center Square and Bridgeport to reach it. Again we've swerved away from a great population center—this time the massed 2,000,000 or more in Philadelphia. The Valley Forge Park is of 1,450 acres. To Paoli now, then west on the Lincoln Highway through Lancaster and York; and our next stop is at a larger natural park of 2,451 acres, a national military park with associations as much prized as even those of Valley Forge. It is—Gettysburg. Sermons in stones here; stones that mark every battle-line where the crimsoned tide of the Civil War surged highest, turned and ebbed away.

Across Maryland next—Emmitsburg, Thurmont, Frederick—into Harper's Ferry, West Virginia. Here we are at the bottom of one of the noblest valleys of the world. On any count, be it for size, or natural beauty, or the great events and great names of history associated with it, "the Valley of Virginia," leading on from here for some three hundred miles to the southwest, need ask no odds of any famous rival. A certain high rock above Harper's Ferry (which you'll recall as the scene of John Brown's raid and Colonel Robert E. Lee's capture of the fugitive band) furnishes a good viewing-spot.

"You stand on a very high point of land; on your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain a hundred miles to find a vent; on your left approaches the Potomac, in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea. The scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic."

So wrote Thomas Jefferson, in whose honor the high point he mentioned is now called "Jefferson's Rock."

We must try to sketch hastily, as we did the Hudson Valley, the trip up this Valley of Virginia. It leads via Charleston (a little projection of West Virginia to cross at the start) through Berryville, Va., and between walled borders of Allegheny Mountains and Blue Ridges through Winchester, Newmarket (Luray Caverns near here), Harrisonburg, Staunton, Natural Bridge,

Roanoke, Christiansburg, Pulaski, Wytheville and Abingdon into Bristol, on the Virginia-Tennessee boundary line. A land soon to be—and deservedly—celebrated for its national forests and a proposed new national park begins as you pass Strasburg. On both sides of you now are segments of Shenandoah National Forest; Monongahela National Forest

lies beyond, on the right; and the tract destined soon to become a national park on the left. Virginians already speak of the latter as a reality, and point to it as "the Blue Ridge National Park" [Turn to page 52]



Mount Mitchell, a State Park, the highest crest in the eastern half of the United States, surrounded by Pisgah National Forest

Mount LeConte, Tenn., overlooking the tract of country on the Tennessee-North Carolina state line, soon to be "Great Smoky Mountains National Park"



This is a view from the top of Hot Springs Mountain, National Park, Arkansas

sunset gun booms, the band plays the national anthem and the flag flutters down.

No more than a mention can be made here even of such places of cherished historical associations as Plattsburg, Saratoga and West Point. Many more riches of that sort lie ahead. Across a corner of New Jersey we cut now, and up a pass through graceful hills, following the course of the old Morris Canal. The route is a swerve to shun the congestion of traffic close to New York City. The itinerary through New Jersey is from Suffern to Paterson, Singac, Denville, Dover, Netcong, Hackettstown to Phillipsburg. Then across the Delaware River into



A VACATION HELP

If you want to spend that precious two weeks of vacation time in a pine-scented mountain resort, or any other place, hurry up and send for our vacation leaflet.

It's a leaflet of where, when and how to spend a vacation on the American Continent. In it are listed railroads and hotels, with rates and other important and necessary information.

Send a two cent stamp with your request to:

The SERVICE EDITOR, McCall's Magazine
236 West 37th Street, New York

Watch Each Treatment bring a *new* natural loveliness to your complexion

From day to day the New Complete Woodbury Facial will reveal a skin softly smooth--with a depth of clearness that will astonish you



1 *Wring a cloth from hot water and hold it against the face to thoroughly open the pores. Then massage Woodbury's Cold Cream well into the skin with an upward and outward motion, covering the face and neck thoroughly with the cream. Notice how gently it penetrates into the pores and softens and loosens the embedded dirt and dust particles.*

2 *With a soft cloth remove the surplus cream, always with an upward motion. Now, wash the face and neck with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, working the creamy lather well into the skin so that it will dissolve and wash out the soiled cream which otherwise would remain in the pores. Rinse with warm water, then a dash of cold water or a piece of ice wrapped in one thickness of cloth.*

3 *And now the final step. With the tips of your fingers, apply lightly Woodbury's Facial Cream which tones the skin by supplying just the right amount of natural moisture without loading or clogging the pores. This finishing cream is greaseless and gives that soft, velvety texture so much desired.*

JUST WHY does the skin respond so quickly to the new Complete Woodbury Facial? Why can one notice such an improvement in the complexion after the very first treatment—a skin softer, fresher, and with that depth of clearness so much desired?

Questions that are easily answered . . .

The new Complete Woodbury Facial is so immediately, so visibly effective because, by combining the use of soap and creams, it *does more than cleanse the surface of the skin*. It penetrates down into the countless tiny pores—keeps the skin gloriously, glowingly alive by keeping it exquisitely clean. Refreshing, invigorating—this natural way to care for the skin.

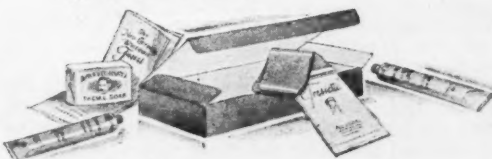
A home-given Facial that is truly professional in its results!

You need only Woodbury's Facial Soap—pure and soothing . . . Woodbury's Cold Cream—persua-

sive and softening . . . and Woodbury's Facial Cream—greaseless and refreshing. All three especially prepared for use with one another, and combined in a simple treatment that will bring a new radiance to your complexion—guard your skin against the attacks of our trying, modern days.

YOUR drug store or toilet goods counter can supply you with the new Complete Woodbury Facial. Or, let us send you a trial set, containing enough of the soap and creams for seven generous treatments, also one of the new Tressettes, an

Just mail the coupon for your generous trial set



ingenious band to hold your hair back while you are creaming your face. Give yourself a Woodbury Facial every day for a week . . . you will be delighted with the improvement in the texture of your skin. After that, use the Complete Facial once or twice a week, keeping your skin clean and healthy in between times with Woodbury's Facial Soap, as directed in the booklet around every cake. Write today for your trial set, enclosing 25c in stamps or coin.

The Andrew Jergens Company
1513 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

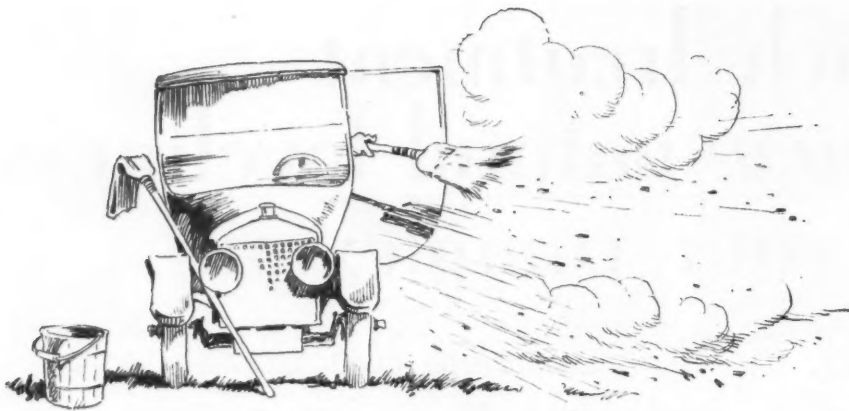
For the enclosed 25c (stamps or coin) please send me the Seven Day Trial Set of the new Complete Woodbury Facial, a Tressette, and your booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1513 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name

Street

City State



The SUMMER CARE of YOUR AUTOMOBILE

Clean the car inside and out, peer into the mysteries underneath it and look to the garage man's ethics

THE Admiral was spotless in his uniform of white duck; he was stiff with military bearing, gold braid and laundry starch. He was to address a group of club women and my Philadelphia hostess had been designated to motor him and his equally spotless aide to the club gathering.

I had heard my hostess in the morning as she telephoned the garage; they were to send for her automobile and change the oil, fill the gas tank and adjust the brakes; then in the afternoon I had ridden with her and her distinguished guest to the Navy Yard. It was a glorious day, and a happy one until the rigid Admiral emerged from the car to greet the ladies on the club veranda. Whereas he had been shipshape fore and aft when we left the Navy Yard, when he got out of the automobile he was something less than shipshape aft. We stared!

My hostess gasped as the flustered aide with a burst of Stephen Decatur daring plucked the Admiral by the sleeve and whispered vigorously. Have you ever seen an Admiral in stiff white ducks turn his head owlishly and try to glare at the seat of his—er, pants? This one did, and what he saw was a splotch of black grease the size of a Spanish doubloon which is about four times the size of an American dollar. Without a word, that is without a word that would bear repeating here, he climbed back into the automobile and asked to be driven back to the Navy Yard. Nay, he did not ask. He commanded, and back we went. Three quarters of an hour later, speechless with indignation we approached the club house once more. That time the Admiral rode seated on a piece of clean canvas spread for him by his invaluable aide.

You may not have an Admiral to tote about in the family car but it is just as necessary to supervise the cleaning of the inside of your automobile for family and guests as it is to supervise the living room of your home. Your car is a part of your home. It is a detachable room which reflects your character wherever you may ride in it.

Garages are not always as careful as they might be. I have seen mechanics with black and greasy hands lift out velour cushions in order to get at tools or install batteries. It is almost impossible to keep grease from getting on the floor or upholstery of your automobile but you should see that it does not remain there. Such grease is not difficult to remove. Many good cleansers completely eradicate grease and oil and they should be used regularly for the sake of the car and for fragile frocks, white flannels and other light clothes which especially this time of the year are sure to appear in the car.

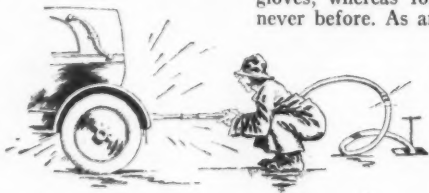
Cleaning an automobile, inside and out, is not one-half so arduous as some of the other tasks performed by any woman who looks after her own home. Any woman can wash her automobile. There is nothing difficult or mysterious about the operation. Service stations, garages and automobile laundries may have special facilities for thorough and quick work, and a factory system besides. Even so, a woman with only two hands (and manicured at that), can compete creditably with such organizations and save for herself the two or five

BY DOROTHY REID

Second in a series of automobiling articles for women

dollar fee which they would charge for the job.

The first thing is to prepare for it and decidedly an afternoon frock is not the proper costume. Dress as if you were going out into the season's worst rain storm. In a rain storm, though, you would not need rubber gloves, whereas for this task you will need them as never before. As an additional precaution, in case the glove fingers should split, scratch your nails full of clean white soap before you don the gloves.



Underneath The Car

The most important part of the automobile washing job is the underneath side of the car, the exposed part of the chassis. The way to wash it is with a garden hose squirted with all the force you can get by turning the nozzle. There is nothing under there that can be injured by water; it is a lack of water that does the harm as far too many motorists discover too late to save themselves trouble and repair bills of ghastly proportions.

When car washing is a business, there are usually high pressure tanks which provide heavier and stronger sprays than can be squirted from an ordinary garden hose, yet it is possible to adjust a garden hose by a twist of the nozzle and get an adequate spray pressure. Direct the spray against the underside of the fenders, over the wheels and as far under the car as you can reach. This will loosen the grime, mud and dirt from the chassis and wash most of it away.

After thoroughly spraying the underside and wheels of your car make a fresh attack on the caked mud, oil and road tar that inevitably will defy even the strongest hose pressure. For this you will need two scrubbing buckets. Into one pour a mixture of one part kerosene to four parts of water. Apply this to the spots that have resisted the hose, using a brush with a long handle to reach the difficult places. Any tar or grease remaining after this effort may be attacked with a stronger solution of kerosene.

Because kerosene, if allowed to remain, will attract and hold the dust and dirt of the road it must be washed off before you can regard the under side of your car as clean. In order to remove the last vestige of kerosene it will be necessary to go over the areas where it has been applied with soap and water—preferably warm—and then to give a final rinsing with the stream from the garden hose.

Before starting to wash the sides and top of the car be sure, if it is a closed car, that the windows and doors are tightly closed; and it is generally wise to lift the hood and cover the engine with a piece of oil

cloth or heavy canvas. Otherwise some water may find an exposed bit of wire and cripple the ignition system. For the same

reason, when directing a stream on the hood, stand to the front so that the water will splash off and not go through the ventilating slits.

Most of the cars manufactured today have a patented lacquer finish which is very resistant to weather conditions and is more durable in every way than the paint and varnish jobs of several years ago. This tough lacquer requires far less care in washing and polishing, fortunately for all of us. It should not, however, be abused, so remove the nozzle from the hose and flush from the roof of the car downwards with a gentle stream. Cold water not only loosens dust and dirt, but hardens that admirable lacquer finish. When the car has been completely flushed in this manner begin to sponge it with one hand while continuing to apply the stream of water from the hose held in the other hand.

Be careful of your sponges. A sponge happens to be a skeleton of a marine animal. If you will look into the holes you will see that it is filled with shell, hard bits of lime and scale, gritty material that cuts into a lacquer surface as if it were so much sand paper. Never use a sponge until it has been soaked in soapy water for at least a week and squeezed dry repeatedly. Chamois skins must be well soaked too before being placed in service, else the lime preservative with which they have been treated will injure the body finish.

Keep sponges clean and free from dirt at all times. Use one for the body of the car and one for the running gear.

Methods of Drying

There are various methods of drying a car after it is washed. Some garages blow off the first water with compressed air, then rub down with a damp chamois skin. Others start with a damp chamois and polish with a dry one. Another way is to dry off with soft old Turkish towels wrung from clean water, followed by a chamois rub. I find the best method is a combination of all; unless a car is dried quickly it will streak, and since Turkish towels absorb faster than chamois skins, it is best to remove the first water with towels. Then, using up and down strokes, go over the surface again with a damp chamois giving a final rub with a dry chamois for a rich velvety finish. Do not waste energy polishing running gear; dry it with a Turkish towel. Oil or tar spots should be removed with kerosene, after you have flushed the body. Avoid any other kind of solvent or you may ruin the lacquer.



The next rainy day you happen to be on Michigan Boulevard in Chicago, Market Street in San Francisco, Grand Avenue in Kansas City or Fifth Avenue

in New York, observe the nickel lamps and radiators of the chauffeur driven cars. Notice how many of them are daubed with oil or a white coating. Chauffeurs, who have to wash and polish their cars, know how difficult it is to remove rain spots. When their cars are threatened with rain they apply a coating that is intended to protect the metal trim. Rain [Turn to page 40]

Their Glamorous Beauty has captured the younger set in Chicago Washington New York



MISS BETTY BYRNE

An exquisite blonde with spun-gold hair, velvety brown eyes and rose petal skin. Miss Byrne, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Stanton J. Peelle of Washington, D. C. says, "I look my best after using Pond's."

MISS FLORENCE NOYES

(Left) A Titian beauty, with delicate, apple-blossom skin. Miss Noyes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest High Noyes of Chicago, a favorite of society, uses Pond's preparations to keep her skin always exquisite.

MISS BAY MORRIS

(Right) A vivid brunette with clear, pale olive skin. Miss Morris, daughter of Mrs. Waterbury Morris of New York City, is an expert equestrienne. She says, "Pond's Creams are quite the nicest I have ever used."

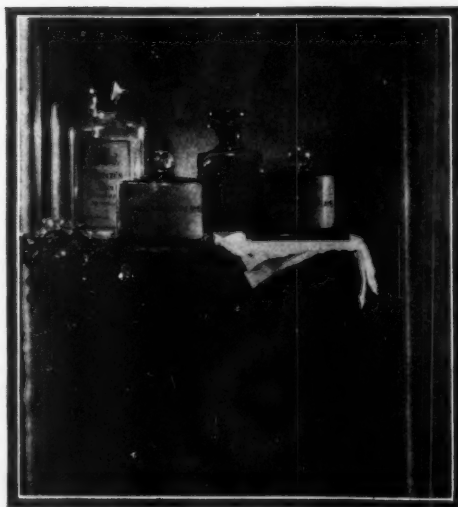


THEY are as exquisite as rare flowers—these three modern Graces! As soon say which is loveliest, the tropic rose, gorgeous poppy, or delicate anemone, as choose from amongst these beautiful American girls—a vivid brunette, a Titian beauty, an ethereal blonde.

Enchanting types . . . worlds apart in their individual kind of charm, but alike in the fact that each is the acknowledged leader of her own distinguished set. Alike, too, in that each possesses the most essential quality of feminine loveliness—an exquisite complexion.

How do these girls guard the beauty of their lovely skins? Each frankly acknowledges her debt to Pond's. Each on her dressing table gives the place of honor to the Two Creams, the dainty Tissues, the restorative Freshener.

These four preparations used so successfully by blonde, brunette, and Titian beauty, should be



Pond's Preparations in the lovely gift containers used by these beautiful girls

used together daily in the delightful Pond's way:

FIRST apply Pond's Cold Cream generously. Its purifying oils penetrate deep down into the pores, lifting out every particle of dirt. Then with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, so caressing and absorbent, wipe away all dirt and oil.

NEXT tone and firm your skin with the exhilarating Freshener. Last apply the faintest breath of Pond's Vanishing Cream for exquisite finish.

See how lovely you are after just one treatment! For the first week the coupon brings you a delightful supply of all four preparations.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER: Mail coupon with 10c for trial size of all 4 Pond's preparations.
POND'S EXTRACT CO., Dept. G
111 Hudson St., New York City

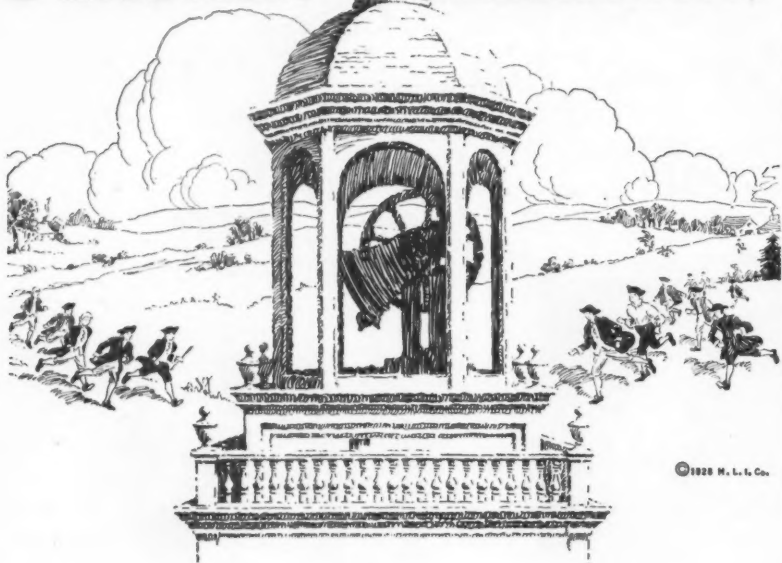
Name _____

Street _____

City _____

The Pond's Way to Beauty

Another Headache



"CLANG! Clang! Clang!" rang the bell in the old town-hall and at once the whole countryside was alert. The bell meant danger—usually FIRE!

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" goes the pain in your head—and it, also, is a warning of danger, perhaps grave danger, somewhere in your body.

Can you imagine any villager being stupid enough to cut the bell-rope because the clanging of the bell annoyed him—thus silencing the alarm while the fire raged? When you take a pill, or powder, or wafer to stop a headache, you may deaden the nerves which are carrying an important message of danger to your brain—but the "fire" goes on.

Headaches are usually symptoms of unhealthy conditions, perhaps in some totally unsuspected part of the body. There is almost no physical ailment which does not at some stage manifest itself in headache. That pain, if heeded in time, may be counted a blessing.

Fortunately the causes of the vast majority of headaches—indigestion, eye-strain, sinus and teeth infections and wrong posture—can be located promptly. But some of the obscure causes of headache can be found only by patient, skilful search. The trouble may come from a cause so remote from the head as a bone out of place in the foot or a toxic condition from a diseased gall-bladder.

"The humblest and least distinguished

of all the organs of the body can order the lordly head to ache for it, and the head has no alternative but to obey."

What Causes Headache?

WHEN your head pounds with pain your first thought should be, "What causes it?" not "What shall I take to relieve the pain?" That headache may come from any one of many causes. Among them are:

Indigestion
Fatigue
Impure air
Eye-strain
Nose or sinus trouble
Infected teeth
Incorrect posture
Infectious and contagious diseases
Nervous disorders
Emotional strain
Disordered kidneys, liver, gall-bladder
Intestinal difficulties
Foot trouble
And many other abnormal conditions

It is risky to attempt to diagnose your own headache. You may guess wrong and waste precious time prescribing for an imagined ailment while the real trouble grows steadily worse. To still the voice of pain without finding its source is like cutting the bell-rope and ignoring the fire.

Beware of headache remedies composed of habit-forming drugs which may injure the digestion, destroy red corpuscles of the blood, undermine the nervous system, depress or over-excite the heart action, and at best may give only temporary relief.

Give your doctor a

chance to find the cause of your headache. While he is searching for the cause let him prescribe something to relieve the pain, if you must have relief.

When another headache comes, take warning!

A booklet giving helpful information about headache may be obtained free on request to Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City. Ask for Booklet No. 78-M.

Haley Fiske, President.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

THE SUMMER CARE OF YOUR AUTOMOBILE

[Continued from page 38]

water finds certain elements in gas-filled traffic lanes which transform it into an acid solution, reacting on metal, when the drops dry they are seen to have etched dark rings on the nickel. The application of oil or polish before the rain avoids this bad marking. When the rain is over the previously protected metal can be wiped into a mirror-like polish with a few strokes of a rag.

Lacquer finishes do not call for a wax polish every time the car is washed. I have seen cars a year old which have not been polished since they were purchased and yet they have retained their original lustre. Under cold water treatment and chamois rubbing, lacquer takes on an increased glow with time. However, if the finish is scratched or faded by the sun and it is necessary to polish, use very little wax on a soft cloth and rub it down until there is no trace of stickiness. Too much polish and too little rubbing will leave a coating that collects dust.

Cleaning the inside of your car is a task similar to cleaning a room. It should be approached with the same tools. The vacuum cleaner which cleans your house will also clean the interior of your car. The various brush and suction attachments will remove all the dust particles which eat and cut into fabrics. There are also several types of hand-vacuums, light in weight, easily manipulated inside of even a very small car. In one of these the dust bag is designed to be strapped to the arm, another is carried on a shoulder strap.

Slip covers will save the upholstery from the ravages of dust and grime. Department stores carry them at a very reasonable price and in stock sizes to fit most standard cars. If you prefer something more striking and individual, have them made to order—and, of course, pay more. They are easily removable, can be laundered and in hot weather offer a cool clean effect and they are actually cleaner and cooler to the touch.

It is during the hot weather that most automobile owners plan tours or picnics. Women who would never think of using makeshifts in their homes often do so in their cars.

There are many types of motor lunch boxes with prices ranging from a few dollars to a few hundred.

Manufacturers of automobile accessories realize that extra traveling bags and boxes inside a car leave very little foot room and they are now making such articles to fit on running boards with fasteners to keep them there. There are several suit-case-hat-box combinations which will carry an adequate wardrobe for several days, as well as wardrobe trunks of diminutive size which will carry clothes for

several weeks' traveling. Some of these trunks are painted in color combinations to match the bright colored automobiles. There are round traveling cases made to fit within the circle of a spare tire.

Before you undertake a long trip be sure that every inch of your car is gone over to see that it is in the best of condition. The under side of your car is important and must be cared for. It necessarily collects more grime, oil and tar than any other portion. If you have never examined it, do so at once. You will see exposed brake rods, transmission case and metal container for the batteries hanging below the floor of the body, axles, tie rods and exhaust pipes all open to abuse. Get underneath there at least once a month to see if deterioration is taking place. It is far better to find and correct slight damages than to let them go on and develop into serious trouble. Women can detect some of these things as readily as mechanics. You can buy, or a local carpenter can fashion a low truck by nailing

boards together and putting small wheels or casters on the four corners, on which you can lie flat on your back and roll underneath the car. Wipe off connections with cotton waste, look for grease leaking from the transmission case, examine the leaves of the springs to see if any of them have cracked, and watch for rusting and erosion.

Automobile manufacturers know that many owners will not take the trouble to care for the under part of their cars and have constructed them so as to require minimum attention; but on the other hand they cannot control breakages, abuse or rust. These things can be discovered in their early stages and repaired. Whenever you find rust eating into metal, paint it with rust oil.

Every two thousand miles of driving the under part of your car should be renovated. That is quite as important as is cleaning the crank case and changing the oil every five hundred miles. Dust, dirt and some carbon are forced into a crank case and if allowed to remain would cause considerable trouble with the bearings.

Have a skilled mechanic adjust your carburetor. Gasoline vaporizes more readily in Summer than in Winter, therefore, a carburetor can be so adjusted that its operation will require considerably less gasoline in the Summer.

Use a heavier oil than in Winter. Warm weather keeps oil more liquid which is the reason for using a heavier quality in Summer.

See that the radiator is flushed out each Spring in order to remove all trace of anti-freeze solutions or any sediment that may have accumulated.

THIS is the second of a number of articles on automobiles and motoring to be published for McCall's women readers. What are your car problems? ☞ ☞

Every woman who drives or is learning to drive is faced with bothersome problems. A special free consultation service on the care and use of cars is offered all readers. ☞ ☞ ☞

Address your questions to

THE AUTOMOBILE EDITOR,
McCall's Magazine,
236 W. 37th St. New York City

*Don't let tired feet retire you
to the armchair brigade!*



There's life and gayety and chic in Arch Preserver Shoes

Let them brighten your summer vacation!

STEP out buoyantly every morning in stunning Arch Preserver Shoes, and the day will know no end to your happy activity.

Fashion-wise women choose Arch Preserver Shoes for every hour of the day because they are the only shoes that match the mode for smartness, yet give you these exclusive *hidden* comfort features that keep your feet feeling as good as they look:

A concealed, built-in arch bridge, of patented size and shape, that takes all strain off the long arch of the foot and promotes an easy, graceful carriage.

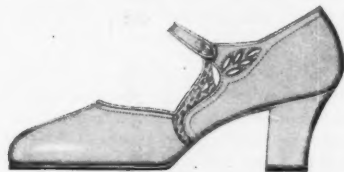
A specially modeled sole that supports the metatarsal arch.

A flat inner sole, crosswise, that prevents pinching or derangement of sensitive foot nerves, muscles and blood-vessels, thereby eliminating a common cause of nervous fatigue.

An exclusive method of fitting that models the shoe correctly to the high smooth curve of your arch and instep, and gives you the same comfort as if your foot were unclad.

Whether you're walking or dancing, outdoors or in, there's no hour of the day that hasn't its Paris-inspired Arch Preserver Shoe to make the occasion more perfect.

Do let us send you our new booklet, showing some of the latest styles. Just mail the coupon.



THE SUZY
A lovely one-strap model in white kid with white lizard trimming.



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An attractive tie in Marron glace kid with brown lizard trimming.



LOOK for trade-mark on sole and lining. None genuine without it. Sold by 2000 dealers. All sizes. All widths. AAAA to E. Made for women, misses and children by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio. For men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

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ARCH PRESERVER
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Supports where support is needed — bends where the foot bends



The Selby Shoe Co., 713 Seventh St., Portsmouth, O.
Send new booklet No. M-13 and pictures of latest Arch Preserver Shoe styles. Also name of nearest dealer.

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WHAT I'VE HEARD ON THE RADIO

Broadcasting covers a multitude of arts, sciences and propaganda

BY STUART HAWKINS

One of the first "reviewers" of broadcast programs, and in charge of a daily criticism department on a New York newspaper

THE life of a broadcaster, so I am informed, is a troubled and fatiguing one, offering scant opportunity for dreamless sleep and carefree vacationing. Station owners and program managers pass their days and nights in endless labor and frequent confusion, if their reports are true; and their rewards are said to be as ashes in their mouths. Unhappiness and ingratitude seem to be the only desserts accruing to those brave spirits who seek to disprove the sage old adage, "You can please all of the people some of the time, and you can please some of the people all of the time, but you can't please all of the people all of the time." The reason for their discouragement is not hard to find. They look at their finished schedules as homogeneous units, and find therein many items which should please their public; whereas the public tunes in on their offerings spasmodically and arbitrarily, and as often as not hears the weak moments and misses the major ones. The difference between what the listener hears, and what the broadcaster hopes the listener will hear, is large and unfortunate. It is a difference—and a handicap—unknown to any other form of human endeavor; and, though I am unable to recall even one case of nervous breakdown or chronic indigestion among the radio impresarios because of it, I am moved to grant them claim of bewilderment, and to point out a few of their endeavors that are commonly unappreciated.

The broadcasters used to divide their duties into three general classifications, labelling a given program "Information," "Education," or "Entertainment" before filing it among the records of things to do or things done. Of late there has been a tendency to subdivide those general groups—but for the purpose of this brief dissertation, those elementary classifications can and will be used.

The "Information" and "Education" species of program are the most important justifications of radio's existence; and, as is usual with such meritorious services, they are accorded much less hullabaloo than the more frivolous "Entertainment" presentations. At any rate, there are a great number of "service" features being broadcast every day, of which the casual listener knows little or nothing.

The "informative" type of program occupies a routine but important place in the schedule of every large station in the country. A survey of these informative broadcasts affords striking proof of the similarity of living standards in the forty-eight states of this proud Union, and gives pleasant indication of the differences in regional interests. The broadcasters of Dallas, Los

Angeles, and New York arise at 6:45, according to their respective watches, and send out setting up exercises to fit the commuters and business people for their daily tasks. The middle of the morning in Portland, Maine; in Atlanta; in Columbus, Ohio, in Omaha; and in Portland, Oregon—as well as in all intermediate cities—finds the local broadcasters transmitting "Household Hints" or "Housekeeper's Chats" for the assistance and edification of menu-planners and sock-darners. Medical advice on all sorts of things, from raising ducks to bathing babies, forms an integral part of the radio service in Denver, Minneapolis and Manhattan.

There are plain and non-decorative items in the broadcasters' schedules, and to many folk they are dull and unattractive. But to the listeners who use them, they are worth more than all the male quartettes in the world; and they are the features that made Congress describe broadcasting as a "public necessity" in the Radio Act of 1927.

The educators and the broadcasters have been wrestling with the problem of effective radio lectures since 1923—and even now there is considerable difference of opinion. History, it is generally agreed, can best be made attractive to the radio listener by presenting it in semi-narrative form, emphasizing the drama and color of past events rather than cluttering up the ear with drab dates. Economics and civics, on the other hand, are now presented in a dialogue form, with one professor asking questions for another to answer. Foreign languages are being broadcast by the phonetic-example method, though it is generally being recognized that foreign language lessons by radio are less successful than they are noisy. It is hard to realize just how widespread the utilization of radio for "educational" purposes has become, since few of the lectures are more than fifteen minutes long and since, in the majority of cases, they are broadcast on only one or two days a week. Yet a survey of the nation's broadcast stations has shown

that there is not a section of the country in which an up-to-date receiving set cannot bring in at least one carefully planned series

of weekly radio lectures.

Yet the "Air Colleges" and "Ethereal Universities" are the least of the broadcasters' "educational" activities. Books are for the recording of permanent information and knowledge—speech is best used in transmitting the records that are still being made, the news that is still alive. And so the broadcasters of the East Coast, the West Coast, and all the in between states, present daily and weekly summaries of the important events in the business, social, and political worlds.

Because it is the age-old weakness of human kind to prefer entertainment to education and unsolicited information, the broadcasters have directed most of their efforts along entertainment lines. The merits and demerits of those "entertainment" programs need not be discussed or argued here, for they are the subject of considerable language-wielding in commuters' trains and radio journals. In the eight months between October first, 1927, and June first, 1928, a goodly percentage of the leading musical and theatrical talent of the country performed for the radio listeners in those states east of the Rockies and, on occasion, for all the states. Whether the radio listeners enjoyed those performances is for them, not for me, to say. The interesting point in all those presentations, however, is the increasing standardization of type and taste which they disclose. Also the combined workings of the chain system and of the broadcasters' minds have effected a condition in which the radio listener in any one section of the country can get precisely the same variety of "entertainment" features from the three or four stations that serve him best as can a radio listener in any other section of the country. How much he can hear depends entirely upon his surroundings and his receiving set: but what he can hear—of the "entertainment" classification—depends not a jot or a tittle upon his location.

I have tried to sketch a very general but reasonably complete picture of the more worth-while things to be heard on the radio. There are some of them that you may not care to hear, but there are many of them that you can not hear by turning on your receiver whenever the spirit moves you. The broadcasters work on schedule—and the listener who wants to make the most of his radio must accommodate his listening schedule to the high spots of the broadcasters' programs. By so doing—and only by so doing—can he hope to hear a minimum of undesired balderdash and a maximum of "information," "education," and "entertainment."

ROULADE ... RAGOUT ... CASSEROLE ... CUTLET

Savory meat dishes adapted from the French

2nd series

Interesting Recipes Which Achieve Appetizing Flavor at Small Cost

APPROVED BY GEORGE RECTOR, FAMOUS AMERICAN
AUTHORITY ON FRENCH CUISINE

"These new Swift
recipes enable the
housewife to give
her family deli-
cious meat dishes
from inexpensive
cuts of lamb."
George Rector



NOW ready for you—another set of recipes for delicious French dishes! Wonderful combinations of the less familiar cuts of meat with vegetables, with fruits, with stuffings, with delectable seasonings! Each one typical of the flavor and the economy which have made French meat cookery famous!

All the recipes in this new set are as enticing, as helpful as the first series of French meat dishes which proved so popular last year. They give you still more ways to use cuts of lamb prized by French women, but perhaps new to your menus. That these appetizing cuts are the less expensive ones, that these tempting dishes cost so little, will surprise you.

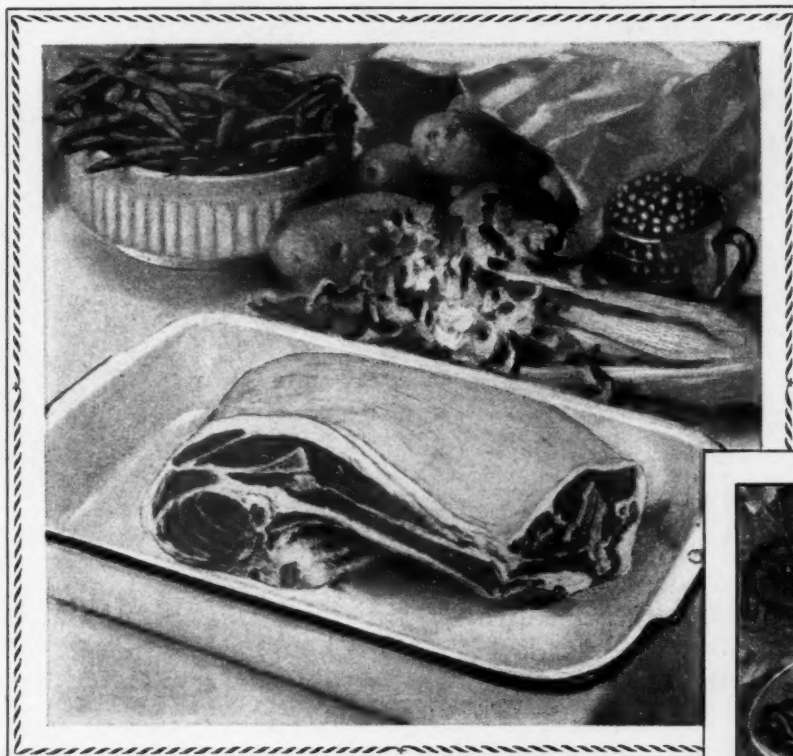
The very first announcement last year of the publication of "Tempting New Meat Dishes Adapted from the French" brought thousands upon thousands of requests for these Swift recipes.

Ten wonderful dishes

So valuable have these first recipes been in planning better meals at moderate cost that Swift now has prepared ten more—a second series! Each recipe of the new set has been adapted from some famous French dish under the supervision of Mr. George Rector, of Paris and New York, famous authority on French cuisine, who wears the medal of the Société des Cuisiniers de Paris.

To help you shop expertly for the cuts used in these delicious French lamb dishes, Swift has prepared a chart in which each cut is pictured and described. Like the recipes, it is free.

Your family will enjoy the appetizing flavor of



Shoulder of Lamb, a delicious, less expensive cut, ready with other ingredients for making Roast of Lamb, Fermière, one of the famous French dishes described in the new Swift recipe cards. The coupon below brings the recipe cards to you—free!



Lamb, Fermière, ready to serve—a delightful combination of vegetables with a Lamb Shoulder Roast.

these French lamb dishes, flavor that is based on the juices of good meat. Begin your dish with meat that you can depend on to give you the goodness you want—Swift's. Distributed from the great meat centers through 400 modern branch houses and Swift's own fleet of refrigerator cars, Swift's fresh meats come to you firm, tender, rich in flavor. Ask your market for Swift's meats. And mail the coupon today for these delightful French recipes and the instructive meat chart.

Swift & Company



Lamb Shoulder Chops, meaty and full of flavor, which the new Swift recipe cards tell how to cook as they do in France.



Lamb Roll, a less expensive cut of great value in these tempting French dishes.

Home Economics Department,
Swift & Company, 4225 Packers Ave.,
Chicago

I want a set of your new free lamb recipe cards, "Tempting New Meat Dishes Adapted from the French—2nd Series," and the free chart picturing the various cuts of lamb.

Name

Address

City State





His first love

Mother—radiant and youthful, with the charm of that school-girl complexion. This simple daily rule is known to thousands:

Youth is charm, and youth lost is charm lost, as every woman instinctively realizes.

To keep youth, keep the skin clean and the pores open. Banish artificial ways in skin care. Natural ways are best.

Use soap, but be sure it is a soap made basically for use on the face. Others may prove harsh. That is why, largely on expert advice, women the world over choose Palmolive for facial use.

WHAT mother's heart but quickens at her small son's adoration? What, in life, is sweeter than those worshipful eyes that follow every move and hang on every word?

Keep that devotion, mother! Hold that love. Always be, to him, the beautiful princess of fairy book delight. And above all else, keep youth, keep beauty as your most priceless asset.

That schoolgirl complexion is synonymous to natural charm, today. And thousands of women, in keeping that schoolgirl complexion, are holding their youth through the thirties, into the forties and beyond . . .

This daily rule in skin care that countless thousands know

Keeping the skin cleansed, the pores open, with a pure beauty soap—a soap made for *one purpose only* and that to guard the skin—is the important thing to know. That is Nature's beauty secret.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

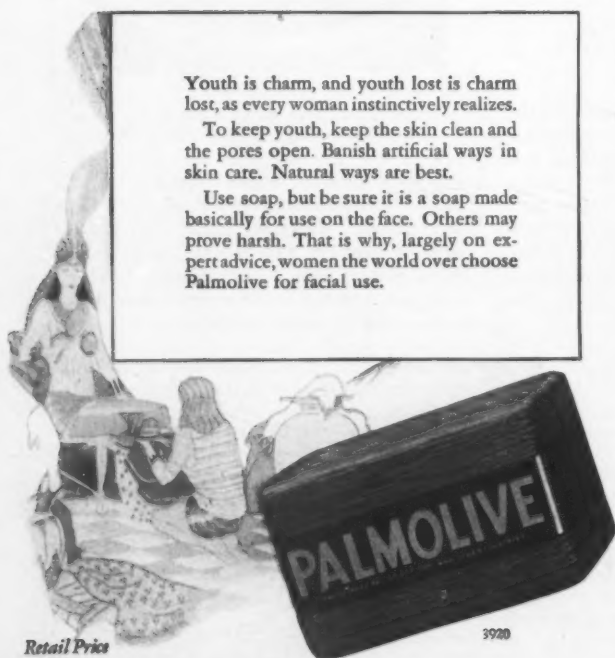
Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today, then note the amazing difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Company, Chicago, Illinois.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Friday night—from 10 to 11 p. m., eastern time; 9 to 10 p. m., central time—over station WEA and 31 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION



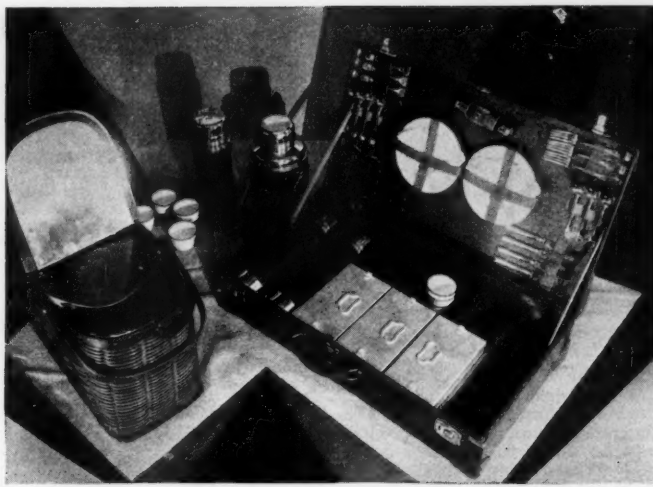
Retail Price

10c

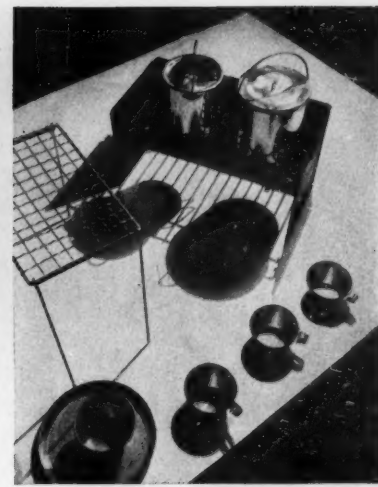
Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped



Gay but serviceable paper supplies



The refrigerator basket, vacuum bottles, cups and special kit



A grill, cooking kettles and cups

A TRAVELING PICNIC

*When you motor to an out doors feast
take along a refrigerator basket and other handy accessories*

BY SARAH FIELD SPLINT

Director, McCall's Department of Cookery
and Household Management

OF the many good things to be said in praise of the automobile not the least is that it will carry the homemaker and her family away from home. To escape from the routine of cooking, table setting and dish washing for even one meal is a relief to which not every woman will admit; but, honestly, as you see your house receding in the distance don't you feel a mild exhilaration at having left your responsibilities behind?

With all the practical, attractive equipment now on the market, out-of-door meals can be as varied and civilized as you please, so civilized, indeed, that your most exacting friends will feel flattered at being asked to them. Paper napkins are prettier this year than ever. They come in colorful plaids and sprigged muslin patterns, and in two sizes, luncheon and dinner. (These napkins are also charming accessories for porch parties.) It is also possible to buy sets of paper tablecloths and napkins in white or fast colors. Paper plates come in two or three sizes and in different styles, one being finished with a smooth, shiny surface which does not soak up moisture from the food as the more porous plates do.

It is a wise plan to set aside a shelf in a closet for picnic equipment and early in the season to lay in a stock of napkins, plates, cups and ten-cent-store knives, forks and spoons. Much last minute scurrying will be saved by this method.

The motor kit shown on this page is an ideal arrangement for carrying cold food and hot or cold beverages. These kits may be bought in various styles—from one fitted with paper plates, paper napkins and tin sandwich boxes, to the very luxurious type, equipped with china, linen, and porcelain-lined food containers.

A refrigerator basket will enable you to serve many foods at your picnics, which you could not otherwise attempt. The basket is lined with tin and has one end partitioned off and tightly covered for ice. In it you may keep lettuce fresh and crisp for hours. Fresh fruits—plums, peaches, bananas, oranges—will be cool and refreshing when you are ready to serve them. You can carry butter, cream, bacon, chops, and, if you want a hearty meal, even a steak to be broiled on the camp fire.

Vacuum bottles are almost a necessity if you are not going to cook at the picnic spot. The usual small-top variety is convenient for carrying milk, lemonade or any other cold or hot drinks. The large-top jugs enable you to transport satisfactorily almost any other hot food.

For out-doors cooking you need a grill to set over a fire, or one of the new gasoline stoves. With the latter you can stop anywhere you like without having to think whether wood is available for fire. These stoves are perfectly safe and the source of fuel is always on tap. The supply of gasoline in the little tank is enough to cook several meals and if it should give out you can always refill it from the gasoline tank of your car by means of the siphon which is a part of the motorists' equipment.

The real lover of the woods prefers the campfire method of cookery to all others and for this there are several kinds of grates to put over the hot coals. These may be bought in various sizes costing from forty cents to several dollars each. The open grate in the photograph stands on four collapsible legs, pointed at the ends, so that they may be pushed down into the ground and thus make a firm surface on which to cook. The other kind of grate, called an Adirondack grate, has back and sides to protect the fire from the wind. It also folds up.

For cooking utensils you can bring those which you use in your own kitchen, or you can buy a special kit, which comes in a compact canvas bag. It contains two frying pans with handles which turn underneath when not in use; saucepans of various sizes also with folding handles, and a coffee pot. Besides these, there are plates and cups and cutlery. One of these kits is a great convenience on a touring trip, when many meals are to be eaten out of doors.

Most families can do as much cooking as they need with an iron frying pan, a grid-iron, and an aluminum coffee pot. Aluminum plates are excellent for camping use—they hold the heat and so help to keep the food hot.

The first thing to do when you stop to eat is to find water for coffee. Choose a site near a stream or lake, if you possibly can, so the water will not have to be carried

far. Then fill the coffee pot and put into it the ground coffee, tied loosely in a cheesecloth bag. Set over the fire and allow to boil. When the coffee is strong enough, remove the bag and let the pot stand beside the fire to keep hot. To cook the rest of the meal you will need a hot bed of embers, broad enough to broil a steak and deep enough to permit potatoes to be buried in it (if these happen to be the foods you have planned for).

There is a knack about cooking in the open air which you can only get by actually doing it. Sometimes you have to cook in relays, first one thing and then another, but as far as possible try to plan menus which are simple enough to cook all at one time.

Dried Beef and Tomatoes

Slice three or four fresh tomatoes and place in hot buttered frying pan. Sprinkle with a little flour and salt and cook until tomatoes are soft and slightly brown. To this add 1 cup rich milk or cream and 1 cup chipped beef, pulled into small pieces. Cover pan and cook slowly until thoroughly heated and slightly thickened.

To Roast Sweet Potatoes and Corn

Wash potatoes and wrap each one in wet, heavy paper or in green leaves, then bury them in the coals. Medium sized potatoes should bake in about 40 to 45 minutes.

To roast corn, bury the ears, husks and all, in the coals for about 30 minutes.

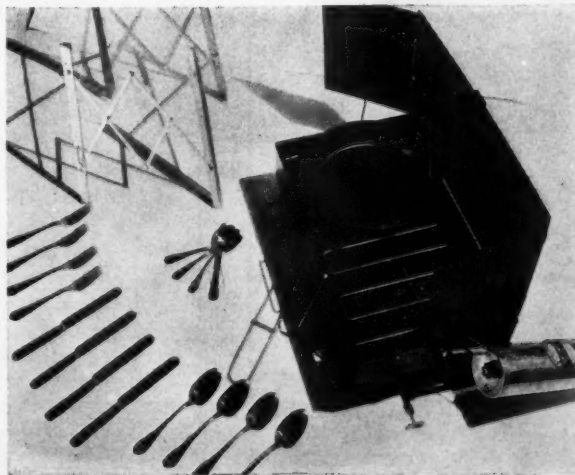
Hashed Browned Potatoes

Bring from home whole boiled potatoes cut into small pieces. Cook in hot frying pan with butter or other fat until well browned. Use a long handled fork or spoon to stir potatoes while cooking and season with salt and pepper when partly done. (If you are serving chops and fried potatoes for the same meal and have but one frying pan, remove chops when done to a metal plate, cover with a second plate, and place on a hot stone as near the fire as possible while potatoes are cooking.)

Made-to-Order Sandwiches

The sandwich fillings that follow are popular with everybody. They can be made up on the spot—a way some hostesses prefer in order that their guests may have the combinations they like best. Prepare the fillings at home, pack them in glass jars and then in the refrigerator basket, if you have one. Take along a head of lettuce which has been washed and wrapped in a damp towel, a jar of mayonnaise, butter, rolls and some bread—a loaf of white and one of whole wheat or rye. Whole tomatoes and cucumbers which have been peeled and kept very cold are a great addition to the Made-to-Order Sandwiches which follow:

[Continued on the next page]



One of the new gasoline stoves, safe and efficient



FAVORITES in FAMOUS TEA ROOMS

In the tea-rooms of America, distinguished for their culinary achievements, their talent for finding new recipes, their skill in selecting the finest foods, Best Foods Products have found their natural setting. ¶ For it is only natural that the fine tea-rooms of the country should feature these fine food specialties. ¶ The ideals incorporated in the making of all Best Foods Products are these: ¶ To put on the market a few food specialties and those few fine—smooth piquant salad dressings, crisp fresh pickles, creamy delicate shortening, pure delicious Nucoa : : : ¶ To have these products come to your home fresh and fine, just as they left the big sunny Best Foods kitchens : : : ¶ To bring you food specialties made by the most modern scientific methods . . . ¶ To insure quick delivery, outstanding service . . . ¶ These are the ideals responsible for the high quality of Best Foods Products today. ¶ The Best Foods, Inc., New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Jacksonville, Norfolk.

"I don't know whether it's the peppery pimientos, the delicious mayonnaise base or the dash of chopped pickles that makes Best Foods Relish Spread so popular in my tea-room. At any rate, my guests are constantly commenting on its delicious flavor—and I agree with them."

Elizabeth Trinkner
The Gypsy Tea Room
Cleveland, Ohio

(The Gypsy Tea Room is pictured above)

You will surely be interested in the favorite recipes of some of the famous tea-rooms. We have collected them for you and combined them in a booklet with a guide to many of the country's most interesting tea-rooms. We will gladly send you a copy, just fill out and mail the coupon.



Best Foods



The Mark of the Finest the Market Affords

THE BEST FOODS INC.
297 Fourth Ave.
Dept. M-7-28
New York City
A book of famous tea room recipes sounds interesting. Send me a copy, please.

Name

Address

City

A TRAVELING PICNIC

[Continued from page 45]

Tongue and Horseradish

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 cup minced tongue | 1 tablespoon green pepper, minced |
| 2 tablespoons bottled horseradish | 1 tablespoon stuffed olives, chopped |
| 2 tablespoons Chili sauce | Mayonnaise dressing |

Mix ingredients together. Moisten with enough mayonnaise dressing to make of right consistency to spread (or use any of the delicious prepared dressings.)

Minced Ham and Tomato

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 2 cups finely chopped ham | 2 tablespoons prepared mustard |
| ¼ cup chopped sour pickles | Salad dressing |
| | Sliced tomatoes |

Mix ham, pickles, mustard and enough dressing to moisten well. Spread over a piece of bread or toast and lay one or two slices of tomato on a second piece. Sprinkle tomato with salt and press sandwich together.

To vary the following, substitute candied orange peel, preserved kumquats or watermelon rind for the ginger. Or add chopped dates, raisins and figs.

Cream Cheese and Ginger

- | | |
|--|------------------------------------|
| ½ pound cream cheese (or 3-3 oz. packages) | ¼ teaspoon pepper |
| 1 teaspoon salt | ¼ cup crystallized ginger, chopped |
| | Cream |

Mash cheese with fork and add salt, pepper and enough cream to moisten. Mix with ginger. This makes a delicious semi-sweet sandwich.

Fried Cheese Sandwiches

Cut bread in slices about ¼ inch thick and spread generously with a mixture of grated American cheese well seasoned and moistened with salad dressing. Put slices together and dip each sandwich in slightly beaten egg. Fry in hot fat and serve at once.

MENUS FOR MEALS TO BE COOKED OUT-OF-DOORS

- | | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|--------------|
| Scrambled Eggs and Bacon | Toasted Cheese Sandwiches | Roast Corn |
| Coffee | Fresh Fruit | Marshmallows |
| Cookies | | |

* * *

- | | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------|---------|
| Hashed Browned Potatoes | Broiled Lamb Chops | Rolls |
| Stuffed Celery | Coffee | Pickles |
| Bananas | | Cake |

* * *

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------|
| Fried Sliced Ham | Baked Sweet Potatoes |
| Toasted Rolls | Whole Fresh Tomatoes, Skinned |
| Grapefruit and Cherry Salad, Cream Dressing | Coffee |

* * *

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Dried Beef and Tomatoes | Potato Chips |
| Hearts of Lettuce, Russian Dressing | Toasted Muffins |
| Fresh Berries and Cream | Cheese |
| Coffee | |

READY COOKED MEALS

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Fried Chicken | Vegetable Salad |
| Olive and Cream Cheese Sandwiches | Buttered Finger Rolls |
| Coffee or Tea (in Vacuum) | Coconut Layer Cake |
| Fruit | |
| | |
| Hot Soup (in Vacuum) | Cold Cuts of Ham and Tongue |
| Potato Salad | Watercress Sandwiches |
| Olives | Pickles |
| Fresh Pineapple | Coffee and Lemonade |
| Cookies | |

Laundry washing prolongs life of dainty fabrics

HARD WATER has the same effect on your clothes as it has on your hair ♣ You simply cannot make a real sudsy lather to cut the acrid dirt... and though it may look clean, you feel your hair and know better ♣ Nor will hard water rinse out the soap and dirt ♣ There's nothing miraculous about laundry methods ♣ Although modern laundries are scientific institutions dedicated to cleanliness, their results are obtained in a simple manner ♣ Your clothes are gently washed with pure soap in filtered *rainsoft* waters of accurately determined temperatures.... and with from nine to thirteen complete changes of water ♣ Instead of rubbing the life out of fabrics to get them clean, the washing action in the modern laundry is as gentle as when you wash lingerie in a bowl of warm water in your home.... ♣

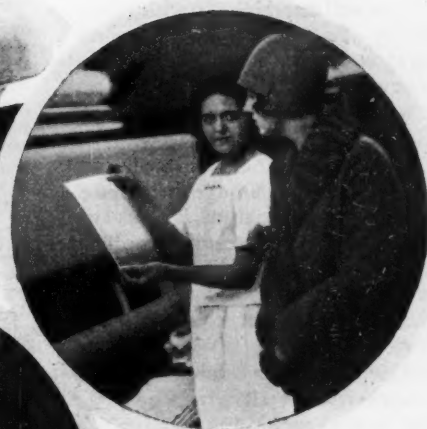
The **LAUNDRY** / *does it best*

Keeping Faith with American Women

THE modern laundries which stand as sponsors for this series of informative advertisements belong to a great group of progressive institutions. Not only is this group endeavoring to tell you the illuminating facts about modern laundry service, but each modern laundry is earnestly striving to keep its methods on a level with the high standards and ideals reflected in these advertisements.

Modern laundries offer a variety of services to suit every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and work which returns clothes damp for ironing, are but a

few of the many individualized services available at laundries today. Phone a modern laundry now—let them help you decide which service is best suited to your needs.



ABOVE—The modern laundry irons your clothing with equipment so delicately adjusted that tissue paper may be passed through it without tearing. **LEFT**—Every modern laundry washing formula has been evolved with scientific, prescription-like accuracy.



© 1928. M. A. C.

Feminine Ponce de Leons!



WHY do women who are fearful of losing their beauty gather in such numbers to drink the saline waters at Vichy... Wiesbaden... Carlsbad... Aix-les-Bains?

Simply because the drinking of saline solutions is the best way in the world to clear complexions—to have a fresh, clean skin—by the very reasonable process of sweeping away intestinal poisons.

For there is no shadow of doubt that if more women kept themselves internally clean, they would be outwardly more beautiful!

So you well may think of that old family stand-by—Sal Hepatica—as being one of your most valuable beauty aids as well as the purest—most refreshing laxative in the world.

It is, in reality, the American equivalent of the saline waters of the great European health resorts. Like them, it clears and purifies the blood stream of the poisons and congestions and acidity that produce not bad complexions alone, but headaches, rheumatic pains, colds and auto-intoxication.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within half an hour. Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how the saline treatment can make you feel better, look better, be better!

Sal Hepatica

The Sparkling Effervescent Saline

Salines are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives, and they never have the tendency to make their takers stout.

© 1928 Bristol-Myers Co., New York, N.Y.



DIET AND COMPLEXION

Rational living keeps the skin young and healthy

THE question is frequently brought up, especially by women, as to whether there is any special diet which will improve the skin that is too dry; and even more often the question is asked: will diet relieve the oily skin?

Since these two conditions are so common and so often cause serious concern to the persons troubled with them, the problem is worth a careful analysis. Let us see then whether modern research in nutrition has made any discoveries which may be said to have a definite influence on the health and appearance of the skin.

In poorly nourished animals the condition of the skin and hair is perhaps the outstanding symptom. Partial starvation from under feeding, or deficiency of any one of a number of indispensable nutrient principles in their foods, is quickly reflected in a loss of luster of their fur or hair, and it feels dry and harsh when it is touched. By the simple expedient of improving the diet of the animal, these abnormal conditions are gradually corrected; his coat regains its luster and smoothness as he gradually improves in health.

Human beings, of course, present a more complicated problem than animals, since worry, overwork, and illness are sometimes involved; but, generally speaking, persons with a very dry skin and harsh, brittle hair are suffering, like animals, from some form of faulty nutrition. The similar changes which similar conditions bring about in the skin and hair of animals and persons leave no room for reasonable doubt that the same laws apply to both. Hence the person with excessively dry skin should make every effort to build up the general health through an adequate diet and rational living.

The cause of abnormal oiliness of the skin is less well understood, but it seems probable that the secretion of excessive amounts of oil by the skin is an inheritable characteristic, and that some people are just born that way. This view is supported by the fact that oily skins are to be found among the healthiest of persons as well as among those who are not vigorous physically.

There is no known method by which the amount of oiliness of the skin can

By E. V. McCOLLUM AND NINA SIMMONDS
School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

Isotonic Salt Solution (Internal Bathing)

ADD one rounding teaspoon salt to one quart of lukewarm water. Drink this immediately on rising in the morning.

It may be difficult at first for you to take the whole quart, but after a few trials you will find it much easier.

be permanently reduced with safety. The only way in which it could be done, as far as we know, would be to induce a poor general state of health by means of a faulty diet, and this, of course, is too absurd to be considered. Temporary relief from excessive oiliness of the face can often be obtained by the use of a safe lotion, but this should always be prescribed by a competent physician.

Experience and common observation teach us that a person whose intestinal tract is in a bad hygienic condition is likely to have an unattractive skin. This is also usually true of anyone who suffers from frequent digestive upsets, even though in the intervals he may think his alimentary tract is in a normal condition. There are two methods by which relief from such troubles may be expected. One is the selection of a diet that will promote intestinal hygiene. The other is the regular use of the isotonic salt solution (internal bath) which we have discussed in a former article and which you will find described in the box on this page. This is so inexpensive to prepare and so easy to take that it is within the reach of everybody. Nothing is more remarkable than the equanimity with which many people continue for long periods to harbor intestinal tracts which are cesspools, while exercising meticulous care that the surface of their body is

kept absolutely clean.

The diet is the most important single instrument for regulating the hygienic condition of the colon.

Meals in which milk, salads, greens, raw fresh fruits, carrots, beets, turnips, cabbage and celery are the most prominent foods, with but small amounts of meats, fowl, fish or eggs, will best serve the purpose in view. It is not intended to advise doing without foods of animal origin, but merely that they be eaten moderately at all times, and avoided entirely at such times as any signs of digestive disturbances appear.

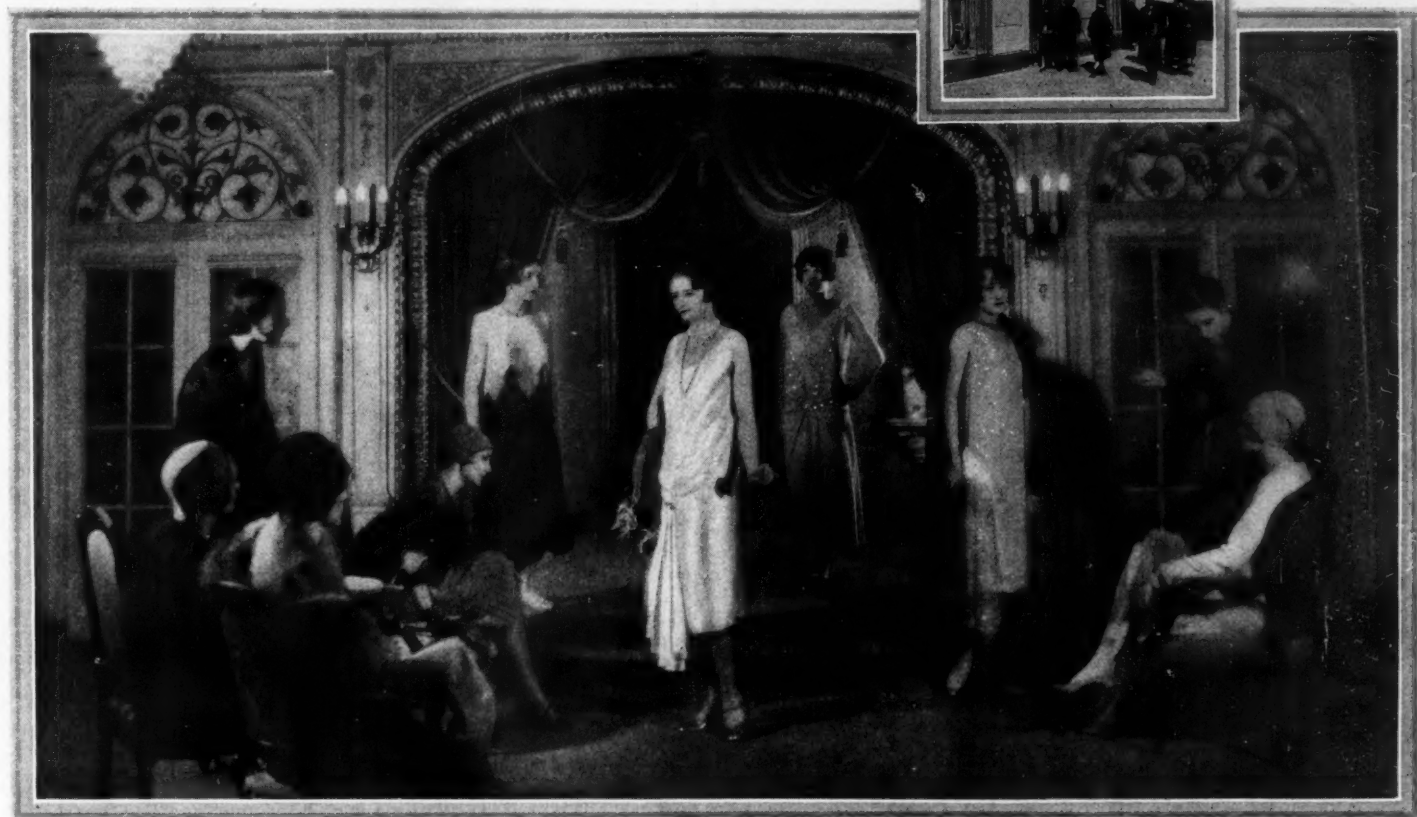
It is wise to leave foods rich in fat out of the diet, or at least to eat sparingly of them since they are likely to upset the digestion. This is due to the fact that fats tend to grease the food particles and render them waterproof, so keeping the digestive juices from coming into close contact with them. This results in delaying the greater part of digestion until the food has passed further down the alimentary tract than it normally does, thus increasing the putrefactive processes.

It should not be lost sight of that exposure of the skin to the sun and to air which is too hot or too cold will soon cause damage to the skin. This results in what is frequently called "sailor's skin." It is often seen in old sailors, soldiers and farmers. The scarf skin becomes thin, transparent and shiny, with many wrinkles, and the face and hands feel dry and harsh.

When one must expose the face and hands to dust, strong sunshine, wind or cold, the skin should be protected by suitable means. In hot weather one cannot, of course, cover the face or hands, but a coat of some oily preparation may be applied while one is in the mountains or on the water. Oils are very effective non-conductors of heat.

Again let us repeat that all the rules of health should be included in any plan for improving the appearance and health of the skin. Among these the diet stands first in importance, but proper rest, hygiene of the digestive tract, and a wholesome attitude toward life are also necessary. Good looks cannot be purchased by artificial means after the skin has been ruined by abuse, nor can they be kept when the individual is living in a manner to bring on early aging and obvious defects.

(Right) Bergdorf-Goodman, near the Plaza on Fifth Avenue
(Below) In this luxuriously appointed salon, mannequins display the exclusive creations of Hickson. In caring for the "foundation" wardrobes of these mannequins, only Lux is used.



These Exclusive Fashion Establishments — TAPPÉ · JAY-THORPE · BERGDORF-GOODMAN · HATTIE CARNEGIE
HICKSON · STEIN AND BLAINE · BRUCK-WEISS · FRANCES CLYNE · KURZMAN · MILGRIM—

NEW YORK'S GREATEST DRESSMAKERS

*Find that Lux more than doubles the Life
of Lingerie and Stockings*



Charming mannequins "behind the scenes" chez Frances Clyne. Swiftly changing from dance frock to street ensemble, the mannequin must always have a foundation wardrobe that is perfect! And to keep lovely lingerie and stockings new-looking twice as long the great dressmakers specify Lux

NOWHERE is the care of fine underthings and stockings more important than in the exclusive establishments where women of fashion and wealth buy beautiful clothes.

For the great couturier requires his mannequins to display every lovely gown or frock as a perfect ensemble, with just the right foundation of undergarments—the right shade and texture of hosiery.

Of course, underthings and stockings, worn with thousand-dollar gowns, must look absolutely new!

Smart New York Houses of Dress have tried many methods of cleansing and have found that—cleansing with Lux keeps the sheerest lingerie and also the more substantial underthings for wear with tailored and sport frocks—

fresh, unfaded, new-looking more than twice as long as other methods!

Now New York's greatest dressmakers insist

upon Lux for cleansing underthings and hosiery!

And women everywhere confirm their experience! In 8 out of 10 representative homes in cities from coast to coast, investigations show, women use Lux! For frivolous and practical things! For underthings, stockings—cherished silks, chiffons, woolens, linens and colored cottons, *all* nice things! Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

LUX keeps fabrics new twice as long because it has no harmful alkali to weaken fibres—fade colors. And there's no rubbing to thin and streak



LUX KEEPS NICE THINGS NEW-LOOKING TWICE AS LONG!



For your active modern life choose this one natural face powder

WOMEN everywhere lead different lives than they did ten years ago—more energetic lives. Yet now, more than ever before, they want to keep their complexions as fresh and beautiful as the petals of a rose. And they can—thanks to Armand, who created Armand Cold Cream Powder to meet the changed conditions of this modern day. Armand Cold Cream Powder has a fine texture, yet adheres through hours of activity. It always gives that smooth, natural complexion demanded by women of today.

Armand Cold Cream Powder is obtainable at all good stores at

home and abroad. The price is \$1. Armand, Des Moines. In Canada: Armand Ltd., St. Thomas, Ontario.

Send for this trial package—Armand Beauty Products designed to meet today's needs.

For 10c and the coupon you will receive:

- 1 copy Armand's New "Ten Minutes a Day" beauty treatment.
- 1 trial package Armand Cold Cream Powder—for a rose petal complexion.
- 1 trial package Armand Foundation Creme—a marvelous discovery for powder base and skin tone.
- 1 trial package Armand Eau de Cologne Cleansing Cream—that liquefies the moment it touches the skin.
- 1 trial package Armand Lip and Cheek Rouge—a new creation!

Armand Cold Cream Powder



Always in the pink and white
hat box at \$1

ARMAND

104 Des Moines St., Des Moines, Iowa

I enclose 10c, for which please send me "The Ten-Minute-a-Day Beauty Treatment," including the four essential preparations.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

In Canada: Armand Ltd., St. Thomas, Ontario



Photo by Barron Callen, N. Y.

The Child and "Summer Complaint"

By CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.

A QUESTION often asked me by mothers of infants and young children, is something like this: How may I best take the baby through the hot months without the occurrence of summer diarrhea or dysentery? And I am sure the same thought passes through the minds of thousands of the McCall's young mother readers with the approach of the heated term. My answer to the McCall's mothers will be the same as I give to the mothers of my baby patients. The best assurance against diarrheal diseases during the Summer is a strong well baby with normal digestive processes. In other words, the baby who thrives and whose stomach and intestines function normally during the cooler months is much less liable to Summer trouble than the one who has persistent or frequent digestive disturbances at all seasons of the year.

The mortality from acute intestinal diseases in infants is as high, and some years higher in June than during the month of August and this is because the first hot days find many infants with enfeebled constitutions, and because of habitual bowel disorders, they possess a poor resistance to unfavorable weather conditions such as heat, humidity and the changes that sometimes occur in the milk with the advent of warm weather.

A vast amount of statistics exist as to the illnesses and mortality of infants, and while statistics are not always to be depended upon, one fact is established that the incidence of illness and deaths from intestinal disorders are much less in the breast fed than in those brought up on the bottle regardless of the food mixture employed.

The mother is given to understand that the chances of serious Summer trouble in a breast fed baby is almost nil. Why? Because the successfully fed breast baby is free from digestive

derangements at all seasons of the year and he is particularly protected during the Summer months because he is given a sterile fresh food which nature fabricated and fashioned for him. A food that fits his digestive organs; a food that supplies in its nutritional elements the demands of the developing small body. Young mothers must appreciate that the baby's digestive apparatus is made to utilize human milk and that no other food is as good for the baby as good breast milk. Not all young mothers are anxious to nurse their babies; some who can, flatly refuse. Of course there are many who do nurse their babies and others who would prefer to breast feed the infant in whom it is impossible. The mother who refuses to breast feed her baby is assuming a grave responsibility.

Bottle fed babies properly managed may thrive satisfactorily; thousands do, but they are never surrounded by the assurance against Summer diarrheas possessed by the breast fed. Assuming that the baby is denied the breast for any reason, what is to be the plan of management? A substitute has to be selected and the best substitute for mother's milk, both from a nutritional and a safety Summer standpoint, is a good cow's milk properly prepared. There are many baby foods on the market and much is claimed for them by the different interests commercially interested in their production. An attractive feature of the proprietary foods and to which attention is called in advertisements of the product is the ease and simplicity of preparation, but anyone who is looking for an easy job, had better not tackle the baby raising proposition. The first thought in substitute breast feeding is the selection of a food that will best supply the nutritional demands of the child and there is no proprietary food on the market that compares at all favorably

[Continued on page 94]



*"Teeth no longer dingy,
gums hard and healthy,"*

writes M. A. Stuart of
New York City

GENTLEMEN:

No matter how carefully I watched my diet, my teeth seemed to form a yellowish film, which often turned greenish near the gums. A friend recommended PEBECO.

A visit to my dentist put my mouth in perfect condition. Then I began the use of PEBECO.

For more than three years now I have used it daily. My teeth are no longer dingy, but sparkling white, my gums hard and healthy, my breath sweet and always there is the sense of cleanliness, freshness and sweetness in my mouth.

The knowledge that my teeth are always attractive makes me smile oftener and enjoy life more.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) M. A. STUART



*Smiles—gayly reveal
pretty teeth*

*Its cooling tang
keeps your mouth healthy*

THE clean salty tang of Pebeco . . . To thousands of people it has come to mean assurance of a sweet, fresh mouth, sound shining teeth firmly set in hard healthy gums.

Pebeco's stimulating flavor and healthful action are due to its special salt which arouses the mouth fluids to normal activity.

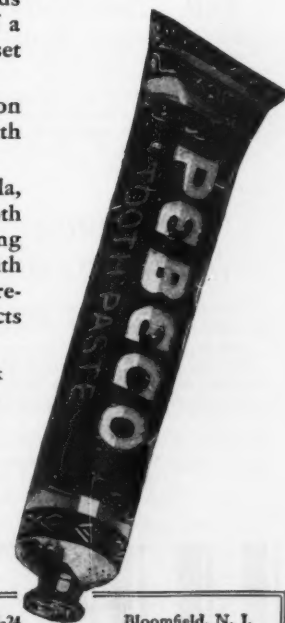
A famous physician originated Pebeco's formula, because he found that the greatest cause of tooth troubles was the slowing up of these protecting fluids. The morning brushing wakens the mouth fluids and keeps them active and your mouth refreshed for hours. The bedtime brushing protects your teeth through the night.

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.

Free Offer:

*Send coupon today
for generous tube*

*Keeps
the mouth
young! . .*



Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. J-24 Bloomfield, N. J.
Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco
Tooth Paste. PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

(THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER JULY, 1928)

HICKORY

the ounce of protection

that keeps you better groomed



The Shadowskirt that wrinkleproofs, too

It does double duty—the Hickory Shadowskirt. The shaped panel of fine, light rubber shadowproofs sheer fabrics and keeps your skirts from wrinkling and musing. The little skirt itself comes in a choice of dainty lingerie materials. Step-in model with elastic at the waist. In flesh color, as low as \$1.

The Apron that stays in place

You'll like the Hickory Apron better than any you've ever tried. It's shaped to fit and stay in place. Wear it under any frock on any occasion to keep your skirt "in press." Light, fine rubber with deep top of cool lingerie fabric. Flesh or white, as low as 50c.

The Step-in that adds no bulk

The very minimum of material for comfortable fit and adequate protection is used. The rubber portions are skillfully placed and the lingerie material is light and cool. In medium or large sizes, flesh color only, \$1. Others as low as 50c. Bloomers with shirred knee, 50c up.



See the complete assortment of Hickory Personal Necessities at your favorite store . . . so many helpful items are included. If you do not find them, write, mentioning your dealer's name. Address, Mrs. Ruth Stone, 1197 West Congress Street, Chicago.

HICKORY

Personal Necessities

The Ounce of Protection

83

©A. S. & Co., 1927

CHICAGO NEW YORK **A. STEIN & COMPANY** LOS ANGELES TORONTO

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

[Continued from page 36]

or the "Shenandoah National Park."

Turn off to the right at Staunton, and a side-trip up the Parkersburg pike will reward you with one of the most memorable landscapes of the Shenandoah National Forest—the largest national forest in the southern Appalachians. After Lexington, with its souvenirs of Lee and Stonewall Jackson, on to the town of Natural Bridge. Side-trips to the left here into Natural Bridge National Forest take you to such worth-while sights as the James River water gap, the famous Natural Bridge and the curious conical Peaks of Otter.

Another scenic feast lies ahead. After the Valley of Virginia, on next to the "Land of the Sky." Across the northeastern tip of Tennessee we cut: Bristol to Bluff City, Elizabethton, Roan Mountain. Mountain scenery now deserving the lyric note, and the very names on our North Carolina itinerary sound it. Harken: "Elk Park, Spruce Pine and Forks Ivy to Asheville."

Asheville is at the heart of a region always much talked of—and never more so than this year. The first hint, in Spring, that President Coolidge might choose the Asheville neighborhood as his 1928 Summer capital turned general attention to this quarter. Interest was further stimulated when an announcement followed of the \$5,000,000 gift of the Rockefellers which assures a national park—"A Yellowstone of the South"—on the North Carolina-Tennessee line. In Knoxville, Tenn., which city is just as much benefited by the forthcoming creation of "Great Smoky Mountains National Park" as Asheville, the news of the gift was celebrated by clanging church bells and tooting whistles.

Hereabouts in eastern Tennessee and western North Carolina and nearby angles of South Carolina and Georgia, is a mountain region where half a dozen large tracts of national forests cluster. Two side-trips, at least, should be starred for those who enjoy "hitting the high spots."

Mt. Pisgah, in Pisgah National Forest's game preserve, is especially inviting on several counts. Its accessibility appeals. At the end of a drive of twenty-six miles to the southwest from Asheville, it offers a public parking ground; a one-way motor road goes up across the mountain ridge; and Pisgah's crest lifts high enough above the surrounding country to disclose wide sweeps of panorama. And this peak, particularly if you take along a U. S. Forest Service map to help you identify what you are seeing, is an ideal place to get straight in your mind "the lay of the land."

To the west and north-of-west from this lofty viewing spot begins the skyline of the 700 square miles of rugged mountain wilds soon to be authorized as the newest of America's national parks. Beyond the city of Asheville, to the northeast, lies the Mt. Mitchell section, in another tract of Pisgah National Forest. Lands of other national forest tracts rim the horizon

in any direction you choose to turn.

A second suggestion for a side trip is a visit to Mt. Mitchell. This is somewhat more of an undertaking than the Pisgah jaunt, but well worth the pains. For Mt. Mitchell's crest (6,711 feet) is the highest peak in the entire eastern half of the United States. A road leads part of the way up. The mountain top itself is a state park, national forest lands entirely surrounding it.

When we head westward again, bound out of the Appalachian System to other hills beyond the Mississippi—and with the Rocky Mountain region beckoning afterward as next month's stage of our Summer's journey—we have at hand a bit of not-so-easy driving before we give the eastern hill-country good-by. On a hard-surfaced road we roll to Marshall, N. C. Then note carefully a warning from our road expert: "Between Marshall and Newport (Tenn.) there is a fairly well maintained gravel road, but with steep mountain grades and sharp turns. This section should be driven with caution and not at all at night."

The route across Tennessee from Newport is Strawberry Plains, Knoxville, Lenoir City, Sparta, Lebanon, Nashville, Dixon, Huntingdon, Jackson, Memphis. Then over the last bridge to span the Mississippi River all the way from here to the gulf we cross into Arkansas and follow the Lee Highway (or Bankhead Highway) to Hot Springs, Ark.

Hot Springs National Park, the destination of the last stage of our tour of eastern and southern highlands, is at the heart of the wooded Ouachita Mountains. It is not large, this oldest of all our national parks—just one and a half square miles of it. A platform on top of a steel observation tower capping Hot Springs Mountain furnishes the best view of it. Out of the base of our mountain gush forty-six hot springs, supplying nineteen bath houses which line the main street in the valley below.

Extensive tracts of Ouachita National Forest are close at hand, and three sections of Ozark National Forest to the north. Then, in the Missouri Ozarks, as we head for the transcontinental highways—further north you may well afford to spend some time in the "big springs country." Such a marvel of a spring as you will find at Big Spring State Park, near Van Buren, Missouri, roaring from the foot of a high limestone cliff with an average flow great enough to supply all the water requirements of a city larger than Chicago, is surely worth a side-trip. For that matter, time spent in rambling around in the Ozark hills of north Arkansas and south Missouri will reward you well, whatever route you choose; here is a lovely hill country only recently opened to tourist traffic by new roads, and hence all the more tempting if you have a zest for exploring.

We leave you here to breathe Ozark air, make repairs on your trusty automobile and to fill up with good gas and oil for the next lap of the journey westward.

Next month Mr. Cushing will take you from the Grand Canyon to Glacier Park—through Arizona, Colorado, Utah and Montana



Women like the new Ford because it is *so safe— so sure—so easy to handle*

THE joy of driving the new Ford comes not alone from its speed—its safety—its comfort—the pride you take in its beauty of line and color—but also from the pleasure it puts into motoring.

Instantly you start away for your first ride, you have a feeling that here is an unusually alert and capable car. That here is a car fully equal to every need and emergency. That here is a car with a new eagerness to go. A new aliveness. A new responsiveness in traffic, on hills, and on the open road.

As the days go by, you will find yourself developing a real friendliness for the new Ford—a growing pride that is deeper and more personal than just an acknowledgment of faithful service.

You long to be behind the wheel—to drive for the sheer joy of driving—to know again

the sense of power, security and complete control that is yours when you ride in this great new car.

For here, at a low price, is everything you want or need in a modern automobile . . . beautiful low lines and choice of colors . . . strength and safety because of the steel bodies, Triplex shatter-proof safety glass windshield, and four-wheel brakes . . . ample power and speed for every hill and emergency because of the 40-horsepower engine . . . quick acceleration . . . exceptional comfort because of the new transverse springs, Houdaille shock absorbers, and the generous room provided for all passengers . . . ease of control because of the multiple dry-disc clutch and the standard selective gear shift which works so smoothly and silently,

short turning radius, and remarkable ease in steering . . . the economy of 20 to 30 miles per gallon of gasoline depending on your speed . . . freedom from mechanical trouble because of Ford engineering principles and the enduring quality that has been built into every part of the car.

Telephone the nearest Ford dealer and ask him to bring the new Ford to your home for a demonstration. Drive it yourself—through thickest traffic, on steepest hills, over roughest roads. By its performance you will know that there is nothing quite like it in design, quality and price.

The Roadster sells for \$385; Phaeton, \$395; Tudor Sedan, \$495; Coupe, \$495; Business Coupe, \$495; Sport Coupe, with rumble seat, \$550. (All prices are F. O. B. Detroit.) © 1928

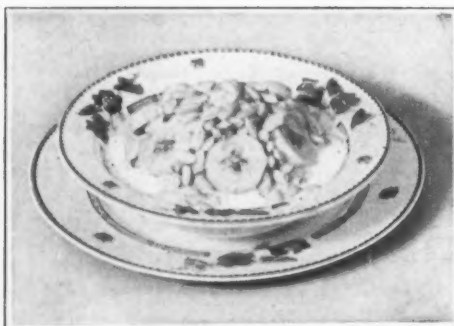


FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Mich.



The ART of Making Children Like What's "Good for Them"

Some easily-followed suggestions that mothers are finding especially effective—cereal foods in unique combinations that appeal to the children



Children can't resist Puffed Rice with sliced bananas and rich milk

SEVENTY-FIVE per cent or more of children who ordinarily don't take to cereals will eat this kind . . . and love them! They think they're confections. But you know they are essential grain foods, offered enticingly to tempt childish appetites.

Quaker Puffed Wheat (containing over 20% of bran) and Quaker Puffed Rice, are different from any other cereals known. They taste different—look different—are different.

They taste like toasted nutmeats. They crunch in the mouth like crispy toast. They have a flavor so enticing and delicious that children revel in them.

And that meets the modern idea of diet. They start by tempting the appetite. And foods that tempt digest better. No more coaxing to eat cereals.

Each grain of these unique foods is steam puffed to 8 times normal size. Then oven-crisped. Every food cell is thus broken to make digestion easy and assimilation quick. No other foods in all the world enjoy this steam-puffing process.

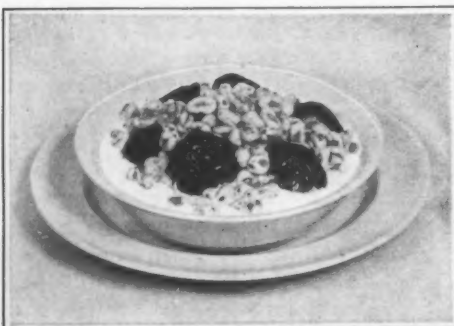
Serve with milk or half-and-half, and thus add further nutrition and important vitamins. Give as tidbits between meals. Serve as the ideal children's supper; the ideal adult breakfast and luncheon; and, too, as a bedtime snack that will not interfere with restful sleep.



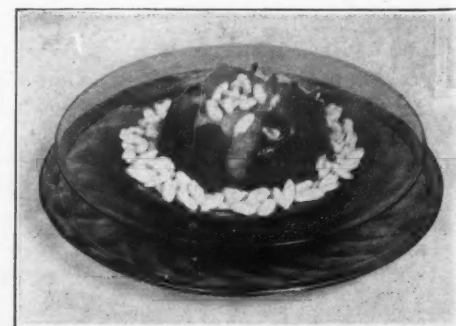
THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY



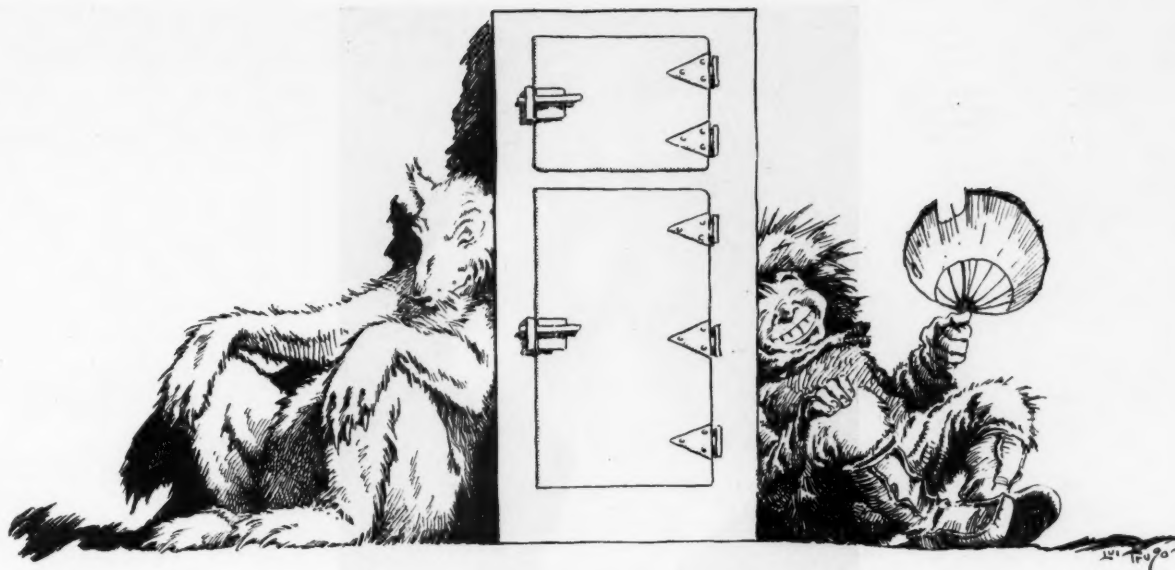
Serve a peach with Puffed Wheat, add the full rich juice and cream



Prunes have new allure served with crisp Puffed Wheat and rich milk



A baked apple, with all its syrup, with Puffed Rice and milk is good



New Light on an Old Subject REFRIGERATION

Engineering specialists, Department of Agriculture authorities and a famous bacteriologist have something to say to housekeepers

IN the so-called "good old days" which are now being put in

their proper place, we had shabby ice boxes, grudgingly given standing room only in some obscure corner, either too far from the stove to be convenient or too close to it to be economical. We were chained to the old time drip pan—the emptying of it and its overflowing was one of the housekeeper's minor nightmares. We dashed out and bought ourselves "forty dollars' worth" of nickel and white enamel and then grouched over the ice bills. The "make-up" of the face of the refrigerator, so to speak, was what sold it, instead of its internal make-up which really determines its usefulness. These "flapper" refrigerators did not work very well or wear very well, and they ran high temperatures! All of which we might have surmised.

From this position of being the despised and rejected of household appliances, the refrigerator has become the cynosure of much scientific attention and the very apple of the housekeeper's eye. If there is a young child in the house it is one of the foundation stones of health and happiness. For while the rest of the family may enjoy the refrigerator, the coldness and freshness of the milk means life itself to His Majesty the Baby. All that the microscope has revealed in regard to the rapidity with which bacteria multiply when foods are exposed to moisture and warmth; all that it has taught us about other changes taking place in foods at high temperatures, that affect flavor and wholesomeness; all the new emphasis on what foods mean to health and vigor and vitality—these things have combined to give dignity to the ice box and it has become a real refrigerator (whether cooled by ice, electricity or gas), not merely a receptacle for food and a piece of ice.

A Refrigerator Renaissance

So the new appreciation of what cold-kept foods mean to the home, hand in hand with the work of experts on the scientific construction of the home refrigerator, combined with the willingness of the woman to pay an adequate price for an efficient appliance, is bringing about a new era in refrigerator circles. The makers of mechanical refrigerators must be given credit for pioneer work here. They had to have a larger price for their product and to keep the electric bills down, in self defense they demanded better boxes to house their machinery. The ice men were aroused to the fact that ice, which melts at 32 degrees and absorbs more heat to the pound than any other refrigerant known, could not give a good account of itself if placed in a leaky, badly-insulated box. And so we have the Federal, state, scientific, university and commercial authorities training their guns on the problem. But all of their work will be fruitless unless the housekeeper appreciates it and

BY ANNE PIERCE

Director of one of the first home appliance testing laboratories in this country

makes use of it both in intelligent buying and in the understanding use and care of her individual box.

Secretary Hoover's famous "Simplified Practice Division" of the Department of Commerce, that has done so much to point out the financial folly and economic waste of endless variety of details which should be uniform, has put the household refrigerator on its program and is studying first its size.

Dr. Louise Stanley, Chief of the Bureau of Home Economics of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, writes that the refrigerator studies planned there are aimed at influencing the design of boxes so that they will be more satisfactory in the home, and states that they hope to work out a table of foods usually kept in the refrigerator, indicating the range of temperature at which each may be satisfactorily kept and the length of time. It is suspected that the economy of a good refrigerator will prove itself not only in the length of its own life but in savings in cost of maintenance, or in ice or electric current and food, as well as by the interest accruing in greater food satisfaction.

Ruth Jordan, of the Indiana Agricultural College at Purdue, has published a bulletin on factors of household management of the ice-cooled refrigerator which should be as interesting as the latest novel to the up-to-date housekeeper. These pointers give any woman the whip hand of the ice box situation. Miss Jordan used two types of boxes and reports these salient facts:

Any refrigerator, good or bad, ceases to cool food properly if the ice compartment is allowed to get more than half empty.

Refrigerator A, which held 100 pounds of ice, was porcelain lined and had walls insulated with two inches of cork board, maintained ideal temperatures (40 degrees in the milk compartment and 48 degrees on the top shelf) with 92 to 76 pounds of ice present! But when the ice got down to 35 pounds the temperatures went up to 44 and 52 degrees; and with 18 pounds of ice, they were 46 and 55 degrees, entirely unsatisfactory. Still, so good a box held out pretty well. But in a refrigerator that had only dead air spaces and charcoal for insulation, temperatures were as high as 48 and 58 even with 103 pounds of ice, and when the ice was down to 31 pounds they went up to 53 and 64 degrees, practically no refrigeration at all. These two sets of figures are not strictly comparable, the experiments not having been run at the same time and under the same conditions,

but they give us a lead on two important points:

(1) the effect of poor insulation and (2) insufficient icing in refrigerators.

It appears that the woman who buys a good refrigerator throws away much of its efficiency if she does not keep it well iced; and the woman who buys a refrigerator with poor insulation is wasting ice under any conditions. Fruit in a well-iced refrigerator kept two or three days longer than in a poorly-iced box. Even cooked fruit (such as applesauce) which kept only two days at room temperature, kept twelve days at 42.5 degrees F. and five days at 49.2 degrees.

That the milk must have the coldest place was proved conclusively by experiments showing that in the milk compartment, at 41 degrees, milk did not sour for six days, while on the top shelf, at 49 degrees (a good temperature for that shelf and all right for fruits and vegetables) it soured in four days and flavor and odor were bad on the third day. In the refrigerator with poor insulation milk deteriorated in three days and soured in four in the milk compartment (52.2 degrees) and was not good in flavor and odor after one day on the top shelf (at about 60 degrees).

Seven Refrigerators Testify

Dr. Mary E. Pennington, Director of the Household Refrigeration Bureau of the National Ice Association Industries, is bringing to bear on the home ice box the experience gained in twenty years' experimentation on refrigerator cars, factory problems and government experiments in handling of eggs and poultry.

Dr. Pennington has been known to remark in her characteristic way that whereas ice boxes used to be built "by guess and by golly" they are now being built by science and common sense; that while the manufacturers are doing a better job all the time "heretofore no one has ever insisted that wall efficiency, box dimensions, interior design and quantity of refrigerant, shall be a harmonious whole instead of a job lot of wood and steel designed on the basis of economical cuts of lumber and sheet metal!"

This sums up the case for refrigerator reform, and in discussing an elaborate, long-time experiment on seven refrigerators conducted at Columbia University in collaboration with the Household Refrigeration Bureau, Dr. Pennington points out these pertinent, practical facts:

1. A good 100-pound box will not melt more than 25 pounds of ice a day, so even if 10 pounds is chipped and deliveries are made every other day, the charge will not go below fifty pounds, the minimum amount for good temperatures.

2. There should be sufficient food space and shelf room in relation to the size of the [Turn to page 58]

Transformation
posed especially
for McCall's
by Pierre



Fashion was never
kinder to the older
woman than to-
day—even the
thinnest hair may
be brushed and
waved to look smart

The FEARLESS FIFTIES

Is beauty only for the young?

BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

McCALL'S BEAUTY EDITOR

A FEW months ago I wrote about some young matrons I knew in my own suburban town who had learned to conquer "mirror fear," that pit-of-the-stomach feeling that comes when we look carefully and frankly into our mirrors and discover the woeful effects of a period of neglect of skin and hair. I told about "shopping for beauty," describing some of the newest and most effective treatments which had lately been found to correct sagging contours, sallow skins, dull, lank hair or—what have you?

Hundreds of letters from housekeepers were delivered to me in response to that article. Among them were many letters from older women, charming, wise, witty letters, a few carrying a note of discouragement and despair, others a bit of good-humored cynicism towards the whole problem of keeping one's looks after forty-five. Most of them, I felt, wanted to express just a little scorn for my young matrons who began to get worried at the sight of their first gray hairs or their first tiny wrinkles. These older women had lines and wrinkles, had had them for ten or fifteen years—and were used to them. Many admitted cheerfully to gray or white hair; all were mothers or grandmothers, and proud of it. They led active lives, directing the destinies of a big household and working in those civic and welfare enterprises which hum in every town, big or little, over this broad land.

Life to the woman of affairs at fifty takes on a breadth and a depth of meaning which makes her impatient at the time and energy which younger women spend in preserving their personal beauty. Birth, death of loved ones, illness, success and failure, heartache, and joy in the achievements of others—these she has known. Often to her the smooth tenor of existence after middle age is more to be sought after than a youthful skin, sleek, lustrous hair, and the slender figure of a girl. She is just a wee bit complacent, too, about herself. She feels she no longer needs to make the conquests which a young girl or matron is ambitious to accomplish. In other words, she is accepted and liked pretty much as she is. She belongs to what I like to call "the fearless fifties." Women over forty nowadays do not step out of the excitement and the lure of active life. But the present age does demand of the older woman, to match her aliveness and her charm, all sorts of personal services. Gray or white hair, for instance, is lovely in itself, but much harder to keep lovely than youthful chestnut or golden locks. If it is lank and stringy it wipes all the charm from the most serene countenance. If it is bobbed badly it gives even a beautiful face a hard, unnatural look. Sometimes I feel like laying down one rule: If your neck is short and inclined to be heavy, *don't* wear a bob. The few examples of the stocky type I know who can wear short hair have straight figures and carry themselves with extraordinary grace and ease. They also have fairly fine-cut features. As for longer hair, fashion was never so kind to the older woman as she is today. Even the thinnest hair, if properly waved, brushed and dressed, looks smart. One famous hairdresser told me that younger women have much the greater difficulty

If you are entertaining your neighbors on July 4th, send for McCall's new leaflet *Patriotic Parties for the Fourth* (two cents). This includes a Beach Party (you can give it, even if you haven't any beach); also a Cabaret and Dance.

And if you are planning a special celebration for your smaller friends, you will also want another of our new leaflets—*Fourth of July Parties for Children* (two cents).

Send your order to:

The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine
236 West 37th Street, New York City

in attaining that smooth close-to-the-head *coiffure*; heavy heads of hair have to be thinned out, clipped cleverly underneath, lest they frame the face in a too bushy or frizzy effect. Knots, figure-eights, "buns," or the lovely flat swirl of hair that encircles the head—all these are creeping back into favor—but they must be softly dressed. One of the greatest aids in attaining this softly undulating *coiffure* is the permanent wave. So much progress has been made in this field in the past few years that it is now possible to imitate almost exactly the loveliness of naturally curly hair.

But if the older woman has an advantage in *coiffure* arrangement over the younger, she usually loses it in the contest of weights. I am just as strictly opposed to injurious reducing fads as any doctor, and yet, except for those cases in which overweight may be traced to irregular glandular functioning, I can't help frowning with the rest of the world on women who allow themselves to get fat around the hips and abdomen. The truly fat woman is as definitely out of step as if she wore a bustle!

A few extra pounds, evenly distributed over the whole figure, make very little difference to most of us, but many extra pounds become more than a matter of style and silhouette. They are the accompaniments of serious health dangers which doctors and insurance companies have long ago noted. So much has been written about reducing by the "count-the-calorie" method that little

more can be said until some one discovers another diet system to replace it. As for exercise, it

seems to me lots more important to form daily exercise habits than it is to go through strenuous morning contortions which are forgotten as soon as they are over. Be careful, for instance, to avoid sitting for long periods at a time; learn to walk and stand correctly; while you are walking breathe deeply. Above all things avoid sluggish habits of movement.

Another aspect of this overweight question is corsetting. The modern corset is an example of how intelligent manufacturers have studied the true needs of a woman's body. They have created, from the tiniest flapper girdle to the scientifically firm and well moulded garment suited to the heavier type of woman, whole series of sensible, attractive foundation garments.

Those few extra pounds may be camouflaged by clever clothes. In that section of the fashion quarterly devoted to the older woman's needs I found excellent slenderizing patterns. One has the high at the back, V-shaped collar so flattering to stout figures; another shows the slenderizing panel down the front; the double row of buttons down the tailored front of another gives the same effect; while the long, fairly snug sleeves of all the models on this page serve to conceal bulky arms and shoulders. None of the necklines are round; there is a comforting lack of "fussiness" in all these gowns, though some may be developed admirably in silks or georgettes for afternoon wear. Other dresses shown are specially suited to the woman with a large bust because the flare below the knees accentuates the lower part of the figure. No panel or flare should appear just at the hips, especially if the shoulders are narrow. If you do not make your own clothes this page will guide you in selecting models in the shops.

Time was when women sacrificed their hands to bright rows of jams and jellies. Now, however, the woman of affairs may have her well-stocked preserve closet and well-cared-for hands. She will apply the commercial prepared bleaches and stain removers. A good cuticle cream should be used as often as possible during the day and left on always at night. The delightful convenience of liquid polish is never more appreciated than at this time. During the morning, while fingers are at work, they may be without polish. Then, for afternoon meetings or a bridge party, instant bright daintiness appears with the application of liquid polish.

The skin problem of the woman of fifty is usually one of making a happy compromise between her lifetime regime of soap and water cleanliness (which she wisely refuses to give up) and her use of certain good creams which supply the lost oil to the skin. Facial exercises, too, have their function. One system call "manipulative exercises" may be learned at home and practised in bed!

Our July bulletin is a practical aid in beauty problems of older women. Its pointers will be of interest to younger women, too. Send a stamped envelope to: The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th St., New York City.



In two-tone gray

The **HEAT** OF GASOLINE *The* **SAFETY** OF KEROSENE

YOU cannot enjoy cooking if you are afraid of your stove. Yet, you do want just as intense heat as possible.

That has been a real problem but now it is definitely solved by this amazing new Florence oil range. You get every advantage of city gas including its safety.

Only one fuel is needed to operate it and to start it—kerosene, which is perfectly safe and most economical. The new Florence is the only one-fuel kerosene pressure stove in the world.

While we recommend kerosene because it is so safe to handle and keep in the house, you can use gasoline if you care to and without any adjusting.

The New Florence kerosene pressure stove is simple and easy to control—the turn of a valve gives you any degree of heat that you want.

It is a beauty to look at and staunchly built. Like all Florence stoves it is finished in two tones of gray and also in black and gray.

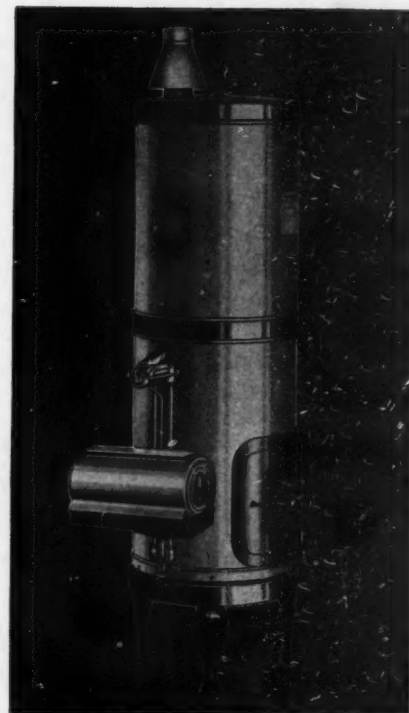
The famous Florence Oven with the "baker's arch" and patented heat-distributor makes it easy for you to do delicious baking. Food never burns on the bottom.

The Modern Florence Kitchen

Complete your modern Florence kitchen with a Florence *Automatic Water Heater*. It works under thermostatic control, with a pilot light; requires no attention on your part and costs only a few cents a day for the joy of constant hot water. Your plumber can easily install it.

Progressive stores in every part of the country sell Florence products. If you should not see exactly the model you want, please notify our nearest division office.

Florence Stove Company, Boston. Division Offices: New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Baltimore, Atlanta, New Orleans, Dallas, Detroit, Columbus, Kansas City. *Florence products are sold in Great Britain by E. W. French, London.*

**Automatic Storage Water Heater**

This new model is a self-contained unit, including the storage tank. There are other models of Florence Water Heaters, automatic and otherwise, for you to choose from.

FLORENCE

Armour

If you knew— your guest had a preference for Star Bacon



Guests! The very word is warm with friendship. The spare-room swept and garnished. A vase of flowers. A good book. And then—the meals. The food the finest the market affords. Special efforts to cater to the guest's well-known preferences.

The preparation of Armour's Star Bacon is like that—prepared as for a guest whose preferences we have taken pains to learn. The best the market affords. Extra special efforts that not one shadow of disappointment may cross a single face.



STUFFED STAR BACON SLICES—read how to make this delicious dish in "Slices of Real Flavor."

And what determines the standard of goodness of Star Bacon? Your preferences, discovered by Armour's many wide-awake and far-reaching activities. Your likes expressed to your retail meat dealers—letters by the thousands from housewives everywhere—conversations and correspondence between domestic science teachers, writers and editors, and the domestic science management of the Armour Kitchen.

A kitchen? Yes! One in which you would feel immediately at home. A place where good things to eat are prepared, where Star Bacon has been cooked and combined in half a hundred appetizing ways—where it is regularly tested and tasted to see that its quality meets the standard you have set.

The Armour Kitchen is an agency of helpfulness. Its influence extends backward all through the Armour organization—to every process that contributes anything at all to the final goodness of Star Bacon as it appears on your table. And it extends forward throughout the great Armour distributing machine that daily transports Armour products from a score of plants to five hundred branches, to thousands of retail dealers, to you.

"Armour on a food product is an assurance of quality." For sixty years Armour and Company have been



For breakfast have Star Bacon and Clover-bloom Eggs. See recipe in "SLICES OF REAL FLAVOR"—the Bacon book prepared by the Armour Kitchen.

perfecting methods to safeguard meat—the most important item in the daily diet. Your preference for Star Bacon will be quickly extended to all other Star products as you buy them and serve them. Armour and Company, Chicago.



STAR BACON is sliced and packed in pound and half-pound cartons having window tops. Through this top you can see what you are buying. Armour is the first to use this package for bacon. Star Bacon is also sold in parchment-wrapped pieces.



Send the coupon for "SLICES OF REAL FLAVOR"—the unusual recipe book prepared by the Armour Kitchen telling 36 ways to serve Star Bacon.

Dept. 7-B, Div. Food Economics
ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.
Please send me free recipe book, "Slices of Real Flavor."

Name _____
Street _____
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NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD SUBJECT—REFRIGERATION

[Continued from page 55]

ice compartment. Some boxes using 200 pounds of ice gave no more shelf room than others using only 100 pounds. The better the insulation the more food space can be cooled by a given amount of ice. The ice compartment should not be more than one-quarter to one-third of the whole box.

3. Circulation must be good. If the baffle or division wall is too short the cold air short circuits, goes up too quickly, and does not chill the floor of the box. In too shallow a box the doors affect the temperature more than in a deep one.

Keep these ideals in your mind when you go shopping for the latest Spring style in refrigerators, and come as close to them as your purse will permit. Such a refrigerator might cost \$180.00 but it is yours to command for a lifetime and gives superservice. And you can get a good box, with the essentials of insulation and design for \$50.00 or \$60.00.

Paper and air spaces between walls are an expensive purchase at any price and as Dr. Pennington puts it, "calling a piece of fuzzy paper, 'insulating felt' doesn't make it an insulator."

Buy a refrigerator with the manufacturer's name on it; buy it of a responsible store and an intelligent clerk who can answer your questions; ask to see a cross section of the walls. Many men who are proud of their work have such models to show and should be encouraged.

Lest you should think all this is a reflection on refrigerator manufacturers we hasten to say that many are using these facts to build better boxes, and can afford to do so only if the women buyers appreciate refrigerator excellence when they see it, know what

it means in the home, and are willing to pay the price. An intelligent buyer is a promoter of better products always. Aim high as a matter of ultimate economy and get as many of these salient virtues in your refrigerator as you can afford.

The best refrigerator ever built will not give a good performance if handicapped by inconsiderate treatment. These are some of the courtesies that you must show your refrigerator if you want it to serve you well:

1. Place it in the coolest possible place. Any refrigerator feels the outside heat and must battle against it however well insulated. If possible, floor drainage should be installed for the ice box and it should be so placed that convenient delivery of the ice from outside is possible.

2. Do not overload the box with food or pack boxes or bottles in solidly. This checks the flow of cold air and raises the temperature. Foods should not be placed about the ice itself nor should this be wrapped up to save it. The ice must melt to absorb heat and cool the food; and the sides of the block must be free so that the cold air can flow through the box without hindrance.

3. Open and close the door as quickly as possible; take a tray if several things are to be removed at once, and be sure to fasten the door tightly.

4. Always keep the ice compartment at least half full. If the ice compartment holds one hundred pounds it should not get below fifty pounds.

5. Wash out the box and shelves once a week with tap water and sal soda (1 tablespoon to the gallon); hot water is not necessary. Use a stronger

[Continued on page 60]

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT HOME APPLIANCES?

McCall's staff of home experts is made up of women who have graduated from the foremost Home Economics training schools in the country. These consultants who serve McCall readers are continuously in close touch with the universities and schools which are the leaders in Home Economics work. They are women who have been instructors in university home-making classes; one staff member has been closely allied with the development of housekeeping appliances as director of a testing laboratory and advisor to appliance manufacturers; these home-makers, your writers and editors, are working in closest cooperation with the recognized electrical appliance testing laboratories of the country where fine devices are put to work and tested and approved for housekeepers before appearing on the market.

The information they gather is for you, the McCall readers. If its presentation on these pages does not answer all of your housekeeping questions, further and more detailed information will be sent to you by letter.

Address:

The ASSOCIATE EDITOR, McCall's Magazine,
236 West 37th Street, New York City

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richly merit your *exclusive* use. You will find in them all the distinctive and appealing charm which has made Mavis Talcum the first choice of millions of fastidious American women. The full line is at your dealer's; those most essential to your comfort and charm are listed below.



Mavis Face Powder—Marvelously soft and fine, conferring a transparent youthful bloom and freshness. It adheres wonderfully... even on a windy day. In shades to blend perfectly with every complexion. Price 50c



Vivaudou Rouge—A NEW Rouge Compact, conveniently wafer-thin, dainty and charmingly decorative. Vivaudou Rouge spreads smoothly and evenly, bestowing the glowing tints of youth and beauty. In shades to give a natural coloring to every type. Price 50c



Vivaudou Lipstick—A NEW Lipstick, brilliantly gay in red enamel and gold—as warm, rich and charming as the tint it imparts to your lips. In shades for all types and colorings... or to match your rouge. Price \$1.00



Mavis Toilet Water—A few drops make your bath delightfully refreshing and luxurious, and impart to the entire person a delicate, lingering fragrance... the perfect beginning for the most feminine of toilettes. Price \$1.00.



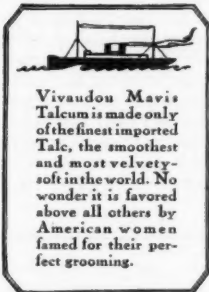
Egyptian Henna—For tinting the hair Titian red, or auburn. Egyptian Henna is easy to use... absolutely harmless and quickly effective. Use it to tint your hair a more becoming shade—or to impart to it an enviable lustre and burnished glints. Price 50c

Vivaudou Mavis Talcum for the Whole Family

Before the Game -- and After



~ the cooling comfort of a
VIVAUDOU MAVIS TALCUM shower



Vivaudou Mavis Talcum is made only of the finest imported Talc, the smoothest and most velvety-soft in the world. No wonder it is favored above all others by American women famed for their perfect grooming.

BEFORE your tennis and golf, or any kind of strenuous work or play, a generous shower of Vivaudou Mavis Talcum gives you such a helpful sense of bodily comfort... such an easy "feel" of clothing and play of muscle. And afterwards, a Mavis shower is more than a luxury—it's an actual necessity! So cooling and soothing... so restful and refreshing. And it gives you peace of mind, too — freedom from the slightest fear of perspiration odors.

Test VIVAUDOU MAVIS TALCUM for Yourself

You and every member of your family will never be without the daily comfort and luxury of Vivaudou Mavis if you will give it one trial—one test. Compare it with the most expensive talcums made, and you will find it smoother and softer than any of them! And you'll like the Mavis fragrance, too... it's so delicate, refined and distinctive.



After the dance, a Mavis shower is a cooling, refreshing luxury!

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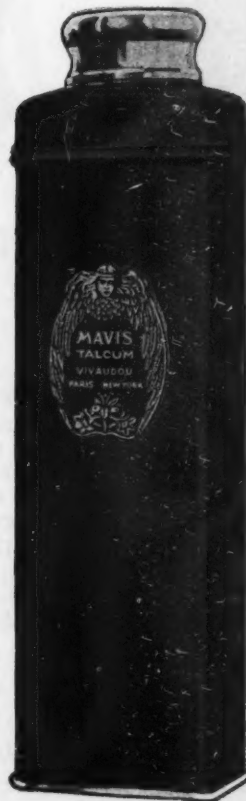
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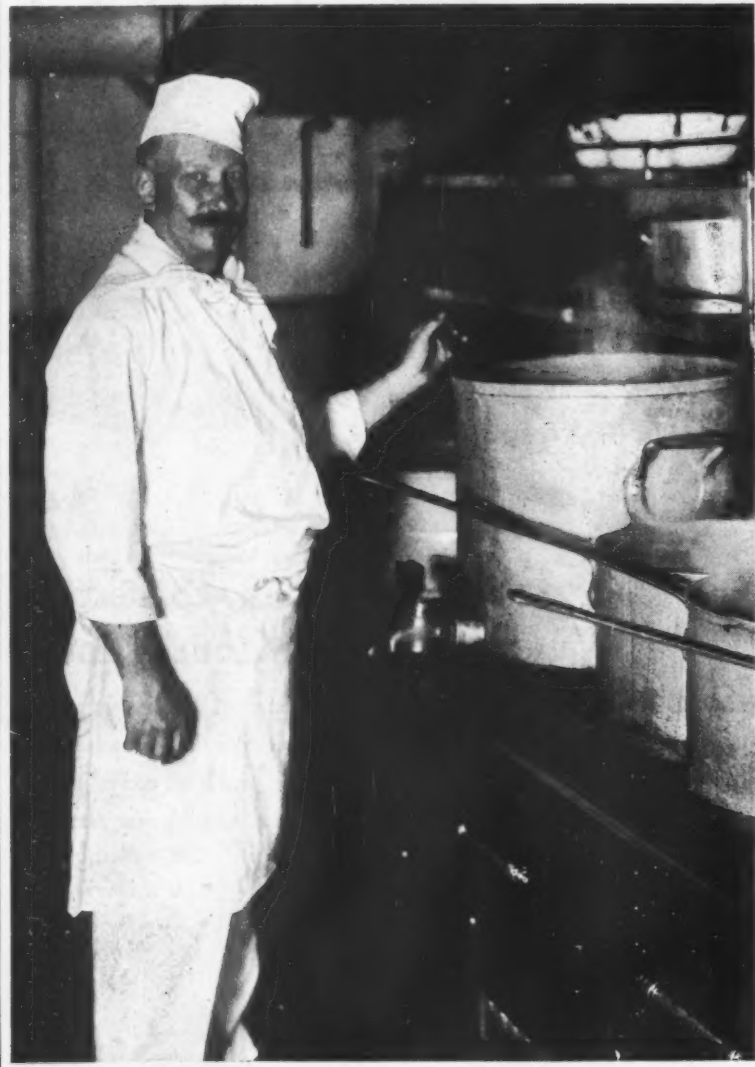
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LOS ANGELES

Price
25c



The BEST COOKS use Aluminum



Superintendent Chef August Schenker in the aluminum-equipped galley of the Matson liner Maui

On Luxurious Ocean Liners



Sun-drenched days and star-showered nights pass swiftly on the Matson liners bound for Hawaii. It would be a dull voyager who could spare a moment's thought for the galley where expert chefs labor to dull the edge of ever-sharp appetites.

But good food there must be—and is. And some little credit for it is given by the Matson Navigation Company to the fact that they cook everything in aluminum. Aluminum, they add, is easy to clean and light to handle, retains heat admirably and wears indefinitely.

Many others like to testify to aluminum's superiority—hospitals, hotels, housewives innumerable. The efficient, economical "modern metal" has become the foundation equipment of good kitchens everywhere.

The best cooks use aluminum.

ALUMINUM WARES ASSOCIATION
Publicity Division, 844 Rush St., Chicago

Please send booklet, "The Precious Metal of the Kitchen," to address written below:

NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD SUBJECT—REFRIGERATION

[Continued from page 58]

solution for flushing out drain. It is not necessary to heat the refrigerator by washing it with hot water. All foods and containers should be clean when put into the box.

6. Put foods away carefully; milk, cream, butter, cooked custards and cereals and broths go in the coldest place directly below the ice. Eggs, cooked dishes and left overs, berries and soft small fruits in the next coldest place (floor of the box in the side icer or second shelf of the top icer). On the top shelves, the sturdier, more odoriferous of the fruits and vegetables.

Mechanical Refrigeration

Most that has been said about the care of the ice refrigerator applies also to the mechanical refrigerators, be they electric or gas. The electrical refrigerator is a priceless boon to any house which owns one, especially to people living in apartments, in the suburbs of large cities or in country places. The low temperatures are automatically assured whatever the outside temperature, since the motor goes to work when the cooling compartment rises to a certain temperature and runs long enough to reestablish the degree of cold at which the mechanism is set. The cost of maintenance, even when electricity is 7 cents, is from \$2.85 to \$3.50 a month for an average box, corresponding in size to a 100 pound ice refrigerator. The motor should run from one-third to a fourth of the time (about 15 minutes out of the hour).

The suggestions made for the care of the ice box and the placing of foods in it apply to the mechanical refrigerator, only here the intelligent and patient motor will run more and cost you more for electricity if you are careless, whereas the ice will melt and the temperatures go up and you will have to rush around for more ice or let them stay down. But a price must be paid

one way or another if you abuse any refrigerator.

As to the choice of the mechanical refrigerator, here again the box itself is important in cutting down costs of maintenance. Each of the refrigerators in common use has its compensating strong and weak points. But a very important factor is to have a good company back of the refrigerator you buy, with good service facilities; no piece of machinery can be perfect and continue to behave perfectly, though the occasions of misbehavior may be far between. Also the name of a well-established company, proud of its reputation, is a safeguard in buying any device.

Mechanical refrigeration is well out of its infancy. No "second Summer" ailments are to be feared; it is here to stay and is one of our leading household blessings. The only specialized attention it demands is to disconnect the electricity for about eight hours every ten days or two weeks and "de-frost" the cylinder. Over night, when the room is cool and the doors not opened, is the best time. The temperatures will not rise far enough to spoil food, and you will be rewarded by quieter running of the motor and lower bills.

Deliciously crisp lettuce and salads, special desserts made in the ice cube drawers, square cubes of ice without chipping for water and other drinks, and the perfect 40-degree temperature for your milk, are all insured by a good electrical refrigerator at not more than average ice cost.

Not only the food itself, but its healthfulness, its flavor and eating qualities, are preserved and enhanced by cold-keeping. All of these points from least to greatest have augmented the importance of refrigeration in the home. The steady improvement in refrigerator design and manufacture has simplified the purchasing problem for homemakers. It's economy to buy a good one whether for ice or electricity.

VACATION

BY ANGELO PATRI

SCHOOL closes and the children cheer. Within three days the cheers turn into complaining demands for something to do. Tempers become short and brittle. Appetites grow finicky. Quarrels are frequent and tears wet the cheeks that so lately were dressed in smiles.

"Dear me," sighs mother, "I wish that school kept all year round."

It is not the school that should last the year round, but the rhythmic, well planned day that school establishes. That should never be broken. Vacation should not, must not, be a series of broken time beats. Hold the rhythm and change the occupations. Rest, especially for children, is best secured by change of work.

Plan to turn vacation to account. Fill the days with happy occupation. Some of the children go to Summer camp; some will have seasonal jobs; little children can attend Summer kindergartens held under the trees on bright mornings; mothers can organize group activities for neighboring children. No child is to feel at a loose end.

In the home try to give the children a change of environment if it is but to move a bed from one side of the room to another. Try a tent for outdoor sleeping; have meals on the porch; let the children bathe in the river or the sea. Live the same old life in a new jolly way. That is what vacation ought to mean, not an emptiness of days.

It is a serious thing to break the rhythm of a child's life, because it checks the rhythm of his growth. He is set like a clock and a sudden stoppage injures the works. Hold to the daily program; change the kind of work, not the quality; keep him busy.

Film on Teeth—what it is and what it does

A common-sense explanation based on dental opinion

Why film is charged with most cases of dull, "off-color" teeth. Why foremost dental authorities urge its removal as the first step against serious tooth and gum disorders

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free



WHEN your dentist cleans your teeth he removes a film. Then two things happen. Teeth become naturally white and bright. Teeth are protected against decay and the commoner tooth and gum disorders.

Dull, gray teeth and gum troubles are now known to result from this condition of the teeth known as "film coated."

Film unremoved develops into tartar, which only your dentist can clear off. Film removed twice a day at home gives on a smaller scale the result your dentist gains by cleaning.

Film, tests show, cannot be successfully removed by ordinary brushing methods. Use the *special film-removing* dentifrice called Pepsodent.

Why FILM must be removed

Run your tongue across the teeth. If you feel a slippery, slimy coating—that is film. An ever-forming evil in your mouth.

It clings tightly to teeth and defies all ordinary ways of brushing. It gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs stains from food and smoking and turns teeth dull and lusterless.

Film invites the acids of decay. And you will remember that before this special film-removing method the prevalence of dental troubles was alarming.

New method acts on film

Ordinary brushing was long ago proved ineffective. So, under foremost dental authorities, great chemists at last discovered a film-removing agent.

It acts to curdle and loosen film so that brushing

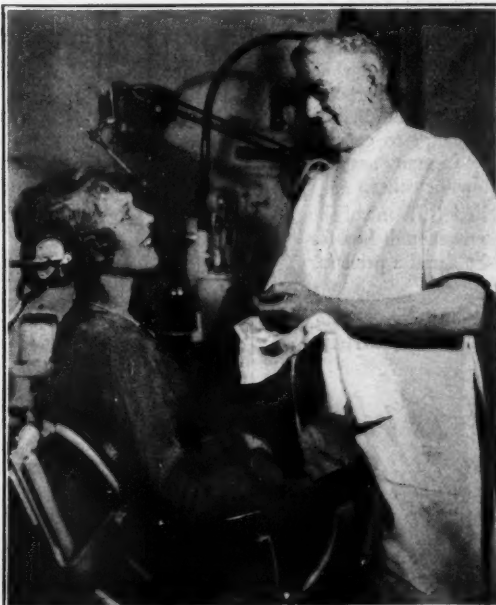
easily removes it. This is the outstanding forward step in many years of dental history.

Firms gums—Combats decay

Then the use of Pepsodent firms and hardens gums, thus gives that coral tint.

In still other ways it increases the alkalinity of saliva to neutralize the acids which form from starch in foods and form decay.

So the fundamentals of modern preventive practice are embodied in this latest work of science.



Removing film each day does in a small way what your dentist does by cleaning teeth. Thus Anne Pomeroy is urged by her doctor to use Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice.



Most people's teeth are naturally lovely and white. What darkens and turns them "off color" is found to be film, a stubborn film that ordinary brushing will not remove successfully, says dental science.

You can see the change

To have bright, gleaming teeth, to have healthy teeth and gums, dentists say, "Remove that film." This patients are told today in 58 nations.

Send for free tube. You'll see whiter teeth and firmer gums in a few days from now.

See your dentist twice a year. Use Pepsodent daily. There's nothing more that science knows to do.

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PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth



"Those few whispered words made me flush with pleasure"

"How does she keep her hands so Lovely?"

"—the most beautiful hands, yet she does all her own work—"

"As I turned down pouring tea, I realized with a thrill they were talking about me!"

"I felt such a happy glow of pride . . . for my hands used to be my despair!"

"Now I find it so easy to have soft, pretty hands, in spite of dishes to do three times a day. I find that by using Lux for all my dishwashing, my hands are even whiter and softer after washing dishes than before!"

MILLIONS of women who do their own work now have hands as flawless, as lovely, as if they never touched the dishpan!

They discovered for themselves

when they used Lux for their fine things, how white and smooth the delicate, sparkling Lux suds made their hands. So they use Lux for dishwashing too.

Instant, magical Lux suds are soothing to the most sensitive skin.*

Lux is made by a marvelous special process—made whiter and thinner and purer than anything else. There is no trace of harmful alkali in Lux, nothing to dry up, to coarsen the skin, as there is in many soaps—whether flakes, chips or cakes.

And Lux costs little! In one of the big packages there is enough Lux for 6 weeks' dishes! So small a price for beautiful hands!

*Many beauty parlors use Lux suds in manicuring the nails to keep the hands soft and white.

Lux keeps lovely the hands that wash dishes



Lever Bros. Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

YOUTH CALLS IT FREEDOM

[Continued from page 15]

and well-born girl in my set who was of that liberty-encouraging type. She was frankly thought to be "not quite all there" in the slang of those days; not just normal, and distinctly man-mad and over-sexed. The finer men tried to protect her against herself. The rest of us were narrow enough, petty enough, to be ashamed of her; but at least we knew what the condition was, and were frank about it. We did not camouflage it, wrap the flag of our country about it and call it "freedom."

I know that there is a great deal said about the "frankness" of today. I have been reminded hundreds of times that the young people of today call a spade a spade. I think they do; and I particularly like them for it. I only complain that they are not always equally ready to call a club a club and emotionalism emotionalism, and sexualism sexualism, chains chains and handcuffs handcuffs.

But I am not blaming anyone, and I hope I do not sound quarrelsome, for I am far from that. I am simply interested in what seems to me an interesting phenomenon. The whole thing has to me almost the air of a bewitchment. It sometimes seems that what we need is another *Midsummer Night's Dream* of a modern order, with our adored and adorable modern youth dotting on this grotesqueness that they call freedom, as Titania doted on Bottom with his grotesque ass's head:

Come sit thee down upon this flowery bed

*While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair, large ears, my gentle joy.*

Fantastic enough! But not more fan-

tastic than these beautiful, starlike young people—never before it seems to me so starlike or beautiful—sentimentalizing about their freedom.

YET what in the world could be clearer than that liberty, true liberty and independence cannot come by mere virtue of being young; that they can only come—and sometimes hardly at that—by taking much thought, and by cultivating individual judgment and making careful and individual choice. What could be clearer than that liberty can never be had by a sheeplike following of a crowd, that cries "Liberty! Liberty!"

Yet it seems to me that we as a people, old and young, were made for independence and independent thinking, if ever any people were. We with such traditions back of us!

Not long ago I watched a party of freely lawbreaking liberty-permitting young people, sons and daughters of respectable citizens, returning in perilously driven autos from a gay night party where they undoubtedly supposed they had had an extremely good time, and several of them shouting at the tops of their voices, waking all the surrounding country and its inhabitants, just to show how really free they were.

And I could not help thinking—with an eye on the whimsical humor of it, too—Good heavens! Was it for these (the older as well as the young) that those splendid old independence fathers of our country froze at Valley Forge? Was it for these anomalies that they put their wise heads together, and wrote with such mature, well-trying judgment that wise and temperate document that is destined to go down through the ages as one of the very greatest in all history?

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 31]

golden private chapel is sung to the accompaniment of harps—are by P. G. Wodehouse and Clifford Grey. The numbers by the Albertina Rasch dancers are beautifully costumed and warmly applauded. The whole production is on a sumptuous scale, and is happy and full of bright motion.

One of the admirable elements of this production is the directing of the ensemble by Richard Boleslawsky, formerly of the Moscow Art Theater. He has given fresh life to the stage of the piece.

Miss Vivienne Segal has the leading rôle of Constance Bonacieux and Miss Vivienne Osborne, magnificently costumed, that of the beautiful Lady de Winter. The bluff Portos of Detmar Poppin and the suave Aramis of Joseph

Macaulay are both good, and the Richelieu of Reginald Owen achieves an astonishing likeness to the portrait.

In the end, however, the honors of the performance of *The Three Musketeers* go to Dennis King. In his own special way, he approaches the rôle of D'Artagnan. It is good to see how the culture and taste that he possesses and that were once employed in his Mercutio and other parts in the more serious drama, have now been created into this rôle for so different a kind of theatrical art. It is fine to see the spirit and fantastic wit that he puts into D'Artagnan, and the energy with which he fills his performance, the good faith of his sentiment, and the sense of very real and vivid beauty underlying his conception of the part.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 31]

with the artificiality of fiction.

None who met Disraeli, said his contemporaries, could escape the complex impression he gave them, an impression of wizardry and power. When he was congratulated by his friends on having been chosen prime minister his remark was: "Yes," he said, "I have climbed to the top of the greasy pole."

This then was Disraeli's estimate of the success that he had sought since a child, and this the triumph that he had fought for: from the beginning when his Jewish blood brought shoddy rebukes and cheap jealousies from other children, through the memorable days when a House of Commons laughed

him down, to that ultimate half-comic attachment for his Queen.

It is Maurois' genius that brings the book to such a low note for its close. Mr. George Arliss, an actor who has given us the embodiment of Disraeli on the stage, has commented on this phase as making it the truest he has ever read. It is not only a book of the month. It is a work to go on a shelf on the library where old books are kept, where the ones are stored that are withdrawn from time to time to be read again and pondered over.

Disraeli by André Maurois, published by D. Appleton & Co.

It's GOOD TO EAT —all by itself

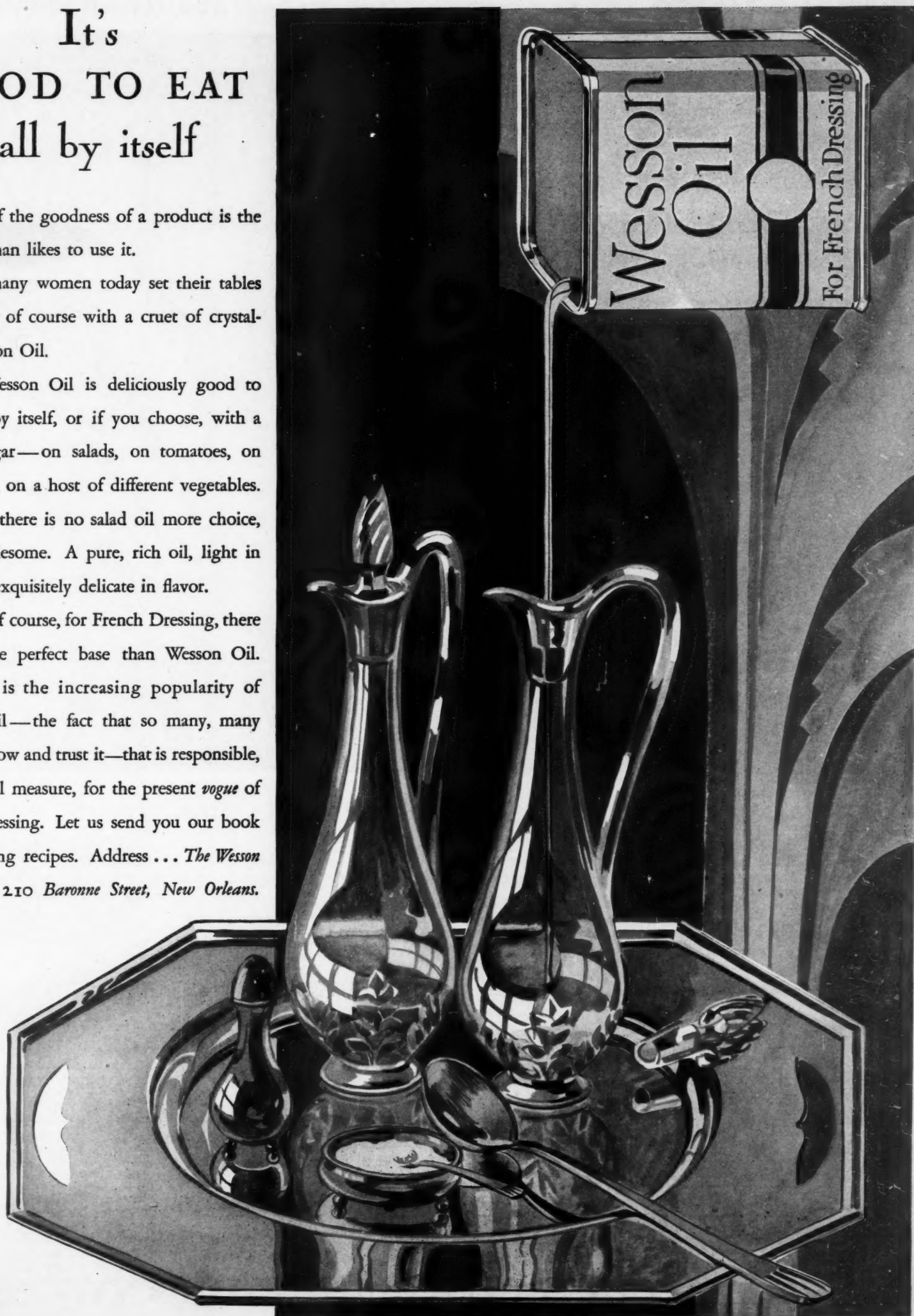
One test of the goodness of a product is the way a woman likes to use it.

And many women today set their tables as a matter of course with a cruet of crystal-clear Wesson Oil.

For Wesson Oil is deliciously good to eat—all by itself, or if you choose, with a little vinegar—on salads, on tomatoes, on cucumbers, on a host of different vegetables.

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And, of course, for French Dressing, there is no more perfect base than Wesson Oil. Indeed it is the increasing popularity of Wesson Oil—the fact that so many, many women know and trust it—that is responsible, in no small measure, for the present *vogue* of French Dressing. Let us send you our book of interesting recipes. Address . . . *The Wesson Oil People, 210 Baronne Street, New Orleans.*



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YOU have to know a lot about pineapples to grow, as we do, millions of perfect ones year after year. You have to know a lot about Nature, too.

Years ago we went adventuring among Nature's secrets. We learned unheard-of things about our Island Fruit. One by one we grappled with our problems—one by one we vanquished them.

Against weeds, a relentless enemy, we developed a most novel and effective weapon. The weapon is . . . *paper!*

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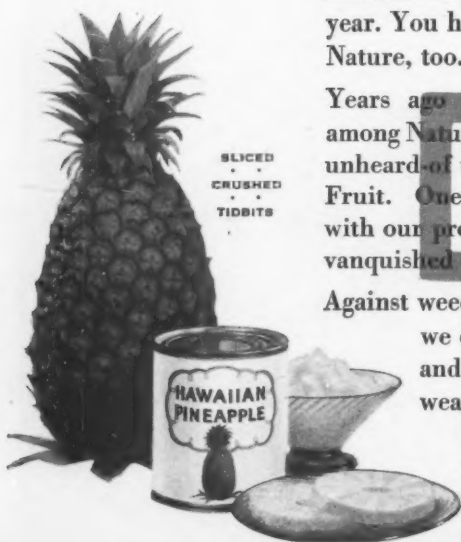
30,000,000 a year. Never a weed molests them.

To nourish these young plants—we spray them with a tonic of iron, that they may grow sturdy, and firm.

As for breeding—parenthood tells, even with pineapples! Though we plant many millions of new slips a year, each one is carefully selected by the record of the parent-plant.

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GOLDEN STAR OF CAROLINA

[Continued from page 19]

wonderful than a thousand orations. The two words of my name. And the way she said those words made me hate the women that gossiped about her. For no woman liked her, and I think that men were a little afraid of her, as they often are of great beauty.

"Great romance she was to me. Her silence and her beauty. And her strange ways. And the things she could do that were puzzling. Things that kept me awake at night. There was a cat at the Spillane farm that no one could get within a hundred yards of. A hundred scars were on him, and even the farm hands were afraid of him.

"Now the wife of Peter Spillane did a strange thing one day. She saw the cat peeping out from beneath a haystack, and she made a queer sound with her lips that made the cat come out and look at her as if he was astonished. Again she made the sound, and with that the cat put up his tail and walked toward her. Him that had never allowed a soul within a hundred yards of him. Purring like the mischief he trotted up to her, and the two of them talked. Ay, talked! I watched them myself as did the astonished folk who were bringing in the grain. And she patted him and comforted him, and he went back to the rick with his tail still up and his purrs going out to the countryside.

"And the story of the talk with the cat was tossed out to the winds. A witch she is, said the gossips.

"Faster and faster went the gossip. Waiting for some one to tell the mass of gossip to Peter Spillane. Peter Spillane who gave no explanations as to where he had found his wife.

"Big Rory Moore was the man that the fates appointed to tell Peter Spillane what the gossips had heard. Rory Moore who was the greatest fist fighter in the south of Ireland. And it was the bar of the public house on a Saturday evening that Rory picked as a nice place for the job. He wanted a crowd of listeners when he spoke.

"And brutal and spiteful was Big Rory Moore, for no Spillane was his friend. Captain Peter was standing within a few feet of the big fellow when Rory lifted up his voice and belowed his remark to the crowded bar. 'There are some folk,' said he, looking at Peter Spillane, 'who are as proud as the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and the devil himself couldn't tell you the reason. Is it finding a wife on a desert island that makes a man proud? A wife whose only neighbors were niggers? Is that a thing to make a man proud?'

"A cool man was Peter Spillane," said my father, after a slight pause. "Cool when the murder urge was throbbing in his blood. 'Come outside,' said he to Rory Moore."

"That was an order that Big Rory Moore hadn't heard for years. For a man who asked Rory Moore to step outside with him must have bought the drink for his own wake, as they say in Kerry. At a fair in Cork he had hammered six champions in a day till they didn't know their own names.

"They fought at the back of the public house, and I saw it all from the top of the fence. And short and sweet it was, though Big Rory Moore was in the habit of thrashing his men slowly.

"But of another breed was Captain Peter Spillane. Speed had come to him from fighting the big lolling waves that run from the poles. Every time that Big Rory thought that Peter was in one spot he found that he was in another, but every time Peter Spillane thought Rory's face was at home, faith it was.

"On his nose, on his eyes, and on the big mouth of Rory Moore fell the fists. And Peter Spillane shouted as each blow went home. 'Here's the desert island where I found my wife!' he yelled as he shifted three teeth with a straight jab to the mouth. 'And here are the niggers that had no sacking at all!' as his right and left landed one after the other on Rory's nose. Rory Moore began to stagger round the yard, with Peter Spillane chasing him. 'And the big chief of the niggers!' he shouted, and brought a right fist up under Rory's chin, and Big Rory Moore dropped like a bull to the ground.

"And then Peter Spillane did a curious thing. He spoke to the men who watched the fight.

"What Rory Moore said is the truth," he began, "but truth, as Larry O'Dowd said of his butter, is often spoiled by the wrapper. I found my wife on an island not much bigger than Jim Cronan's field. An island in the Gulf of Mexico. She had been there from the time she was three years of age. That is what she thinks. Her father's ship was wrecked somewhere close to the island and we think that she was the only one saved. Negroes were her only neighbors as Moore told you." As he cried out this statement he sprang to his feet and turned like a weathervane so that he could see the faces of all. But not a grin showed on one of them.

"And she had no name," continued Peter Spillane. "No name that I know of. In the sand on the beach she showed me the ribs of a small ship's boat. And on the stern of this boat were the words *Golden Star*. The port of registry had been rubbed out by the waves, but the word *Carolina* showed clearly. So I called my wife *Golden Star of Carolina*, and to me she is the most wonderful woman in the world. And if any man here doesn't approve of what I have done, let him step forward and I'll give him what I gave Rory Moore."

"There was a great silence when Peter Spillane finished his little speech. Not a whisper came from the crowd, only a groaning from Rory Moore. 'Then we'll call the matter closed,' said Peter Spillane. 'A bad thing is gossip, and Father Houlihan will tell you how it got the bad angels kicked out of heaven.' And he picked up his coat and went home to the woman with the voice of honey. The woman who could say *Shamussen beug* so that a million little thrills of joy ran up and down my back.

"In Kerry," continued my father, straightening himself in his chair, "they have a saying which has a lot of fine truth in it, 'Good tongues beat the telegraph.'"

"Thus the tale rushed away over the mountains into Cork, and the nimble tongues carried it to Queenstown where Peter Spillane's ship, *The Shannon Lass*, was being repaired. A bright boy from the Cork *Examiner* went aboard the ship and spoke to the sailors. He carried a little bottle of poteen with him and while drinking it the men talked to him. And, faith, they added a few improvements to the tale of their captain. A fine golden tale they wove for the little reporter.

"The sailors said that Captain Peter Spillane had heard a strange story in a bar on St. Charles Avenue in New Orleans. Some one had told him that a white girl had been seen on a little island in the Gulf of Mexico, a white girl who fled when ships came near.

[Continued on page 66]

FORMULAS... FORMULAS... HUNDREDS OF FORMULAS!



But Eagle Brand has held its important place in infant feeding through half a century of scientific research and experimentation. May we tell you why?

WHY are there so many different methods of modifying milk? Why are so many different foods often tried before one can be found that agrees with the child?

Because—as every mother knows—each baby is a digestive law unto himself. In the last fifty years the unceasing labor of the medical profession has done much to change infant feeding from guess-work to an exact science. But not yet—and not ever—can formulas be devised that are universally successful.

Therefore, we do not say to you that Eagle Brand is the food for all babies who cannot be nursed. But we do say that it has agreed with more babies than any other one food ever tried.

Premature babies. Strong, normal babies. Babies with digestion impaired by unsuccessful feeding experiments during weaning. Babies at death's door from "summer complaint." . . . All these Eagle Brand has fed. And thousands upon thousands of unsolicited letters from grateful mothers have testified to the continued health and strength of Eagle Brand children after the bottle feeding stage is past.

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milk, condensed and modified by the addition of refined sugar. The sugar supplies the carbohydrates required by all infants. The milk supplies bone and tissue-building material and growth-promoting vitamins—the same elements that are supplied by certified and pasteurized milk.

But ordinary cow's milk forms large, tough curds in the baby's stomach. Eagle Brand, because of the special process by which it is modified, forms small, soft curds, like those formed by mother's milk. Hence the child readily digests Eagle Brand—completely assimilates the nourishment it contains—and thrives! . . . Remember, too, that this milk is *always* pure—*always* uniform—*always* safe—for traveling and in any climate.

Use Eagle Brand throughout infancy—supplemented at the proper ages by those foods that are now recommended as necessary with all milk formulas—orange or tomato juice, cereals, cod liver oil, etc. And when the bottle age is past, continue Eagle Brand as a body-builder for the growing child. Used as a drink between meals or as a spread on bread it helps to prevent and overcome malnutrition.

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Leaves your Hair Radiant with loveliness

Brings Out All the Natural Life, Wave and Lustre. Gives that Wonderful Gloss and Silky Sheen which makes Your Hair so much admired.

THE attractiveness of even the most beautiful women depends upon the loveliness of their hair.

The simple, modern styles of today are effective **ONLY** when the hair itself is beautiful.

Luckily, beautiful hair is now easily obtained. It is simply a matter of shampooing.

Ordinary, old time methods, however, will not do. To bring out the **REAL BEAUTY**, the hair must be shampooed properly.

Proper shampooing makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

A Simple, Easy Method

IF you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.



MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



First, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. The entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

If you want beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, glossy, fresh-looking and easy to manage—and make it fairly sparkle with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world.

A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

GOLDEN STAR OF CAROLINA

[Continued from page 65]

Being Irish the story appealed to Peter, and on his way back with a load of cotton he anchored off the island and went ashore. Not a trace of the girl did he find, so the sailors said, but the next night he swam ashore alone, thinking not to frighten the lady by bringing company. The crew watched him from the deck of *The Shannon Lass*, watched him swimming along the shore, and the little winds brought to their ears the soft song that he was singing to the girl in an attempt to bring her out of her hiding place. A love song in Gaelic, a love song that Nacis sang to Dierdre of the Sorrows when the great king had her hidden in the forest, a song that no woman can resist if the singer loves her.

"The crew of *The Shannon Lass* told the reporter that the song brought the girl out of hiding. Down to the beach she came. Timidly, and Peter Spillane sang louder than ever.

"He kept a little away from the beach lest he frighten the listening girl. Out into the soft moonlight he poured the chant and the girl seemed gathering in the meaning of the song although she didn't know a word of Gaelic. I wish I had learned to sing it when I was young.

"Now while the sailors of *The Shannon Lass* were watching their captain the girl walked into the water and swam out to Peter Spillane. Around each other the two of them swam, he still singing his song. Then Peter pointed to his ship, and together they swam toward it.

"When they were quite close Peter Spillane lifted his voice and roared an order to his mate. 'Throw me down a big coat for this lady,' he said, 'and every man jack of you go below and stay there till I tell you to come up. If one of you stick your nose above the ladder he'll live to regret his curiosity.'

"The *Cork Examiner* printed the tale as I have told it here. They printed the name that was on the boat—*Golden Star of Carolina*—the name that Captain Spillane gave to his bride. And to America went copies of the paper, for there are lots of Cork men in America who like to read the paper from their home town and learn the news.

"A big paper in New York copied the story. Printed it on the very front page, because the editor thought it would cause a lot of interest. And it did. More interest than he ever dreamed of. For there had been a ship called *Golden Star*. Not exactly a ship, but a great white yacht that had belonged to a millionaire of Raleigh, North Carolina. And his yacht had been lost with all aboard her in the Gulf of Mexico some fifteen years before Peter Spillane found his bride. The millionaire and his wife and a little girl of three, and the captain and every sailor had gone down with her. No trace had been found of any of them, although the brothers and sisters of the millionaire had hunted up and down the Gulf.

"Well, when the brothers and sisters of the millionaire read the story in the New York paper there was a great to do. Their lawyers cabled a big attorney of Cork, and the attorney took the fastest train and rushed to the Gap of Dunloe. I saw him myself the day he arrived, a tall man with the face of a fox, who introduced himself to Peter

Spillane and asked to hear the story.

"Captain Peter told him everything, keeping nothing back. The foxy-faced attorney made little notes, then he went to the post-office and sent a long cable to Raleigh, North Carolina, where the brothers and sisters of the lost millionaire were living. A cable that cost pounds and pounds. And the post-master, who was blood cousin to Peter Spillane, made a copy of the cable and brought it to Peter because he thought he would be interested. And faith, Peter was. For the attorney had let himself go in the message. Said he in the telegram: 'I am satisfied entirely that the girl is your lost niece. No doubt exists at all. I have seen her, and I have spoken to her through her husband, for it is only him that she understands. The marriage might be upset, the girl being under age, or the fellow could be bought off. He's a ship captain with no great means. Possibly a thousand pounds would do the trick.'

"Another telegram he sent to his office at Cork telling his partner to send three trusty men at once to the Gap of Dunloe. And in a mighty fine rage was Peter Spillane when he read the two messages. He was for going at once to Hogan's public house where the attorney had taken rooms and giving the sneaking devil more than he gave Big Rory. It was only the pleadings of his wife that stopped him.

"The three trusty men came up from Cork on the following day. Up and down the roads by the Spillane farm went they till their snooping got Peter Spillane so mad that he leaped over a fence one evening and gave two of them a blow on the ear before they had time to get out of his way.

"Before dawn on the following day

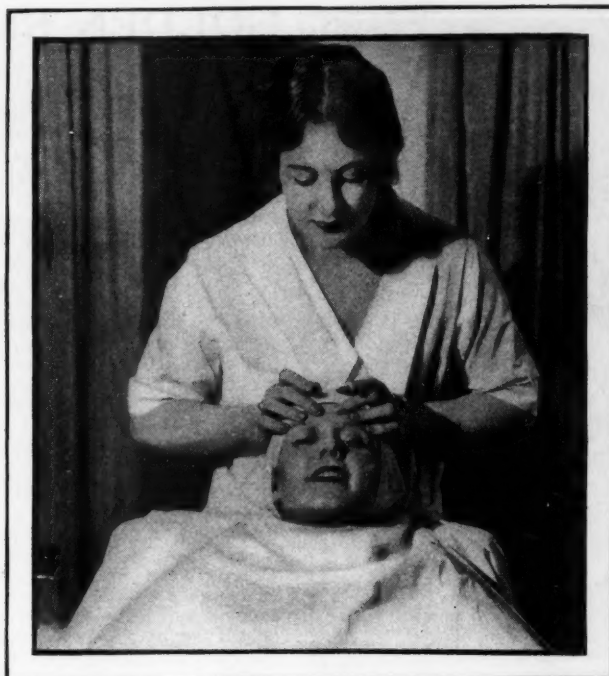
Peter Spillane came softly into the loft where I was sleeping. He roused me without making a noise and spoke in a whisper to me. 'Shamusen beug,' he said, 'I want you to do a favor for my wife. We are running away, Shamusen, because a great terror has come to Golden Star. She is afraid that these sneaking devils will take her away from me. We have the horse and cart ready and we are driving to the next station to catch the ear-

ly train to Queenstown where my ship is, and we want you to go with us and bring back the cart. Gently now. Don't wake anyone. It is you that my wife trusts.'

"So I drove with them in the dark hours before the dawn. And Peter Spillane's wife put her big homespun cloak around me and held me close to her so that I would not be cold. And I cried because she was going. Cried like a little baby, me that was twelve years of age and working with the men. As the big train came rushing into the platform, she stooped and kissed me. Kissed me and called me *Shamusen beug*, in her voice of honey. And I couldn't see her on account of my tears. As the train went on she called my name again. *Shamusen beug!* And just for an instant in the dawn I saw the wild beauty of her face. Then they were gone into mist, and that was the last I ever saw of Captain Peter Spillane who was born to the sea, and the bride that he found and christened *Golden Star of Carolina*."

My father sat for a long, long time
[Continued on page 68]





Have a facial— *and let your tooth paste pay for it*

If you use any one of the many good 50c dentifrices, your average yearly tooth paste bill is \$6.00. Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c accomplishes equal results and at the same time cuts that cost in half. You save \$3.00. Spend it as you choose—a facial, for instance, sheer hosiery, etc.

In The Mouth Such Cleanliness! Such Invigoration!

HERE is a dentifrice that swiftly polishes teeth till they gleam, and then leaves the mouth with an amazing feeling of cleanliness and invigoration. Furthermore, that sensation lingers. It delights millions.

And no other dentifrice produces it. Because no other dentifrice contains the essential oils of Listerine.

We are proud of Listerine Tooth Paste. Studying teeth, and the mouth, for nearly fifty years, we learned much about their requirements for beauty and health. This dentifrice fulfills them. We believe it to be the finest den-

tifrice manufactured today, regardless of price.

Try it for one week. Note how teeth gain new brilliancy. Observe how discolorations and tartar vanish. And after tooth brushing is over, look for that wonderfully cool and clean sensation in the mouth.

Then reflect that Listerine Tooth Paste costs but 25c—half of what you usually pay for a good dentifrice. Such a price for such a paste is made possible only by modern manufacturing methods and mass production, Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

*Large
tube*
25¢



His first great adventure!

*So small, so inexperienced,
he tackles solid food*

What a series of fresh encounters—a baby's first two years! New habits to form, new lessons to learn. But his most exciting task is learning to handle a grown-up diet.

It's a time of special care for mothers—when little digestions are struggling manfully to adapt themselves to this change. Then the first solid food must fill three requirements:

First, it must supply the elements essential for growth and health. Second, it must be so simple in form that a baby's stomach, recently graduated from milk alone, can handle it. And third, it must be guarded against hot weather taint.

For 31 years physicians have been advising mothers to use a particular

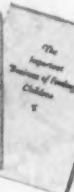
food they consider ideal as the first solid food for babies. Cream of Wheat. Here are three of their reasons:

1. It is rich in energy. And you, who live with a baby, know how much of that he uses up.
2. Cream of Wheat's simple, granular form has none of the harsh, indigestible part of the grain, to irritate his delicate digestive tract.
3. Cream of Wheat is always clean and uniform in quality—protected by a triple-wrapped-and-sealed box.

For safety for your baby, for serenity for yourself, start now, during the summer months, to give him Cream of Wheat. Order Cream of Wheat from your grocer or send coupon below for generous free sample.

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn. In Canada made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg.

FREE—Sample box of Cream of Wheat and new, enlarged edition of "The Important Business of Feeding Children"—a booklet of information on correct diet for children from infancy through high school. Just mail coupon to Cream of Wheat Company, Dept. G-19, Minneapolis, Minn.



Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

© 1928, C. of W. Co.

GOLDEN STAR OF CAROLINA

[Continued from page 66]

without speaking, lost in the sweet dream that memory had brought to him. Then he went on. "Months afterwards news came to the Gap. The *Shannon Lass* dashed out of Queens-town harbor before the foxy-faced attorney could do anything to stop Peter Spillane. But the lawyer cabled to the American lawyers, and they started all sorts of processes against Peter. They said he had married her against her will and without the consent of her relatives, although the girl didn't know she had a relative when Spillane found her on the island. They said she was under age, and they finished up by saying that Peter Spillane was a scoundrel who wished to get the millions of dollars that would come to his wife.

"At every port *The Shannon Lass* entered there were detectives waiting to serve Peter with papers. For the relatives of the girl had tons of money, and you can harry the life out of a saint if you have money. But at Havana Peter stuffed the papers down the throat of a process server who came aboard his ship, and he dropped the fellow overboard as *The Shannon Lass* was making for the open sea. And at another port he put two private policemen into a big porter barrel and towed them astern till they were nearly drowned.

"It was a Kenmare man who sailed with Peter Spillane that brought the strange story of the end of the great chase. A story that many people doubted. I believe it myself for I knew Peter and his bride. This Kenmare man said that the *Shannon Lass* was chased out of a port of Mexico by a

steamer hired by the relatives of the girl. Chased out into the Gulf. All night he said they sailed by little islands around which the blue seas played. And behind them the lights of the steamer ploughing after them. Peter Spillane and his wife stood on the deck watching the little islands and the frolicking sea.

"Presently Peter Spillane called his first and second mates and all the men around him. 'Take *The Shannon Lass* to port and sell her between you,' he said, 'and say nothing of us to anyone. We are going to the sea that loves us.'

"When he said that he waved them away, and after a little while they heard a splash and they saw the two of them swimming off in the direction of the little islands. They watched the two heads till they disappeared in the night. Peter and his bride had gone back to the sea, because the blood of the *rooms* was in both of them as Red John of the Foxholes said. For the blind fish in St. Finian's Well had leaped again from the water when Golden Star had been taken there by her husband."

My father rose to his feet. "The sea loves those that love the sea," he said quietly. "That Peter Spillane and his wife reached some sweet island I am certain. She and he were kin to the great waters. One woman only have I loved since I grew to be a man, but when I was a gossoon of twelve I was the slave of another who called me *Shamussen beug* with a voice of honey."

He spoke softly as if forgetful of those about him, as if he were still hearing the voice of honey and seeing the woman with the gray-green eyes who belonged to the sea.

STAIRS OF SAND

[Continued from page 32]

had come over her, from his arrival at Lost Lake to the last day in Yuma.

Here she gave way to the agitation that would not be denied; nevertheless she went on with her confession. Then when it came to exposing the uttermost depths of her heart, she faltered and whispered, and at last gasped out the confession of her love.

Blind and spent then, she was snatched to Adam's breast and crushed there, and kissed with a savage abandon that once she had dared to dream of.

At sunset she was again with Merryvale, out on the red desert, returning home, with her body seemingly as light as thistledown, her feet like wings, her mind full of Adam's words of love, and wisdom for her future conduct.

THE next day Guerd Larey came back to Lost Lake with a string of freighters, stage coaches, covered wagons, the van of the railroad workers.

A new era set in for Lost Lake, and it was one that Ruth both welcomed and deplored. Tents and shacks and houses went up as if by magic. The increase of population went on, and it was good, Ruth thought. But she hated the rough element, and the hilarity of the night revelers.

The day that Hunt went back to the post, once more to work with Larey, was an ominous one for Ruth. He had spared her, perhaps gladly, any confidences regarding his renewed relations with Larey. The shrewd Merryvale, growing more brooding and watchful every day, shook his head distrustfully. Ruth concluded he had more on his mind than worry. When she asked him point blank if he was confiding wholly

in her, the answer was not to her liking, not that it intimidated any immediate trouble for her, but that it roused her to wonder if there was any dark growing project in Merryvale's mind.

RUTH always awoke these days at a late hour, and at the low ebb of her vitality, caused by the enervating influence of the Summer heat. And this morning there was the weight of the preceding night's morbid visitations.

Opening her door Ruth faced the white daylight, and her first sight, as always, rested upon the far-stepping silver sand dunes. Her second was suddenly attracted to a group of men at the gate.

She called her grandfather. He did not answer. Ruth knocked at his door, opened it and entered. He was not there, and he had not slept in the bed.

In an instant Ruth was stung palpitantly alive. Catastrophe had fallen, like the lightning-flash of the desert. She did not need to see Merryvale come somberly and haltingly up the path.

"Ruth, somethin' turrrible—has happened," he said in husky tone.

"Grandpa!" she cried.

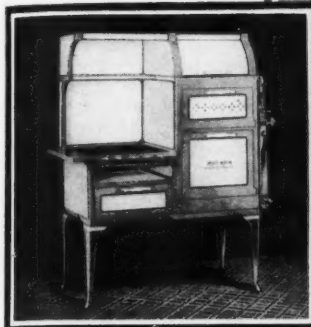
"Yes . . . An' shore I hate to tell you, Ruth. But you must bear up . . . He's daid!"

Ruth's legs gave way under her and she fell into a chair. For several moments she could not find her voice.

"Dead!" she whispered, at last. . . . "Poor grandad! . . . He has been ailing lately. And I did so little . . . Oh, I—I can't realize . . . Was he ill, Merryvale? Was it one of his old

[Continued on page 70]

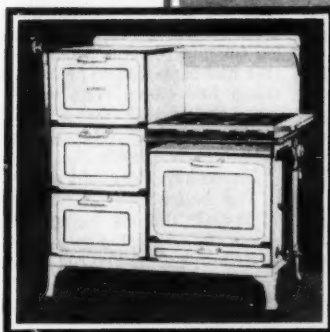
Unless the Gas Range has a RED WHEEL it is NOT a LORAIN



DIRECT ACTION
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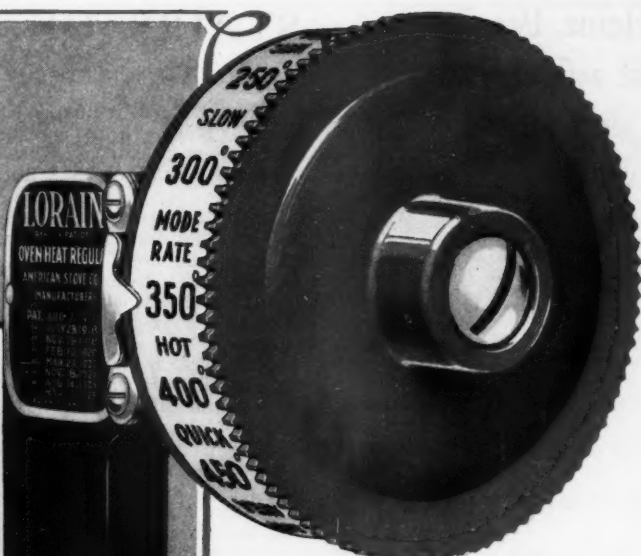


QUICK MEAL
Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.



NEW PROCESS
New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, O.

If Gas service is not available in your community we'll tell you how to obtain Pyrofax tank-gas-service for use in a Lorain-equipped Gas Range.



LORAIN

No Better Gas Ranges Made than Those Equipped with

LOOK FOR THE RED WHEEL when you go to buy a gas range. The Red Wheel immediately tells you that the gas range is equipped with the famous Lorain Oven Heat Regulator. The Red Wheel also tells you that the gas range was made by American Stove Company, World's largest manufacturers of gas ranges, inventors and sole makers of "Lorain", the first Oven Heat Regulator.

For nearly fifty years American Stove Company has been engaged in the manufacture of cook stoves. The Company employs thousands of highly trained men, many of whom have devoted their entire working lives to the building of stoves.

To satisfy the present-day demand for Red Wheel Gas Ranges requires six great stove factories, aided by two huge foundries and four modern enameling plants.

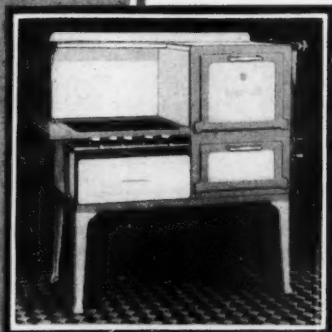
To make certain that every Red Wheel Gas Range performs satisfactorily—that each one is safe, durable and efficient, American Stove Company maintains one of the finest testing laboratories in the world and a Research Kitchen that is unequalled, anywhere.

In the Research Kitchen, which is under the direction of a noted cookery authority, are developed the famous Lorain Time and Temperature Recipes for Oven Cooking and Baking, Lorain Oven Canning and Lorain Whole Meal Oven Cooking. (See Coupon.)

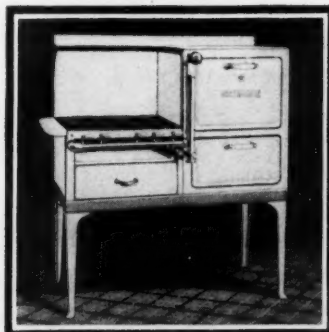
You'll enjoy examining the new models of Red Wheel gas ranges now on display. (Six famous lines to choose from, see illustrations). You'll find the prices reasonable, and will agree with us that "No Better Gas Ranges Are Made Than Those Equipped With Lorain".

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY

Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World
829 Chouteau Avenue St. Louis, Mo.



DANGLER
Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio



RELIABLE
Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio



CLARK JEWEL
George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 829 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me free copy of your Lorain Oven Canning Chart. (Print name and address plainly.)

Name _____ Street _____
City _____ State _____

Careful boy!—it's spread thick—that Heinz Peanut Butter. Moist and creamy. And what a flavor. All those little Spanish peanuts—all those big Virginia nuts—that's what gives it that wonderful taste—rich and sweet and yummy for all the folks who like peanut butter with a fresh roasted flavor.



There's always a lot of satisfaction in working out a way to make something better.

We've always found it so . . . Recently, after ten years of experimenting, we discovered a special way of making Peanut Butter so that it would have *no* oil on top.

And *that* means a Peanut Butter that is sure to stay moist and creamy and easy to spread until the very last morsel is used.

We patented the process, of course, and made it exclusive with Heinz . . . So now *all* the flavor of the choice, fresh-roasted nuts remains in the butter.

With every one of the 57 Varieties, the name Heinz has come to mean Flavor, due to methods exclusive with Heinz. With an established reputation such as ours, can you wonder that we regard it as our most precious possession.

HEINZ

Peanut Butter

No oil on top

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY • PITTSBURGH, PA.

STAIRS OF SAND

[Continued from page 68]

attacks of acute indigestion?"

"No, Ruth, I wish to Gawd it had been. But he was killed—murdered!"

"Adam! get Adam!" she exclaimed, wildly.

"Wall, first off I thought of gettin' Adam heah," he said, deliberating. "But that wouldn't do no good, 'cept to comfort you, an' it might lead to harm. I'm goin' to find out who killed Hunt. If I know these yellow dawgs, that won't be no hard matter."

"Merryvale, I'm shocked to my heart . . . But—but I'll stand it. Do the best you can for—for him. And let me know if there's anything I can do."

"Ruth, I'm goin' down to the post. It suits me to be the first to tell Guerd Larey about this," replied Merryvale, with a queer intent flash of eyes. He turned away with bent wagging head and made his way to the post.

RUTH, in going over her grandfather's books and papers after the funeral, was astonished at the proof of the large sums of money he had from time to time advanced Larey.

She made a mental reservation that she would have something to say to Larey when he presented the claims, which he would do sooner or later. Ruth likewise mastered the complicated bookkeeping of her grandfather in regard to the sale of water. Here another surprise awaited her. Hunt owned the only supply of water at Lost Lake, that was to say, the only spring, the fine flow of water called Indian Wells. The post had paid nothing for months. The stage coach company had paid up to the first of the month. The freighters were also in arrears. Both the post and the freighting, so far as Lost Lake was concerned, were under the supervision of Larey and Hunt—according to the papers available.

Ruth did not see fit to make any changes in Hunt's way of conducting business, except to demand prompt payment from the post and freight company. She sent Merryvale with the bill, rather puzzled at the expression on his face as he left her. Upon his return he looked as black as a thunder cloud.

"Ruth, I busted right into the post where Larey was drinkin' with some men," declared Merryvale. "You should have seen his look when I handed him the envelope. Why, his hands jest trembled. Ruth, that villain shore loves you . . . Wal, he read the bill, turned red as a beet, an' cussed somethin' awful. Then he hawhawed like a gleeful devil."

"But what did he say?" queried Ruth, curiously, as Merryvale ended. "Wat, that's what riled me," rejoined Merryvale. "He tore up the bill, an' right before those men, strangers to me an' a hard-lookin' crew, he said: 'Tell my wife she'll soon be usin' her precious water to bathe my feet!'"

Ruth felt blank for an instant, and then, as her blood boiled, she restrained the outburst that flashed so swiftly to her lips and sat silently thinking.

TWO days of work and bustle around the house, with a woman's pleasure and satisfaction in fixing up new quarters for her comfort, passed swiftly, while Ruth gave but scant time to worry. Merryvale took up quarters in the little room that had been Ruth's.

"Reckon I'm gettin' old enough, to sleep under a roof," he remarked. "My days on the desert are aboot spent."

On the morning of the third day Merryvale absented himself until

nearly noon, and when he returned, one look at him made Ruth's heart sink.

"Ruth, I hate to be a black buzzard soarin' around," he complained, almost coldly. "But I cain't keep all the bad news to myself."

"Let me share it," she replied, bravely.

"Wal, I've been nosin' around an' carryin' a bottle to more'n one greaser an' Injun. An' I've got results. I've loosened the tongue of a greaser, an' found out enough to verify my suspicions. Larey was no doubt responsible for the murder of your grandfather. It cain't never be laid at his door, because the half-breeds who committed the crime came from Yuma, an' went back there. Neither fire nor whip could make this greaser tell their names. But I know enough. When I have more time I'll explain in detail how I've worked all this out."

"It doesn't shock me. It doesn't surprise me," replied Ruth, through tight, cold lips.

"Wal, heah's some news that will," he went on, as if driven. "There's a bunch of hembres, riders from across the Arizona line, scourin' the desert for Wansfell."

"Merryvale!" cried Ruth, leaping up.

"Yes, an' it come straight from Indian Jim, who heard Larey say it."

"Go at once! Warn Adam!"

"Shore, I'm goin' pronto. But Adam's a fox an' leaves few tracks. You remember the soft sand an' the hard rock we crossed to go to his camp. Wal, he cain't be tracked. An' that canyon is the best hidin' place I ever seen. So I'm not worryin' about them findin' him yet."

"Find him—tell him I said—come!" burst out Ruth, wildly.

Merryvale wheeled down the path. And the moment he was out of sight Ruth bit her lips to keep from screaming for him to come back. What was it that had happened? The lull before the storm had ended. The vague misgivings—the strange dream, the random intentions, the intelligent reasonings, all had their answer.

Meanwhile she could only wait.

The hours lengthened. Sunset and Merryvale did not come! Night and Adam failed her! She waited until a late hour, pacing the porch, and lastly her room, darkened and barred. She slept but little, and the voices of the desert haunted her.

The gray casement, dawn, and the sunrise! Wide-eyed she waited, and drove herself to those ministrations her physical being demanded. She saw her cheeks grow wan and thin, her eyes darken to bottomless gulfs.

She waited. It was one of the unbearable days—torrid with heat, ghastly with its white wraiths, destroying to flesh, maddening to mind. She drank water copiously, yet could not allay her thirst. She waited. Yet there were moments which broke the strain.

What the day foreshadowed came at last. Quick ringing footsteps of a man who brooked no opposition to his will!

Ruth's door was open. She had halted by the table. She had hidden something in a drawer. With a hand that had no tremor she opened it part way.

"Pedro, set my bags here." Guerd Larey's resonant voice! Ruth heard the thud of heavy articles being deposited upon the porch. An amazed query tried to wedge into her mind. It was dispelled by a shadow at the door.

[Continued on page 72]

A Swiss Discovery

That May Make Your Child Over *this* Summer



Allein Sanitarium, in the Swiss Alps world famous institution using Ovaltine.

Mother, Please Accept 3-Day Supply of This Delightful Swiss Food Drink That Adds 8 Ounces to 1½ Pounds Weekly to Children's Weight —and Combats Nervousness Astonishingly



You can see your child gain in weight every week



In Switzerland, the land credited with probably the world's most important discoveries in child development, Ovaltine is prescribed for children by eminent physicians and famous sanitariums.

Mother: An important new discovery for your child has been made in Switzerland. The nation universally credited, as you know, with the world's most important discoveries in child development.

The 3-day test offered here is made by a laboratory of outstanding importance in the scientific world. The endorsement of over 20,000 doctors, and scores of the most important hospitals, throughout Europe and America, is back of it.

Thus the wisdom of accepting it need not be urged upon you. Just use the coupon.

* * * *

It is not a medicine—but a delightful Summer "Shake-up" drink.

Weight increases of 8 ounces to 1½ pounds a week are commonly credited to it.

Nervousness, irritability, lack of appetite are often noticeably curbed in the space of a few days!

What It Is

It is a food-drink called Ovaltine. A scientific food-concentrate not to be confused with "malt" or chocolate preparations, in this country, which may look or taste like it.

It is a highly concentrated food with the remarkable power of converting the starches from other foods your child eats into strength and energy; Oatmeal, cereals, potatoes, bread, etc., that comprise OVER HALF your child's normal diet. Consider what this means.

These starches, when undigested, fail in providing food energy. They invite acidity and digestive disturbance, leading to toxic conditions.

Now with Ovaltine, science meets that situation for digesting these starches. It also supplies tremendously concentrated food in

"It's Worked Wonders For My Boy"

Mrs. F. J. G.



I got Ovaltine for my oldest boy, age 7, who always was a very nervous child. He never would eat as he should or drink milk. Since taking Ovaltine his appetite is not only improved, but he also eats most everything . . . You can gather from the things mentioned here that Ovaltine has done wonders for my boy. We will never be without Ovaltine.

Mrs. F. J. Gores, 1417 S. 2nd Street, Prairie du Chien, Wis.

itself; one glass has the energy and building value of 12 cups of beef extract, 3 eggs, or 7 cups of cocoa! Thus results in added weight and fewer "nerves" are often quick and remarkable.

In the opinion of world-respected scientists, based on tests of over 30 years, it marks a notable advancement in child health. For your child's sake, try it.

Accept Test

Results will be marked and noticeable to you. Weight quickly increases. Nervousness subsides. You give in summer Ice COLD as a delightful "shake-up" drink. You serve at meals and between meals. At soda fountains to supplant less desirable drinks. Children revel in its deliciousness. It greatly increases the food value of milk. It digests when virtually no other food will.

* * * *

Druggists and grocers sell Ovaltine in several sizes for home use. For a 3-day introductory package send coupon and 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. A 50c shaker will be sent with it, free.



shaker will be sent with 3-day trial package. Mail coupon.

Mail for 3-Day Supply—and Free Shaker



THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. L-9 C
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine. Also free shaker.
(Print name and address clearly)

Name.....

Address.....
(One package to a person)

OVALTINE
BUILDS BODY, BRAIN AND NERVES



Your
favorite
iced
fountain
drink
at home

*swiftly made, rich,
creamy, cooling*

THINK of a long cool frosted drink of foaming chocolate! With ice clinking! With a creamy richness that is food and a sparkling flavor that is pure delight!

The simple secret lies in making up in advance a supply of this syrup—then blending it with cool fresh milk—just as they do at your favorite fountain.

To make syrup: Stir over direct heat $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of Baker's Cocoa and 1 cup of cold water. Stir in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of sugar and a dash of salt; dissolve. Boil 3 minutes. Add 2 teaspoonfuls vanilla. Then pour in a glass jar. Seal it and keep it in the ice chest.

With this syrup, you can whisk together, on a moment's notice, many fountain favorites—chocolate

mint fizz, chocolate sodas, chocolate mochas, frosted chocolates—all rich in the chocolate flavor that you have always preferred. And now they will taste better than ever, for they will be made in your own immaculate kitchen from the finest cocoa and other ingredients that you know are pure.

A new leaflet, just out, gives six delightful drinks—six ways to be as hospitable as the day is hot—all simple to make with this syrup base. Ask your grocer today for a copy of this leaflet, "Your Favorite Fountain Drinks."

For a trial supply of Baker's Cocoa (more than enough to make a pint of syrup) with this new recipe leaflet included, just mail us 10c in stamps with the coupon below.

BAKER'S COCOA



Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate (Premium No. 1) in the familiar blue wrapper with yellow label, is universally popular for all chocolate cooking—used wherever the recipe says "Chocolate!"

SEND FOR TRIAL SIZE AND RECIPES

WALTER BAKER & CO., INC.
Dorchester-Lower-Mills, Mass.
I am enclosing 10 cents for a generous trial package of Baker's Cocoa, and the syrup recipe leaflet.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(In Canada, Walter Baker & Co., Ltd.,
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario)

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STAIRS OF SAND

[Continued from page 70]

Larey rapped. Ruth did not move so much as a flicker of an eyelash. She was close to the table. One movement of hand! The heat of the room swirled around her, entered her veins.

"Howdy, Ruth," he said, coolly preparing to drink from his canteen. "I've fetched up my things to stay."

His insolent effrontery seemed more than Ruth could bear. It whirled her to face him, her eyes blazing.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"Still the same sweet old wildcat," he returned mockingly. "Well, it suits me. Spit, scratch, bite, fight! I'll like it . . . but you're pale, Ruth, a trifle thin. If it wasn't for your eyes!"

"You thief! You greaser bandit! . . . You murderer!"

"Ruth, you always had a wicked tongue. It used to bother me. But you can't phase me now."

"I know what you've done, Guerd Larey," she said hotly. "You had my grandfather made away with—to further your greed. Your loathsome lust! . . . Oh, you unspeakable monster!"

He laughed at her, though the olive tan of his face began to whiten.

"Now you're like your old self. You lovely piece of flesh! Your purple blazing eyes! Your swelling breasts! . . . I almost remember I loved you once."

"Loved!—You?—Why, you never loved even your mother—or brother, did you?" she flung at him.

That strangely pierced his degenerate armor. He stared at her, wondering, for a second, aghast.

"By God, I never did," he retorted, with bitter brevity.

"Let me out of here," cried Ruth, fearing to trust herself longer. The word brother had unnerved her. This man was Adam's brother. Could she not escape—surrender everything—flee from him and the madness of vengeance, as if from a pestilence?

"If you run I'll drag you back," he rasped out, with first show of passion. "Once I begged for your love. On my knees I begged. You could have made me a better man. But now I don't want your love, your surrender. I want you to fight like the cat you are. I want to beat you, violate you . . . I'll make you cringe and crawl—vou white statue of ice."

"Ice? Statue? . . . You should have asked Stone," she taunted him.

"Curse you!" he glared at her. "Fling that in my face, will you? . . . You hussy! You cheat! . . . I should have killed that fool. But I thought you were only playing with him."

"I was, Guerd," she returned, with mockery. She had found the vulnerable place in his hard hide. Jealousy had always been his weakness. "I played with Stone, as with all the others—until Wansfell came."

Larey's flesh quivered spasmodically. His green eyes took a lurid sheen. He slid into the room, back against the wall.

"Wansfell? That desert rat! . . . You—you—"

"He is the most wonderful man in all the world," she cried, and her voice rang with the sincerity of her feeling.

"But Wansfell—that wandering tramp! That desert hermit madman! They tell me he is old, gray, like a bald eagle."

"He is younger than you. And Oh! indeed he is an eagle! And I love him!"

Larey's face was distorted and purple, and his breath whistled. "Woman!" he burst out hoarsely. "Listen. You were his slave, then. Well, laugh

now, vixen, for I have had him shot!" The man was terrific in his sincerity, in an agony that was half fiendish joy.

"Yes, by Heaven!" he continued, in husky exultation. "I had your Wansfell shot. My men have been on his trail three days. I had paid them beforehand. So they were off to cross the border . . . And he was your lover? Wansfell, the Wanderer!"

Ruth swept close to him, to look into the writhing soul of him, to pierce him at the last, mortally, beyond recall.

"My lover. Yes. And he was more . . . Your brother!"

"Liar! Shut up, or I'll—"

"Do you remember Margarita Aralanes? Do you remember the wheel on the sandy bank, where you stole that Mexican girl from Adam? Do you remember why Adam fought you in that gambling-hall at Picacho? Do you remember who put out Collishaw's eye?"

Larey rallied from that swift volley, but white to the lips, he eyed her in awe, and something of horror.

"A trick to add to his name," he replied, doggedly. "Wansfell had heard that story, no doubt, and he has filled your mind with it. But you can't make me swallow it."

"Oh, can't I though?"

"No, you white fiend. No! . . . Make that wandering lover of yours my brother—who starved on the desert eighteen years ago? . . . No, Adam Larey is dead."

"Wansfell was Adam Larey!" she cried, with such triumphant exultance that he flamed anew.

"Proof! or I'll choke you quiet," he thundered.

"Guerd Larey, you bore Adam an inhuman hate. You hated your mother. From childhood you nursed your implacable jealousy. You tortured Adam with his mother's shame."

Larey's rolling eyes fixed upon this skeleton ghost of the past. His jaw dropped. His face changed convulsively, turned livid, and set in appalling expectancy.

"You dog! Dog! Dog!" Larey screamed as one whose flesh had sheathed a naked blade.

Ruth pulled open the table-drawer and snatched out the gun. As she swept it round Larey bounded like a cat, struck up her hand just at the flash and report. Then he seized her arm and wrung it, sending the weapon flying. Violently he swung her away from him against the couch, where she sank. With baleful eyes riveted on her, with his hair like mane of a beast, he moved to kick the door shut.

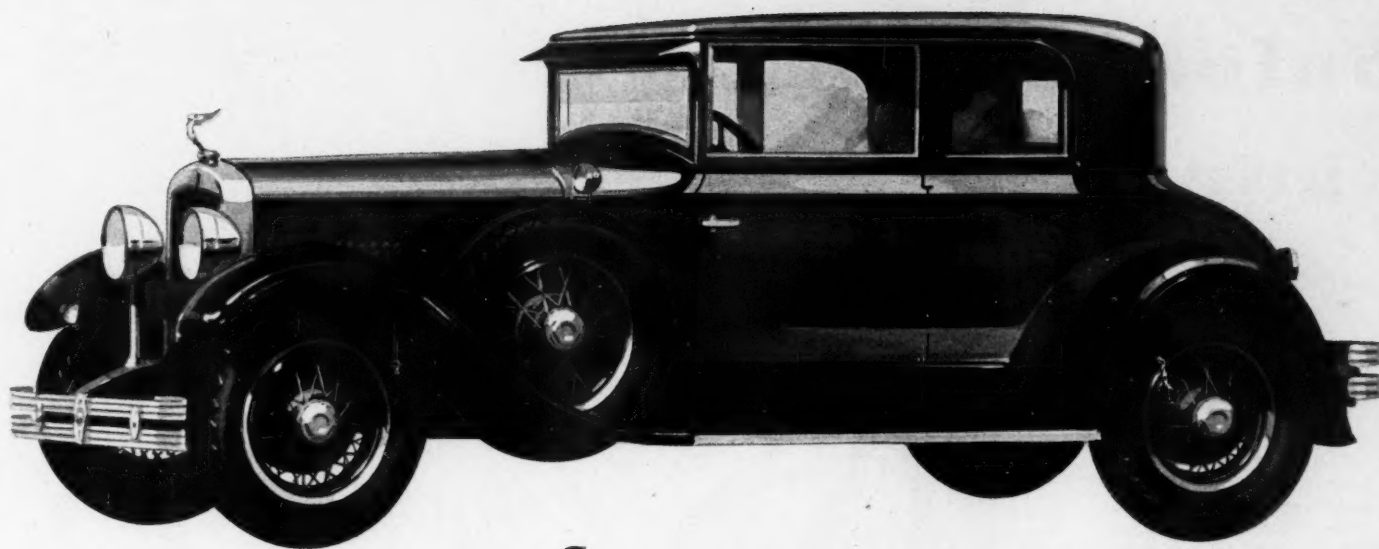
DURING his search for Adam in the canyon, Merryvale had run into an ambush of bandits hired by Larey to kill Wansfell. While he was returning their fire Adam had joined him. Their fire depleted the ranks of the bandits and during an interval, they had managed to elude their foes, but it had necessitated a long detour and it was not until morning that they were making fast pace back to Lost Lake and Ruth.

His endeavor to keep pace with Adam, coupled with the stress of his emotions, well-nigh exhausted him. His heart warned him that it was being taxed far beyond its limit. But he would not retard Adam and he would have dropped dead in his tracks rather than miss seeing Guerd Larey and Wansfell come face to face.

Adam led Merryvale round to the

[Continued on page 75]

The Custom Victoria, illustrating one of several wire wheel and fender-well options



Chassis Leader of the day, Supreme in *Beauty* too.

THE consistency of Hudson leadership is but the performance of its first principle, resolution and tradition—to always lead in value.

Thus it was the first car at moderate price to give truly great performance, smoothness and reliability—the industry's standard today.

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that turns waste heat to power, is the most efficient combination in development and transmission of power, within our knowledge.

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Super-Six

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COOLNESS that laughs at thermometers and such because it comes from *within!* And what a flavor treat to enjoy! A heaping bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes—so crisp they crackle like ice! Covered with milk and topped with luscious peaches!

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Order them at hotels, restaurants, cafeterias. On dining-cars. Sold by all grocers. Always crisp and oven-fresh in the inner-sealed waxtite wrapper. Look for the red-and-green package.

Made in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at Battle Creek by the Kellogg Company—world's largest producers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers also of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, Pep Bran Flakes, Krumbles, Kellogg's Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit and Kafee Hag—"real coffee minus caffeine." Other plants at Cleveland, Ohio; London, Canada; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.

STAIRS OF SAND

[Continued from page 72]

back of the post, to the entrance of Ruth's yard above the house and when they reached the porch, Adam paused at some sound within the house. Then he knocked on Ruth's door.

Suddenly the next door swiftly opened inward and Guerd Larey filled the aperture. Bloody marks marred the pallor of spent passion on his face. His jaw hung down, quivering. His rolling dilating eyes set black upon Adam. His thin white attire was dishevelled and stained.

In one lunge Adam shoved him back into the room, so powerfully that he staggered clear to the back wall, crashing against it.

The room was in disorder. Table and contents had been overturned. Merryvale's panic-stricken gaze swept over to the couch, where Ruth lay white as death.

"Ruth!" cried Adam, in a tortured voice.

"Adam?" she whispered, faintly, and tried to rise.

Even in that terrible moment Wansfell did not forget the rousing Larey, for he made no move toward Ruth.

"Yes. I am here," he said, with what seemed an unnatural, unholy calm.

His compelling voice lifted her. Straining she half raised herself on her arms. Her hair fell like a golden mass. How lovely, how terribly tragic her face! The great eyes, expanding, shining like purple leaping flames, set with awful accusation upon Larey.

"Kill him! Kill him!" she breathed too low for Merryvale's strained ears. It was a command, supreme in agony, from a terrible hate. Then, fainting, she fell back on the couch.

Guerd's dry lips framed words that did not sound clearly.

"Wansfell, the Wanderer!"

He was quivering from head to foot. "No, Guerd. I am your brother, Adam Larey," returned Adam, in tones that had no life.

Larey leaned closer as he stepped. All that was stress and strain about him magnified. He peered out with intense scrutiny into Adam's eyes—close—closer, until with a wondering, terrifying cry he straightened.

"So help me . . . Adam! . . . Mama's little goody boy! . . . curse your soul—I know you!"

He halted, towering, beautiful, beginning to sway and choke over passion too terrible for human strength.

"You love—this woman, Ruth Virey," he panted. "Oh, I know . . . you couldn't help yourself. And she loves you—loves you—loves you, curse her . . . I took her for a hussy—a plaything—a twining white-throated fool . . . But she was pure. My jealous black heart could not see it . . ."

Larey pointed with left hand that seemed rigid yet had an exquisitely slight and rapid tremor.

"Look at her now!" went on Larey. "I have killed her soul! This woman who loves you! . . . Your wandering, knightly, Christ-like code has failed you here!"

Merryvale's tortured acumen read the intent behind Larey's denunciation. He shrilled a warning. Larey's right arm swept out with a glinting gun. Adam leaped like a panther. His hand caught the rising arm. The gun exploded. Then Adam's mighty frame wrestled into terrific motion. He swung Larey off his feet. There was a rending sound, a cracking of bones.

The gun flew at Merryvale's feet. He snatched it up.

Adam catapulted Larey against the wall with sudden thud. But Larey did not fall. His arm hung limp, dripping

blood, but he appeared not to be conscious of it.

Merryvale had existed for this, prolonged his life for it. Raising the gun he held, he shot Larey—once—twice—through the heart.

THEY laid Ruth on the little bed in the room that had been hers.

Adam knelt, still mute, no longer rigid. Merryvale flew to fetch water. It was he who bathed Ruth's still white face, and called to her, hoarsely, hopelessly, until his voice failed.

But she was not dead. The sad pale eyelids moved, languidly opened. Staring black her eyes, through which she came back to consciousness.

She tried to lift her hand. She gazed at Adam, at Merryvale, around the room.

"Guerd!" she whispered.

"He's dead!"

"Oh, God! . . . Adam, I made you kill him . . . your brother . . . After all my love—my vows!—Oh, my stairs of sand! I climbed—only to fall—only to fall!"

"Ruth, Guerd's blood is not upon my hands," said Adam, solemnly. "I meant to kill him. I would have done so . . . But I did not."

"Ruth, I couldn't stand it," interposed Merryvale, huskily. "I wanted more than hope of Heaven—to see Adam break his bones—an' crack his neck . . . But when the time came I couldn't let him do it . . . So I shot Larey myself."

Then these two shaken men knelt at her bedside. Merryvale thought he saw a change that was not physical, though a shade seemed strangely to pass away from her face.

"Ruth, it is hard enough," said Adam, his voice gathering strength. "But Merryvale spared me this deed—fear of which has made your life and mine a hell of contending fires. It is over . . . Now let me think of you."

"I—but Adam—I can only die," she wailed.

"Hush! Have I been blessed by God with your love—only to lose you? No!"

"Guerd Larey could not die before—telling you—what—"

"He'd killed your soul, he said. But Ruth, that was only a madman's jealousy. That was my brother's curse. Your soul is God's and love's."

"But do you love me—now?"

"More, my darling. More a thousand times."

"But could I make you happy?"

"Ruth, all that has made life significant for me is embodied in you. Your heritage of discontent, your weakness for men, your love, your fight—your climb—you toiled up your stairs of sand on steps of your dead self—and you reached the heights. I would love you the same if you had not. But think of my faith in you and the splendor of my happiness to know it was justified. I love you with all the passion and strength that the desert has given me. But the joy of that is little compared with my joy in your victory over yourself. I think your mother must know."

Ruth did not—could not answer, but her eyes spoke her unutterable love. Adam lifted her in his arms and carried her outdoors.

The mood of the desert was changing. The white wracks of dust had settled. Nature had ended her harsh audit for that day. The sun had lost its torrid heat. Mystical, beautiful, illusive, beckoning, the dunes of sand stepped up to the infinitude of blue. And a brooding haunting silence settled over the wasteland.

[THE END]

crisp summer salads with a tang



ROSE SALAD
It even looks cool

Cut 6 peeled tomatoes almost through in petal-like sections; season with salt. Blend 2 teaspoons minced onion, 3 tablespoons minced celery, 3 tablespoons Premier Salad Dressing. Fill tomato centers with this mixture. Serve on chilled lettuce with Premier Salad Dressing.

Page 24—An Aladdin's Lamp at Mealtimes.



MELON SALAD
Simple and refreshing

Chill thoroughly 3 cups diced melon, ½ cup Premier Salad Dressing and lettuce or romaine. Lightly mix the Premier Salad Dressing and the melon. Serve in a salad bowl lined with crisp lettuce. Garnish with strips of pimiento or chopped parsley.

Page 30—An Aladdin's Lamp at Mealtimes.



CAULIFLOWER SALAD
Main dish for luncheon

Break cooked cauliflower into small pieces. Mix ¼ cup Premier Salad Dressing and ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika, 1 tablespoon chopped chives or onion tops. Mix lightly with cauliflower and let stand for 1 hour.

Page 25—An Aladdin's Lamp at Mealtimes.



BLACK EYED SUSANS
A colorful fruit salad

Slice 4 peaches and arrange like daisy petals on four beds of chilled lettuce. Chop and blend with Premier Salad Dressing 8 pitted dates and 8 almonds. Pat into four balls for centers of daisies. Serve with Premier Salad Dressing.

Page 31—An Aladdin's Lamp at Mealtimes.

Premier SALAD DRESSING

"MEALS in a minute" . . . that's what we want in summer. With tangy Premier Salad Dressing, cool, refreshing salads and sandwiches can be made so quickly and deliciously that they seem to take no time at all to prepare.



TO ADD to your own favorite ways of serving Premier Salad Dressing . . . send for "An Aladdin's Lamp at Mealtimes," our recipe book of simple, delightful salads, sandwiches, "made-dishes."

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Try: Premier Coffee, Premier Tongue, Premier Peaches, Premier Chili Sauce, Premier Spinach

ORPHANS' ORANGES

[Continued from page 14]

As the horses were clopping homeward that night along the ridge road, Philip heard himself say to Mr. Howd in a voice he recognized as only partly his, "I'll go if you want me." He fell asleep wondering why it was impossible for him to say no to Mr. Howd.

Father had gone down town, saying he would be at the station for the good-bys. Philip was alone with Mother. She was considering a question he had just put. It had startled and frightened her.

"An orphan is a little boy whose father or mother are dead. What put that into your head?" she responded.

"I guess Mr. Howd didn't mean an orphan that way. He was talking about me going with them and said he sometimes wished I was one."

So that was it! She cleared it up for him instantly. "He just meant he wished you could be his boy always. That was his way of saying it. You be his boy this Summer and then come back to mother. She'll be well then."

She beckoned him to the bed and took his hand and looked at him gravely. "You don't want to go."

He hung his head. "I want to go if it will make you better. That's what they said. I wouldn't be around making noise."

That had been Frank's argument, she recalled. Besides, Frank had been patient during the long, wearying sickness; if he wished to be relieved of the care of one active boy she could not oppose him. She could tell Philip the truth, though.

"Your noise doesn't keep Mother from getting well. It won't make her well any quicker to have one of her boys away out West. But she will want to get well so she will be all right when you come home. So it's all right for you to go."

MR. HOWD, his wife, and the young lady daughters formed an animated party around the Belmont table that day, though the chairs were shrouded and the rooms had a closed up, gone away look.

There was much talk about trunks and bags and what was in this and that and whether such a one would be needed in Chicago. Mrs. Howd, her bonnet strings tied neatly around her plump face, seemed to be considering Philip's case.

"You must have some clothes when we get to Chicago, Theodore. You are my boy now and I am going to call you Theodore."

"Yes ma'am," said Philip.

"You must say 'Yes, Mrs. Belmont,' now, Theodore."

Mr. Howd crumpled his napkin beside his plate. "Come, son; let's go and bring the team around."

Philip was at the door in an instant. "You must always say 'Excuse me, please' when you leave the table before others," Mrs. Howd called.

"Excuse me," he whispered, then vanished after Mr. Howd.

When they were on their way to the stable, Mr. Howd said, "I'll tell you little things as we go along. She likes little things—easy to learn. Don't mind her calling you out of your name."

During the first part of the journey, Mr. Howd was forward smoking most of the way so the boy sat in a corner of a red plush seat and gazed at the river. In front of him, Mrs. Howd and the daughters were comfortably installed, luggage stacked around.

In the Pittsburgh waiting room he was made the central figure of a pile of bags with repeated instructions not

to stray while the ladies made a between-train descent on the stores and Mr. Howd went out on business. So he sat there until he saw the huge clock stand at five and reflected that Father was just sitting down to supper with Henry and John. Through wide glass doors across the waiting room he could see grown-ups having supper while waiters moved among the tables like black and white creatures in a dream.

Near him a grim faced man was shepherding a half dozen little boys to seats, boys altogether meek, wearing expressions new to Philip.

These were not boys Philip was used to. They didn't tussle or squirm but just sat as if waiting for something that would not happen for a long time. The grim man sat with three on a side, saying nothing. Each of the boys clutched an orange. Philip noticed that none had bitten his or tried to eat. The oranges were simply clutched in the little soiled hands.

Presently Philip was conscious of Mr. Howd peering from the other side of the baggage and in a moment Mrs. Howd and the daughters rushed up breathless, their arms full of parcels. Mr. Howd had only time to draw him aside and whisper, with a jerk of his head toward the boys holding their oranges, "Orphans!" As Philip was led out into the train shed he kept looking back at the quiet, patient row.

He had never seen a sleeping car. He had heard there were such things but his mental image had always been of cars like those on the Brownsburg local line but containing beds; and he had often wondered how strangers could undress and go to sleep in such a place. Expecting the car of his imaginings, he was full of wonder when the porter set him down in one of the Belmont sections. Except that the seats faced each other and were of richer finish his surroundings were not different enough to convince him that he was in a sleeping car. So when Mr. Howd led him out he thought he was on his way to bed in some other part of the train. To come suddenly while in this frame of mind into the bright tunnel of a dining car was the sort of pleasant shock that sets little fellows to laughing excitedly.

"I thought I was going to bed," he confided, hugging Mr. Howd's hand.

The women of the party had not followed. Mr. Howd was busy conferring with a smiling negro. Then appeared a number of things to eat in silver dishes and Philip's plate came before him filled with strange and delicious variety.

"Mrs. Belmont and Miss Anne would say you would be sick if you ate so much; but you and I know this steak wouldn't hurt anybody."

Then later he added, "This ice cream is not exactly a thing for supper. But we are traveling in state now and I guess we Brownsburg boys can stand a little high life. In Chicago we will have some black bass."

"What is black bass?"

"Never heard of it? Well, you know the fish you catch in the river at Brownsburg—perch, sunfish, catfish, suckers? A black bass is a fish too, but it wouldn't speak to a perch."

"A black bass travels in state, doesn't it, Mr. Howd?" Philip was stirred to humor.

Mr. Howd roared. He had not laughed for months. "That's a good one. 'Black bass travels in state.' Yes, and we are going to travel right along with him. We'll do Chicago up brown."

[Continued on page 78]

NOTOX...

means the end of Heartbreak Age

BEFORE Notox came, many nice women used to feel that gray hair, heartbreak age, was inevitable for them. Naturally, they would shrink from the obvious artificiality of dyes that coat the hair on the outside, like paint. And, naturally, they would distrust those restorers that smack of the old rabbit's-foot school of medicine. You would, too. Any nice woman would.

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Inecto Rapid Notox is permanent. Because the color is inside the hair, it is not affected by shampooing, salt or fresh water bathing, steaming, marcel or permanent waving. The best beauty shops give Notox treatments; telephone for an appointment today. And beauty shops, drug and department stores everywhere sell Notox for use at home.

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NOTOX

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And the gauze wrapping is softer, the filler made fluffier—through new methods perfected by Kotex scientists, permitting a degree of comfort never before possible.

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able new improvements, which carry their enthusiastic endorsement, are only obtainable in Kotex.

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How you can help him WIN!

*The very food you serve at the table
can aid him in avoiding a condi-
tion that holds men back*

A WIFE, in a sense, is custodian of her husband's health. The food she selects can be an important ally in his daily battle for success.

To many men, the luncheon table is merely a place to discuss business. Food is a secondary consideration. It is at home, therefore, that the proper precautions must be taken against the menace of constipation.

To this unnatural condition, physicians trace a high percentage of all illness. But they admit freely that in many cases it could be prevented by including more bulk food in the daily diet.

By eating Post's Bran Flakes every morning for breakfast, millions of people avoid constipation. This delicious cereal provides necessary bulk, and yet is so good to eat that it delights the palate every day.

*You owe your family's health
this two weeks' test*

Constipation must not be neglected!* Start our test now. Mail the coupon for a free sample which shows how delicious this food is. Or order a large package from your grocer. Don't expect the one serving from the sample package to correct constipation. To be effective, bran must be eaten regularly.

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eat POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

as an ounce  of prevention



In his pursuit of success, a man is likely to forget even his health. His wife must help him preserve proper balance in the food he eats.

Every day for two weeks, eat Post's Bran Flakes with milk or cream. Its crispness and flavor will delight you. Vary the dish, if you like, with fruit or berries. It also makes marvelous muffins and bran bread.

We predict that after two weeks you will find this delicious bulk food a natural regulator, and will notice a big difference in the way you feel.

Then follow the example of millions of healthy people who eat Post's Bran Flakes every morning.

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"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"

ORPHANS' ORANGES

[Continued from page 76]

The dining car had stimulated Philip. He was no longer worried about the sleeping arrangements and showed no surprise when he found his seat made into a bed and curtained. Mrs. Howd was not visible, nor her daughters, and Mr. Howd said he was going to smoke and turned a beaming face to be kissed. Then a kindly colored man was unlacing Philip's shoes and he fell asleep wondering if the orphans had had their supper in the dining car.

NEXT afternoon he had nothing to do but wait in the lobby and think about his plan. For although the sleeping car, the theater, the hotel, the toy departments of the great stores, gave him interludes of forgetfulness, musing contentment, or amazed delight, the gnawing feeling was always waiting for him. It was like hoping a toothache wouldn't come back. You played furiously and imagined you were carefree, but you knew that tonight the ache would start again.

Philip studied the door man, first from a distance and then by creeping near and he made his plans. Mr. Howd had said the man knew everything, and especially how to take care of little boys. He was a very tall large man—so tall that Philip doubted if he had heard his first faint inquiry from the step of the entrance.

"Can you tell me where I can get an orphan?"

The doorman's face was very red and fierce and he had a large brown mustache. Standing there waiting for an answer, Philip was frightened. But just as he was on the point of shrinking back into the lobby, the man smiled. He bent and put his red face close to Philip's thin white one.

"Chicago's full of 'em. But what do you want with an orphan?"

The boy was in a panic. How could he make things clear to this splendid man in green and gold?

"I'm with Mr. Belmont," he managed to say, thinking that might make things clear.

"Yes, I know. Mr. Belmont told me to keep an eye on you. I've known him for years. I thought maybe you was an orphan he was taking to Iowa."

"I'm going to be his little boy for a while. I... I thought that if I could find an orphan... a real nice one... He would have a little boy for all the time."

The doorman straightened up and began to laugh; then he stopped suddenly. "You've got a daddy of your own there. You're just borrowed." He stooped and took Philip's chin in his hand.

"You're homesick."
"I don't know. Only, if Mr. Howd had a boy who had no father or mother..."

"You're right. That's what he needs. But... you better try to stay by him the Summer, anyhow."

"Do you suppose I could get him an orphan in Iowa?"

Again the man began to laugh; and again he checked himself. "Yes; I think you can. Now you go back in and wait till Mr. Belmont comes in."

And so it happened Philip saw Mr. Howd hurrying through the crowd toward him almost before he was settled at the foot of his pillar; and then the green and gold door man was tucking them into a cab with funny little round

windows and a little trap door in the roof through which Mr. Howd gave directions to the driver up behind.

Mr. Howd told Philip to kneel on the seat and look out at the white-caps of Lake Michigan, and surprisingly soon, he was holding Mr. Howd's hand and looking at bears in great cages right outdoors. That one, Mr. Howd remarked, had been his own little boy's favorite bear. If Philip liked he could adopt him and in that way keep him in the family.

But he did want to please Mr. Howd, he was sure about that. He knew now the grown-up daughters and Mrs. Howd did not feel about him like Mr. Howd; not in the same snugly way, anyhow. But he wanted to make Mr. Howd happy and—he admitted it to himself now—he also wanted to go home. He

wanted to be back in Brownsburg in his bare feet, wearing his old corduroys and his suspenders. He wanted to sleep in the low, hot half-story and eat at the table on the back porch with Henry, and John, and Father. And he wanted to slide through the partly opened door into Mother's room evenings when she was better. He wanted to go with the fellows and see the circus unload.

If he just knew how to get an orphan he could go home. But the only person he had to talk to about it was the door man and he hadn't been very helpful. Perhaps he would be today. Anyhow, Philip knew he had to see.

So he went to the entrance and stood looking out into the rain while his friend helped some ladies out of a cab. The door man saw him and said "Hello there, Philip," and followed the ladies inside with their satchels.

Just then there passed along the crowded sidewalk a man and a boy who caught and held Philip's gaze as his heart began to pound. The man had the boy by the hand and was hurrying him along. The boy was about Philip's size. The magical thing about him was that he had the same look as those boys in the station in Pittsburgh and as he walked clutched an orange in the same way. An orphan! Here was an orphan within reach, where Philip could stop him, beg the man to come back and wait and see Mr. Howd and hear about the wonderful chance to go to Iowa and be Mr. Belmont's little boy!

They were half way down the square when Philip realized his chance. So, with his eye on that spot of yellow that was the orange in the boy's hand, dashed down the street through the rain. The pair started across an intersecting street a dozen steps ahead of him and reached the opposite walk as he was caught by the carriage and wagon stream and forced back to wait. But he was a good runner. Across this and two more streets he raced, drenched, hatless, panting, looking again through the dark forest of moving men and women, down the wet street for the boy with the orange.

He ran and ran; and as he ran and could not bring them into view again he felt that awful thing in the throat that always made a fellow cry when he wanted to do his best.

You couldn't run on these pavements as you could in Brownsburg; the gutters and curbs were slippery. He floundered on conscious that he was

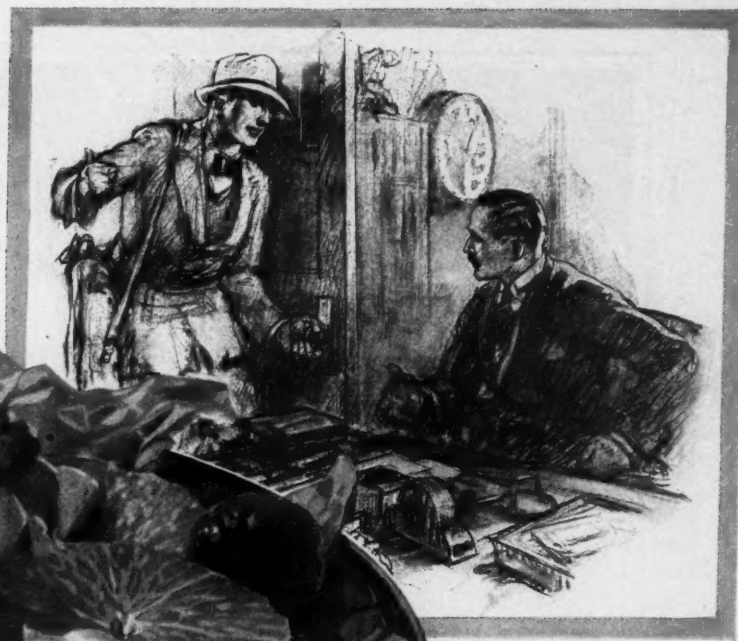
[Continued on page 81]



Here's your salad
----in 10 minutes!

Orange and Strawberry
Salad

Center of oranges and pineapple sliced, and marshmallows. Base of head lettuce. Filling of mayonnaise. Garnished with four unhulled strawberries and a walnut kernel.



John Rivers, hard worker, but good player, too, stepped into Bill Martin's office with his golf clubs. "Come on, Bill, you need an afternoon in the country."
"Well, I suppose I do, John, but I just haven't the energy to play. I just can't seem to get going nowadays."
(From "Telling Fortunes with Foods" offered in coupon below.)

Delicious ~ Refreshing ~ Appetizing

And there is now a new health reason for serving twice as many salads like it, in the future. Send coupon below for two very interesting books

WOMEN by millions know that oranges are a boon to those who want to serve attractive, healthful meals with the least expenditure of time and labor. That's because oranges are so convenient and so good for you.

It is interesting to say just here that for these two reasons alone ten times more orange salads are served today than ten years ago!

Oranges bring a sparkling, summer freshness to your table every day—the delicious, ripe fruit being shipped from California all through the year. Your market is never without California oranges.

And now, new prominence is being won for oranges and lemons with physicians, dietitians and all other health authorities because of a

newly recognized and distinguished service they render in the diet.

In this country, people's palates seem to favor cereals, bread, fish, meat and eggs—all very good and necessary, but *acid-forming* foods.

Unless balanced with fruits, vegetables and milk, these foods result in Acidosis, the underlying factor, or a beginning or result or complication of many of our common and some of our most serious ills, such as "high blood pressure," diabetes, etc.

Paradoxical as it may seem, both oranges and lemons, although known as *acid* fruits, have an *alkaline* reaction in the body. Your doctor will verify this scientific fact.

These fruits, therefore, are two of the most potent correctives and preventives of Acidosis that your physician or your dietitian knows.

Orange salads—dainty, appetizing and delicious—afford an easy, quick, convenient and a most attractive measure of insurance against this malady in your household. The Medical Profession everywhere is recommending them.

Thus it is that orange salads and desserts serve beneficially in several ways.

This fruit carries its own appetizers in its organic mineral salts which are direct digestive aids also.

So you never tire of oranges. And they help you to get full nutrition from all your other foods.

California Sunkist Oranges
UNIFORMLY GOOD

—Richest Juice
—Finest Flavor



Sunkist Oranges from California are especially selected for their quality, yet cost no more than ordinary kinds.

They are firm but tender, easy to peel, slice and segment, and the consistency is such that a fork or spoon readily breaks up the pieces in a salad or dessert—a quite desirable feature in such foods.

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Dept. 607, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, Calif.
Please send me without cost or obligation the following as I have checked below:
☐ FREE Valuable booklet, "Telling Fortunes with Foods." Includes explanation of Acidosis and authoritative suggestion for its prevention and correction. Also furnishes normal anti-acidosis and safe reducing diets approved by a famous diet specialist.
☐ FREE "Sunkist Recipes" for oranges and lemons, suggesting varied and attractive uses.
Name.....
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City..... State.....



Let us send you two free books—"Sunkist Recipes" and "Telling Fortunes with Foods," the latter including both normal Anti-acidosis and safe "Reducing" diets and explaining Acidosis in detail. Clip the coupon now, before you turn the page, and mail to us today.



New Suggestions for Summer Salads

WITH DELICIOUS AND EASILY PREPARED DRESSINGS

Selected from

"THE MODERN METHOD OF PREPARING DELIGHTFUL FOODS"

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

THE average diet needs bulk—which green salads supply. As nature's "sun foods"—salads contain plenty of vitamins and minerals essential to proper nutrition.

In summer, especially, salads are popular. Fresh fruits and vegetables are plentiful and cheap. Easily and quickly prepared—and served with a delicious dressing—crisp, refreshing salads are oftentimes the main part of summer meals—cooling and healthful.

The recipes for dressings are simple and economical to make—you can prepare any of them as quickly as you do the salads.

APPLE AND GRAPE SALAD

COMBINE equal parts of apple cut in match-like strips and halved and seeded Malaga or Tokay grapes with plain French or French Fruit Dressing to moisten. Serve in nests of lettuce garnished with cream cheeseballs.

SUPPER FRUIT SALAD COMBINATIONS

- 1—Equal parts of diced apple, celery and seeded grapes and a few chopped nut meats, and Whipped Cream Mayonnaise to moisten. Serve on lettuce.
- 2—Alternating slices of fresh peach and pear, served on lettuce with Whipped Cream Mayonnaise, to which a little candied ginger or a few chopped nut meats have been added.
- 3—Equal parts of stoned red cherries, fresh or canned diced pineapple and sections of orange put together with Whipped Cream Mayonnaise. Garnish with lettuce and a few filberts if desired.

A NEW SALAD DRESSING

1 egg
2 tablespoons sugar
1½ teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons dry mustard
4 tablespoons Argo Cornstarch
(All measurements should be level)

PUT egg, sugar, seasoning, vinegar and Mazola in mixing bowl, but **DO NOT STIR**. Make a paste by mixing the Argo Cornstarch with ½ cup water, add additional ½ cup water and cook over slow fire, stirring constantly until it boils and clears up.

Add hot cornstarch mixture to ingredients in mixing bowl and beat briskly with Dover egg beater. Cool before serving.

FRENCH DRESSING FOR FRUIT SALADS

¾ cup Mazola
1 tablespoon Karo,
Red Label
3 tablespoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon paprika

BEAT until thoroughly blended and use with any fruit salad.

COOKED CREAM DRESSING

¾ cup Mazola
3 tablespoons Karo,
Red or Blue Label
½ teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon cayenne
3 tablespoons Argo or
Kingsford's Cornstarch
2 eggs, beaten
1½ cups top milk
¾ cup very mild vinegar

COMBINE the Mazola, Karo, the dry ingredients and the eggs in a double boiler top. Gradually stir in the milk which should be scalded, and cook over hot water, stirring constantly until thick like white sauce; then gradually add the vinegar, heated, and beat with an egg beater until the mixture thickens again. Dilute with mild vinegar, sweet or sour cream as needed. This may be used with any meat, fruit, fish, egg or vegetable salad.

PIQUANT FRENCH DRESSING

¾ cup Mazola
1 teaspoon Karo,
Blue Label
2 tablespoons vinegar
2 tablespoons chow-chow
½ teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon paprika

BEAT well and serve with any vegetable, fish or cheese salad.

SHREDDED ORANGE OR GRAPE FRUIT

PEEL one large orange or half grape fruit and shred the pulp. Add one-half cup plain French Dressing and serve with romaine or lettuce cut in quarters. Garnish with slices of snappy cheese.

LETTUCE, ROMAINE OR CRESS DRESSED AT THE TABLE

ARRANGE well-crisped lettuce or other salad greens in a good-sized salad bowl. Place beside it cruets containing vinegar and Mazola and salt, pepper and paprika shakers. For salad for six, measure three tablespoons Mazola and pour into the salad. Turn over and over with the salad fork and spoon and add salt, pepper, paprika and one and one-half tablespoons vinegar. Continue turning until the leaves look a little wilted.

VEGETABLE SALAD COMBINATIONS

- 1—Combine one cup shredded cabbage, one-half cup grated raw carrot, one-half cup shredded apple and sections from one orange with French Dressing or Mazola Salad Dressing.
- 2—One pint cooked kidney beans and one tablespoon little pickled onions (minced) combined with Mazola Salad Dressing. Serve on lettuce and garnish with cooked asparagus tips.

What More Can Be Expected of A Fine Salad Oil?

A smooth, bland flavor that appeals to every appetite—

A quality and uniformity that blends well and quickly with all salad ingredients—

Purity and delicacy to tempt the most particular palate—

A wholesomeness characteristic of the full-ripened corn kernels from which Mazola comes—

Plus an economy in price that no thoughtful woman can afford to overlook.

These are the facts that justify Mazola's challenge:

Search the world over—pay what you will—you can find no finer salad oil than Mazola.

The recipes on this page are taken from Ida Bailey Allen's remarkable book "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods." It contains over 300 new, unusual recipes, suggestions and valuable hints on the care of the home. See coupon below.



CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY
P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York City.
Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin)—please send me my copy of "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods."

NAME
ADDRESS
TOWN STATE

ORPHANS' ORANGES

[Continued from page 78]

falling behind. In the rain these Chicago streets were like November night at home, with store windows lighted.

He must catch that boy with the orange now if he was to catch him at all. He dashed through everything—and that was why, at the opposite gutter, his foot in its patent leather pump went into a hole and he fell, his head striking a fire plug.

To the policeman who came when the crowd gathered around, Philip could not give an account of himself to the police station. He knew he belonged to Mr. Belmont but he didn't know the name of his hotel.

At the station waiting for Mr. Howd to come and claim him—for the policeman behind the high desk soon found by telephone the hotel which had a Mr. Belmont registered—Philip saw he had made more trouble for his friend. His clothes were soaked and muddy; he had a long gash in his forehead; and the train for Wellington probably had gone.

When Mr. Howd came slowly into the room Philip could not look at him but sat staring at the floor. Then he felt Mr. Howd's hand on his shoulder and heard him ask gently: "Why did you run away?"

Philip looked up surprised. "I didn't run away. I was trying to catch a boy with an orange."

"Orange? You could have had plenty of oranges in the hotel."

"But I wanted to catch the boy. He was an orphan, because he had an orange in his hand like those in Pittsburgh. I wanted to get him for you!"

"You say you wanted to get an orphan for me?"

Philip could only nod against Mr. Howd's watch chain. He was sobbing violently.

"So he could take your place? Is that it?" Mr. Howd was speaking very low. "I see. Well, let's get a cab and go back to the hotel."

They stood in the doorway of the hotel bedroom where Mrs. Howd was waiting among her satchels. "We've just got thirty minutes, Howard," she said. "We'll have to take Theodore in his dirt and blood."

"No," said Mr. Howd. "Please pack a valise with some night things for me and Philip. And put in Philip's old clothes. You and the girls go on home. I'm taking the boy back to Brownsburg tonight—back home."

Philip looked up in amazed delight. "I thought you'd be . . . you're not mad at me because I didn't catch that orphan for you?"

He felt Mr. Howd's hand coming around his neck presently, touching his cheek, pulling his head against his side.

"No; I'm not mad about that. I'm glad . . . glad you didn't catch him. But we've got to hurry. We need a black bass before we get on the Pittsburgh train tonight."

CHAINED EAGLES

[Continued from page 23]

He did not answer. The bitter young mouth worked, straightened, worked again, and the next moment this woman who had never known the art of loving was holding against her breast the face of a desperate boy who was frankly weeping.

Ann put the boy to work. There were a thousand things about the ranch which a man could do and which had been beyond her knowledge and which took a man's knack in handling.

One day she came upon him standing in the yard beside her regal captive. The broken wing was healing. It was beginning to respond to the everlasting efforts of the shoulder muscles to lift it to its place. Ann had often noticed that ceaseless effort, a sustained, regular, patient recurrence.

"He's bold an' noble," she said admiringly, "he was borned to th' air an' th' high skies. Freedom, an' th' right to live and mate and do his duty by nestlings. Them's his dreams—an' he keeps liftin' an' liftin' on that useless wing because he don't forget 'em. He don't give up. He's makin' that wing ready, so if a chance ever comes—if a miracle ever opens that leg strap—"

She spread her toil hardened hands in a gesture infinitely wide, infinitely comprehensive.

But the boy who watched with somber eyes saw more than this promise of happiness in the cloud-king's plight.

"He's serving time, maybe," he told Ann one starlit night when they two sat together in the open door. "Perhaps it was for something he did—maybe he tried to kill some animal stronger than he figured—lost a fight that meant death to something else. Maybe he's paying."

Ann sat thoughtful. "Mebby," she assented, "it's possible. Though 'twas more likely some fool city hunter tryin' out a high-power rifle. But we do

pay for our sins, one way or another, an' should."

"I—I've been thinking so—myself," said the boy presently, "an' unpaid debt—it's a bitter load, as you told me that first day. I find it so."

Ann Satridge's heart leaped with something fine. She reached out and laid her hand on the speaker's firm young arm. "Son," she said with a lilt in her voice, "your redemption's settin' in! When we become convicted of unworthiness we're beginnin' to listen to th' Still Small Voice!"

"I've been listening for some time," he said miserably, "I'm sick with listening! Maybe—I—should go back and give myself up."

"When you reach that conclusion," said Ann Satridge gently, "th' soul's alive in you, an' you are honorable already. A man would tell you to go and do that very thing—an' many a woman would. An' I have been waitin' to hear you say so, myself. But I don't say so. Th' bitter walls of a prison don't make for gold to shine in the heart an' spirit, an' never did, though I ain't one to advise against th' rightful punishment of crime. But there's circumstances. Crime is crime—but you never got that money."

"I meant to," said the boy, choking, "I held the horses in the dry wash—"

"Well—your soul was a thief's soul then. Now it's a repentant sinner's. Take th' eagle yonder. He's only waiting, mopin' his heart out. The good is not yet with him. It's in th' future. When he's healed he'll go find it. You're healed now of thievery. I know in my innermost heart that if all th' banks in Oregon was to be open to-night, unguarded, they'd be safe from you. Wouldn't they?"

"God! Yes!" cried the boy.

"Then you're well, an' ready to go find th' good of the future. I want you

[Continued on page 82]

A thrill for summer appetites . . . relief for "summer nerves"



POSTUM . . . hot or iced

DOESN'T summer sort of "get" you at times? Your appetite flags—you can't sleep at night—you're "touchy" during the day.

Physicians warn to be careful of your diet. Torrid days and hot, sticky nights are enervating enough without overtaxing your nerves with harmful mealtime stimulants.

Try this simple diet change—Postum in place of caffein beverages! Try it for your appetite's sake! Try it for those "summer nerves"!

You'll find Postum's flavor refreshingly different—rich and mellow. Millions prefer this flavor to that of any other mealtime drink!

You'll find, too, that Postum never "gets on your nerves", never keeps you awake, or affects digestion. For Postum contains no caffein.

Postum is made of whole wheat and bran, blended and roasted, with a little sweetening added. Served hot or iced, it makes a delicious drink, with an appealing flavor all its own. And it's so easy to prepare! You can make it right at the table!

The best way to test Postum's benefits is to make it your mealtime drink for thirty days. Then, on a basis of results, decide if you will ever go back to caffein. Four out of five decide "No!"

Carrie Blanchard, food demonstrator, will help you start your 30-day test.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"Let me send you, free, one week's supply of Postum, with my personal directions for preparing it, as a start on the 30-day test."

"Or if you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup."

"Please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

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MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

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I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum.
Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of
INSTANT POSTUM . . . ☐ Check
(prepared instantly in the cup) which you
POSTUM CEREAL . . . ☐ prefer
(prepared by boiling)

Name

Street

City State

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CO., LTD.
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario.

ICED POSTUM MADE WITH MILK

Dissolve eight level teaspoonfuls of Instant Postum in half a cup of boiling water.

Mix with three and one-half tall glasses of cold milk.

Sugar to taste, and serve with a little cracked ice.

ICED POSTUM MADE WITH WATER

Dissolve eight level teaspoonfuls of Instant Postum in half a cup of boiling water.

Mix with three and one-half tall glasses of cold water.

Sugar to taste, and cream. Serve with cracked ice.

This is a sufficient quantity for four tall glasses. More, or less, may be made in the same proportions. The attractiveness of either drink is increased by putting a tablespoonful of whipped cream on the top of each glassful—or beating into the drink, with an egg-beater, a heaping tablespoonful of vanilla ice cream for each glassful. If ice cream is used, no cracked ice is needed.



L. & P. Inc.

This will cool your children's sun-scorched skin

SUNSHINE is good—taken in small doses until the skin gets accustomed to it. But children, your children, won't do that. They'll play long hours under the blazing sun—and get badly sun-scorched. When that happens, gently smooth in Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. It cools sun-scorch immediately. Takes out the heat. Makes the skin feel soft and fresh again.

But better still—use Hinds Cream to *prevent* sun-scorch. Before your children go out, smooth Hinds Cream into their skin. Dust powder lightly over it. Then there'll be no sun-scorch! Because, you see, Hinds Cream, with powder over it, prevents it. Gives the gentle protection the sensitive skin of a child needs.

The coupon below will bring you a sample bottle of Hinds Cream. Send for it today.

HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM

Made by A. S. Hinds Co., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. In Canada, A. S. Hinds Co. (Canada) Limited. Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.



Buy Hinds Cream in the 50c. and \$1.00 sizes. You get more at less cost.

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors, Dept. 368 Bloomfield, N. J.
Send me a sample bottle of HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM, the protecting cream for the skin.

Name _____

Address _____

This coupon not good after July, 1929

CHAINED EAGLES

[Continued from page 81]

to promise me that you will do so."

"I do," came the young voice, muffled and throaty.

"Then," said Ann Satridge, "God Almighty is givin' you another chance."

THE full tide of Summer flowed languorously away. One day sitting as was their wont at twilight in the doorway, this woman with the wanderer's soul, told for the first time in her life of the dream that obsessed her.

"It's just got to be, sometime, someday," she said with a thrill in her practical voice, "it seems that was what I was borned fer. I've got to look on foreign lands, on waters without shores, on th' desert sands with their yellor waves an' clumps of palm trees. An' I know as well that I'll go, as that the sun will rise an' shine tomorrow."

EARLY in September the fierce-eyed captive folded the healed wing prim and close along his body. The ceaseless effort had borne good fruit. The muscles, from their constant contraction and relaxation, had become firm. Hours at a time the great bird would stand balanced on spread talons and stretch both wings to their utmost, resting as it were on air, poised, ready, waiting, quivering with breathless eagerness, yet never once trying to rise. It seemed that he knew full well the limitations of the thin chain. But the burning fire in the golden eyes was intensified a thousand fold. They looked far and away over the rim of the world, searching for the life that waited there.

"Soon," said Ann, watching. "It'll be soon now," and her own heart leaped. Veritably she felt the flowing of the wind beneath those shining pinions.

AND then one day Destiny laid a finger lightly on the high ranch.

It was near noon-time of a golden day and Ann was busy in the scoured kitchen. She had set the table and wheeled her father's battered old chair in. The boy was drying his freshly washed face on the long roller towel that hung beside the window where the rose vines grew, when the two hounds set up an alarm.

With one glance down the winding trail that led to the distant county road the woman reached towards the table and swept off one plate, one knife and fork, one cup and saucer. She leaped to the back door and threw them all as far as she could send them—an unthinkable breakage. She flung out an arm and gently pushed the boy behind the open door.

"Ann!" cried John Satridge, "you gone stark mad?"

She turned upon him warning eyes that threatened, and the old man closed his open mouth.

When the three men coming up the trail reached the cabin door Ann Satridge was just placing on the table, set for two, a tureen of steaming beans.

"How'dy do, Miss Ann," said Sheriff Al Benson, removing his broad hat and wiping his forehead. "How'dy, John. Hate t' trouble you, but we're lookin' through th' hills and couldn't pass."

"Trouble nothin'," said Ann setting down the dish, "you're just in time for dinner. Come in an' set."

Nothing loath the Sheriff did so, introducing his companions—government officials, he said, come all the way from Oklahoma on the track of a man. Robbery—bank stuff. A gang of five. Three had been apprehended but two were still at large—one a boy, a slim boy, fair, blue-eyed, five-feet-nine,

about nineteen years old. Such a person had been seen in the valley town thirty miles below. Had they, by any chance, seen anyone of like description?

"No," said Ann, "No, they hadn't—hadn't been a stranger in this house since April, when Aunt Milly Dyer from up on Beaver Dam had stopped over two days, going and coming down to the Valley."

So the meal went by in leisurely manner and the officers left immediately after they had finished.

IT was twilight, four days later. Ann Satridge had sent a letter on the stage down to the bank in the Valley. In due time she got a return—a plain sealed package, firm and heavy, of the size of an ordinary banknote. That was what it contained, a beautiful thick pile of them, six years' worth. She opened and gloated over them in the privacy of her bare little room. It would have been beyond human nature not to have done so, for those six years had been so heavy, so work-filled, so barren of anything but self-denial and dreams.

And yet she tied them back in their wrapping again with a smile on her grim lips, a bold smile that was neither forced nor self-pitying.

She laid the package in the boy's trembling hands out in the scented dark. She had purposely gone far from the house, down to where the little stream talked unceasingly to its boulders and its moss.

"I can't take it, Miss Ann!" the boy said doggedly, "I'd be a worse thing than I am after all you've done for me! I can't!"

"You will," said Ann Satridge, "do you think I'm goin' to be balked in the only chance I ever had t' do somethin' fer the world? Use it rightly, an' go, son—go far. I think there's chances in Australia—sheep, they say. Go to Sydney. An' six years from now—six years from now—this month, you come every day to the biggest hotel in that there town an' ask for Ann Satridge. If I'm livin' I'll be there sometime in September, six years from now. If I don't show up you'll know I'm dead. But if I do I'll expect to find a man. A man who's makin' good—to life an' God—an' to my expectations. Now good-by."

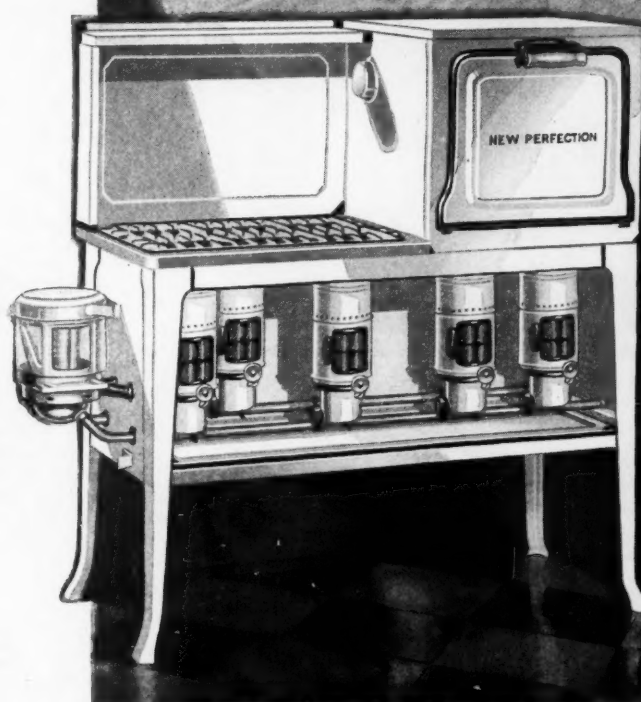
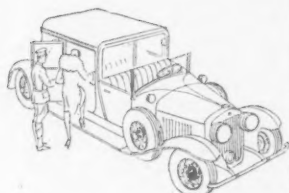
She pushed him gently away. But the boy reached out and clung to her, weeping against her breast as he had that first day. He did not speak but he kissed her as though she were his mother and he whimpered with the grief of parting.

THE next day Ann Satridge stood and watched the captive at his stake, his feathers shining like burnished copper, the tall spike of his fierce head turned to the sun, his golden eyes wild with longing.

She went in and came back with a heavy piece of denim and a small sharp knife. Stepped near as if to place food before him she made one broad fling of the cloth, from the back, hooding the head, binding back and up the great wings. She had made the catch when he was at the extreme limit of his chain, and she pushed him farther so that one leg with its terrible talons was stretched and anchored. There was a struggle but Ann finally ran her left hand down the free leg, holding it fast with the eagle's body clamped under her arm, while with her right she slipped the thin blade, sharpened for the purpose, under the leather band. She loosed all holds and flung away.

[Continued on page 84]

BEAUTIFUL AND EFFICIENT AS THE MODERN AUTOMOBILE



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in kitchen luxury

.. *a full porcelain enamel
oil-burning range!*

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Up-to-the-minute cooking performance—the new Perfection range has them all! Everything you could possibly want in a stove is here. Twenty-seven modern features!

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This range is one of 24 splendid new models, priced from \$17.50 to \$154.00. There are new, light colors on even the lowest-priced stoves. And, for the first time on any stove, a new, durable lacquer finish, Perfectolac, like that on the modern automobile.

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Beauty Made Her the Equal of Court Ladies

NELL GWYN'S PRETTY FACE MADE HER STAR OF THE STAGE—AND WON HER THE KING'S FAVOR

NELL GWYN was born off Drury Lane, London, about 1650. And there she might have lived and died—unheard of, unremembered, save for . . . *Beauty*. An orchid of the slums, she became street pedlar, orange girl, actress—and finally favorite of the King.

Samuel Pepys—that delightful diarist—never wearied of praising her. King Charles II—a “witty and learned” monarch—completely lost his heart to her, establishing her at court.



“PRETTY NELLY—THE ORANGE GIRL”
(From the Painting by Sir Peter Lely)

This portrait is one of the famous “Beauties” formerly at Windsor Castle, and now preserved at Hampton Court Palace.



MAY-DAY IN DRURY LANE
Pepys writes of “many milkmaids with garlands upon their pails”, saying he saw pretty Nelly standing at her lodgings door, looking “a mighty pretty creature”.

CHARLES II

He is said to have remarked after seeing one of his portraits: “Is this like me? Then, odd’s foot! I am an ugly fellow”.



That “peaches and cream” complexion which so delighted Sir Peter Lely—when he painted her portrait—was one of Nell Gwyn’s greatest charms.

Today, women know how to win such complexions for themselves. They rightly estimate a flawless skin a vital asset to beauty.

A clear, transparent skin—through which color glows alluringly, under which blood pulses healthfully, renewing waste and nourishing tissues—can be gained by the three simple steps of The Melba Technique. It is the perfect cleansing, nourishing, and “finishing” treatment—one that *your face deserves*.

THE MELBA TECHNIQUE—

The Easy Way to Skin Beauty

First—Cleanse the Skin—with Melba Skin Cleanser. Spread it over the face, neck, throat, in generous measure. Over your elbows, too! It melts as soon as it comes in contact with your skin and *flushes* the pores of all impurities—dust, powder, rouge. Remove it with soft tissue.

Second—Nourish the Skin—use Melba Tissue Cream. Pat it into your skin. Beat a rapid tattoo with light, firm fingers, *lifting, lifting* the muscles. Give special care to the corners of your eyes and mouth. Blood comes tumbling, tin-

gling, dancing into your face; nourishing sunken tissues!

Third—“Finish” the Skin—with Melba Vanishing Cream! You will exclaim as your finger dips into the jar—this cream is so smooth, so white, so fluffy, so greaseless! It’s almost as cool as ice! It makes your face *glad*! Over it you need dust only the slightest film of Melba “Lov’me” Face Powder, and you are exquisite!

Use the coupon below to order the trial box.

Send Today!



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235 Spring Street, New York City
New York Chicago Toronto Paris Los Angeles
For 25c (stamps or coin) enclosed, send me samples of the 3 fine Melba Creams—with booklet: “The Melba Technique The Way to charm”.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

CHAINED EAGLES

[Continued from page 82]

For a second the great bird lay still. She caught a corner of the cloth and flipped it free.

Slowly the eagle righted himself, sitting for a moment dazed. Then he stood up. He lifted his wings, shook them, spread them wide, a splendid gleaming arc. The golden eyes looked up to the sun—to the wide blue vault.

A little more he leaned—and then, softly, almost without effort he took the air—moved those expert pinions—launched himself into the space that lay before the dropping slant. Like a great copper disc he sailed out, slanting down a little, his fierce head shot far forward, breathless as it were, with the miracle of freedom. He was beautiful beyond words, the sun upon him, outlined against the green of the hill—sailing away, the wind beneath his wings.

The wind beneath his wings! The sweet wind, the flowing free wind! There were tears in the woman’s eyes as she saw him go—saw the broad disc tilt out into space—and presently, circling, she saw it begin to rise, spiral on spiral, steadily, beautifully, toward the high skies where swept all the free tides of the winds.

With a sigh of great joy in that untrammelled flight Ann Satridge turned back—to her own chains.

SIX years passed. John Satridge passed with them, selfish to the last. The Summers drowsed away in the high Cascades, the Winters banked in with snow. Rains fell and flowers bloomed. Sometimes the lonely woman, watching an eagle tilting in the blue, smiled with that light of wistfulness in her brown eyes.

But on the fifteenth day of a certain September Ann Satridge disembarked in Sydney and made certain of

the best hotel. And on the sixteenth, at two o’clock in the afternoon, the bell in her room rang and the desk-clerk said, “Miss Satridge—a gentleman to see you.”

He was in the lobby, his fair head still bleached by sunlight, his eyes smiling.

They struck hands and smiled at one another.

“It is well with you,” said Ann with conviction.

“Very well,” he answered, “I have much to show you—a lease on a goodly piece of bush—sheep—a home. Come and see—I’ll take you now—”

“Of course,” she said, “I can’t stay long you know—I’m only well started. There’s Singapore yet—and Johannesburg—and Egypt, I think—”

“Sure,” said the man, “and I’ll add to those Paris and Milan—and any others you may fancy. Six years is a short time when one is busy, but I’ve worked and planned and saved, Miss Ann—oh, like the very devil, if you’ll excuse me—and there’s a package in a bank here almost the size of the one you gave me in the Oregon hills. Enough, anyway, to put more wind under the wings of the boldest, bravest, noblest eagle in this world—”

“Son,” said Ann Satridge, “I’m drunk on flight, an’ Heaven only knows where I’ll end up—washin’ dishes in a restaurant in Cairo, mebbly—but there couldn’t anything give me more joy than this sight of you with every earmark on you of makin’ good. First you get me the sailin’ dates for the best boat out for Africa, and then we’ll go on out to these sheep of yours an’ talk over the whole six years. I want to see what interest my investment’s paid in th’ gold of manhood. Get them dates, son, and don’t forget—th’ best an’ biggest boat.”

PARADISE POACHERS

[Continued from page 17]

the horse’s hoofs, saw it turn to the bush or the store and disappear.

Back for eleven o’clock tea. And Uncle Andrew came out from the sitting room, with eyes suspiciously bright, and with a faint, odd smell of cloves about him. Lunch came, served by cannibal houseboys in beads and flowers. Afterwards a sleep. Another bath. More tea. And with tea, perhaps came the Starkeys.

Mrs. Starkey had a marvellous pink complexion, and the deepest dimples, the reddest lips, the most perfect set of teeth, that one could hope to see. Good humor sat upon her face; here, you felt, was a generous, kindly soul.

On the “Orient” boat, she had been an unquestioned success; had turned the heads of almost everyone and attracted to herself such as she pleased of the men.

The “little bird” of the ship reported that the Starkeys were hard up; that some mysterious downfall had banished them from the Eastern paradise of Burma, and was driving them forth into the outer darkness of Australian pioneer country. All the same, they went first class, and the lady’s frocks of marvellous Burma silks, and her pendants of Burma rubies, and necklaces of Chinese jade, belied the thought of poverty.

A broken mirror-shard of recollection, began to trouble Joannet as she watched her. She had certainly seen Mrs. Starkey before; in what circumstances . . . she could not remember. Joannet,

as a young child, had traveled up and down to Sydney countless times; about the islands; home to her parents’ land of quiet Devon, on that last memorable visit of the Fields’ so short a time before little Joannet became an orphan. On which of the journeyings had Mrs. Starkey flitted before her eyes?

In Kaitupi, the fancy of having seen her before seemed to have died. But she was agonizingly sure, before many days had gone by, that she did not wish to see her again. She would have given her eyelashes to know that the Starkeys were leaving Kaitupi; at least, leaving it before Peter Hardy.

To Joannet, hitherto heart-free, had chanced the extraordinary meeting with great love that comes so often too late . . . She had not hesitated. She knew the glorious thing for what it was. She knew that Hardy was a silent and reserved man; yet he had told her much about his home, his boyhood, when he sat by her deck chair in the endless, starlight shipevenings, talking of the world he had seen, the men he had known. Not the women! To hear him, you might have thought that Peter Hardy never had looked a woman in the face—unless you had been Joannet Field, nineteen, with love’s lightnings shaking the small hand that lay, in the dusk of the after deck, so very close to his. Then, you would have known, with triumph, that other women too had loved him, asked your-

[Continued on page 87]

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For those who make it...

Here's a way to make ice cream richer, smoother and less expensive!

Some of the best home-made ice cream in the world is made with Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Life Members of the Exalted Order of Crank Turners—epicures, male and female, who would never think of letting a little effort deter them from the matchless luxury of home-made ice cream—are always writing in to swap recipes with us and to urge us to tell the world that *ice cream* is really what Eagle Brand was created for! . . . If you have never known the luscious richness and smoothness and the really thrilling economy that comes from ice-cream making with Eagle Brand—accept these recipes!

FRESH RASPBERRY ICE CREAM

Mash two cups fresh raspberries. Blend together 1½ cups Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, 1 cup Borden's Evaporated Milk, 1 cup water and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Add berries and freeze. Pack in ice and salt for one hour or more after freezing.

MAPLE NUT ICE CREAM

Blend together 1½ cups Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, 2 cups Borden's Evaporated Milk and 1 cup water. Add 1½ tablespoons mapleine and freeze. When mixture is partly frozen add ½ cup nutmeats finely chopped, and continue freezing until stiff. Pack in ice and salt for one hour or more after freezing.

For those who buy it...

Here's a wonderful way to give ice cream a tempting home-made touch!

Of course it's only fair to admit that some people do find it impracticable to make ice cream at home. But how a quart from the confectioner's shop or the corner drug store can be glorified with one of the delicious sauces below! . . . And they're so easily and quickly made, because you don't have to worry with any tricky "thickening" process. Eagle Brand does its own thickening, thank you—emerging rich, smooth and creamy—an ice cream sauce to the queen's taste! Prove it by trying these recipes today. (N. B. They're just as good on puddings or plain cake as they are on ice cream!)

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Melt 2 squares unsweetened chocolate in double boiler. Add 1½ cups Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and stir until mixture thickens—about three minutes. Add ¼ teaspoon salt and ¼ cup or more of hot water, depending on consistency desired. Serve hot or cold.

FRUIT SAUCE

Stir together 1 cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and two tablespoons lemon juice. Add 1 cup crushed strawberries (unsweetened) and blend well. If a thinner sauce is desired add a small amount of water. (Raspberries, mashed banana or crushed pineapple may be used in place of the strawberries, in which case increase lemon juice to three tablespoonfuls.)

EAGLE BRAND

SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK



Put this richness in your coffee cup, too!

Have you ever tried Eagle Brand in coffee? It may surprise you to learn that many people write to tell us that after a short trial they find they really *prefer* it to cream. And of course the expense of the two can't be compared—for Eagle Brand creams-and-sugars your coffee at half the cost of separate cream and sugar!

Don't confuse Eagle Brand with plain canned milk. It's really two ingredients in one—a blend of pure, fresh, full-cream country milk and finest sugar. Made super-rich by the removal of most of the water. Made super-smooth by the process of blending in the sugar. And so convenient and economical because there's never any waste from spoiling. Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk keeps for days after the can is opened—even without ice! Think of the comfort of having milk like that always on your pantry shelf, ready for any emergency! . . . Of course Eagle Brand is splendid for general cooking purposes. Use it for any dish that requires both milk and sugar. Mail the coupon for a complete recipe booklet.



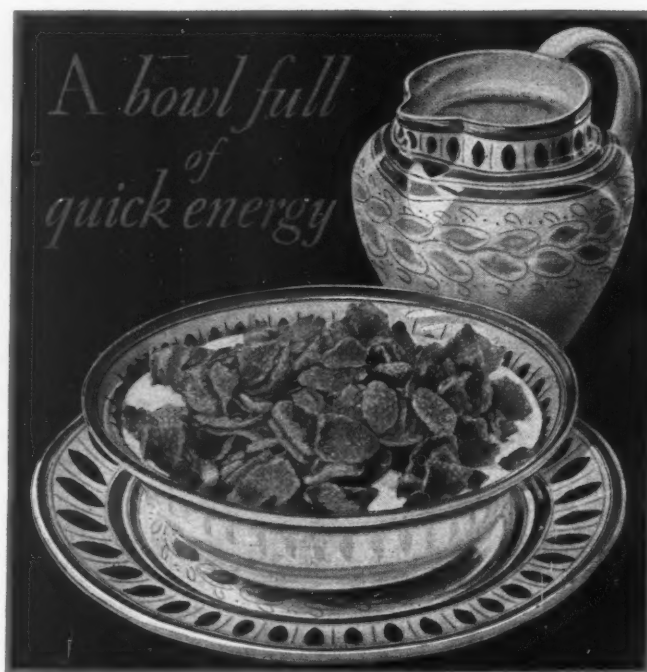
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 Borden Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
 Please send me the free recipe booklet, "New Magic in the Kitchen."

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Address

City State

POST TOASTIES THE WAKE-UP FOOD



Right out of the package—
a golden shower of quick, new energy!

FOR breakfast, a heaping bowl of crisp Post Toasties, the wake-up food! Right out of the package, like morning sunshine on the table—Post Toasties gives zest and energy for the day ahead. Flavoury and oven-crisp, quick and easy to digest, and therefore *quick to release its stored-up energy to the body*. Post Toasties is the wake-up food, rich in energy-building food elements.

Children love the flavor and crunchy crispness of these golden flakes of corn. Give them all they want, with healthful milk or cream—growing bodies need the energy that Post Toasties gives. It's the wake-up food!

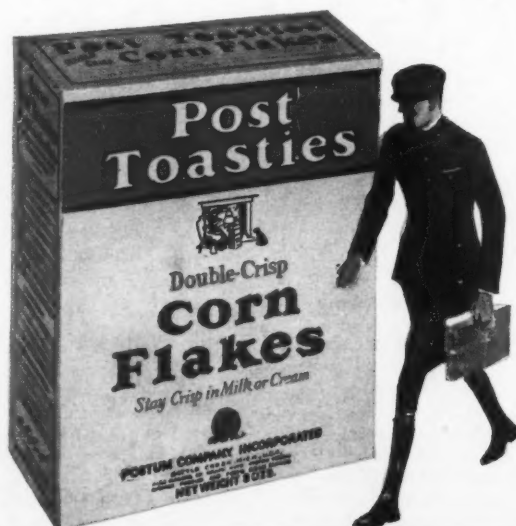
Men and women, too, find their tasks easier after a breakfast of Post Toasties. No tax to digestion, and the quick energy

that Post Toasties gives is a real help in the morning's work.

During the hot weather order Post Toasties for lunch. Have it with your favorite fresh fruits. See how delicious and how satisfying it is!—full of energy, better for you than the needless heavy lunch that burdens digestion and slows you up.

Be sure to get the genuine Post Toasties, in the red and yellow package. It's the wake-up food!

Postum Company, Incorporated, Battle Creek, Michigan. Makers of Post Health Products: Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes, Instant Postum, Post's Bran Chocolate, Postum Cereal and Grape-Nuts.



PARADISE POACHERS

[Continued from page 84]

self, with fear, where they were now?

The last night came. Joannet, a reed shaken in the wind, waited. Peter Hardy came up the companion; found her chair; in the dusk of the stars, he sat with her, late. Joannet later never knew what they talked about.

Hardy had said nothing. But she knew. She read the thought in his mind when he fell silent too; her lips were ready to meet him when he turned suddenly in his chair, and for one moment of heaven, caught her in his arms.

Then he had left her, and Joannet, alone in her chair with the great stars of New Guinea looking down, had said to herself almost fiercely. "If I were to die—if he were to die—tonight—nothing could take that from me!" In the days to come, she was to guess that in the passion of that hurried kiss, Hardy had said good-by.

They stayed in the hotel a day together; they traveled up the coast three days. Hardy came little to her, spoke little. Joannet did not understand. She followed him with questioning eyes; she was too wise, even at nineteen, to put the old foolish question—"Have I offended you?"

Six days went past at Kaitupi. Hardy had not called. She had seen him go in and out of the store taken by the Starkeys. Andrew Muswell had sent him a cordial invitation to drop in whenever he liked, but the bungalow had never yet sounded to the step that Joannet knew from any other in the world.

This afternoon it sounded to Mrs. Starkeys'. Joannet slipped out of the hammock where she had been dozing and dreaming, and went forward to welcome with due politeness the woman she disliked above any whom she knew. Uncle Andrew waddling more like a turtle than ever, was before her; it seemed he was delighted to see Mrs. Starkey.

She came up the steps with her usual, "Well-here-I-am!" air, dressed in an embroidered voile that did not spell poverty. Her deep dimples played delightfully about her mouth.

Udu the headhunter, dressed in a clean scarlet loin cloth and a great many red hibiscus blooms, handed tea. Waiwai the cannibal, who had eaten nine babies in his own village, brought round the cakes that he had been busy making.

Joannet, lying back in her chair, watching under dark eyelashes, felt sure that Mrs. Starkey had something to say. Instinct, and the knowledge of Gladys Starkey acquired during six weeks' voyaging, warned her to prepare herself as a man prepares himself for the sudden stab of the surgeon's knife.

The stab came presently between two sips of tea.

"Well, little Miss Field! and how are you passing the days away? Find it very dull? We'd be bored off our heads if it weren't for that nice boy Peter Hardy. May I bring him up some day for tea before he goes?"

Joannet turned a little pale. Mrs. Starkey's eyes raked her.

She must pull herself together; must talk . . .

"The boys are very good," she went

on, feverishly. "They don't want much looking after. I go out riding." Then she wished she had not spoken, for she could see Mrs. Starkey's reply on the red, laughing lips before it came.

"All alone—I see you sometimes. Well, everyone to his taste. Talking of taste—what do you think of this?" She showed a small gold pin set with a dainty pale pink pearl.

Joannet felt her tongue dry up; she could not have spoken. She had seen that pin before. A flame of murderous jealousy swept through her.

"A friend gave it to me," went on Mrs. Starkey, sipping her tea with slow enjoyment. "A parting gift," she went on, "which makes it more valuable."

Suddenly there came upon Joannet the conviction that Peter's pin had not been freely offered. She knew too well Mrs. Starkey, whose eyes just now sparkled with mischief, as she got up and shook

hands and said good-by.

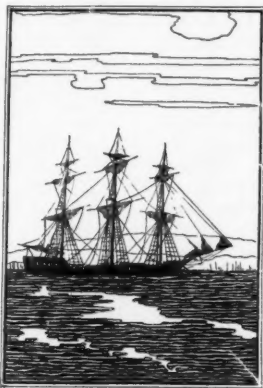
"Come again soon," Uncle Andrew cried after her. Joannet slipped away and shut the door of her hot, white painted little room. Sitting on the bed, she was sure—quite sure that the end of all things would come with the *Juanita*. When that ill-favored tub of a vessel crept up from Madang—and she was due at the end of the week—an extra, unwonted call, taking missionaries up the coast—Peter would go too. Where he would go, Joannet knew not; but she suspected the Sepik river. The very name was enough to chill her heart, after all that had been said on the steamer and in Rabaul. Fever, head-hunters, cannibals, unknown treacherous swamps, hundreds of miles of tributaries unexplored, full of peril on peril. Joannet found herself thinking more lightly of the tragedy of the pin. Didn't she know Gladys Starkey had wheedled, hinted it out of him? . . . What did pearls matter, when he was going—there?

Joannet was no fool for nineteen. She had learned already that a man, usually does what he wants to, leaves undone what he does not want to do, that subtleties are foreign to the conduct of at least one half the human race. Still—still—that kiss, in the starlight, with the new land reaching out to touch them—she could not count it nothing. She could not believe, in spite of Gladys Starkey, that he would not see her again before he went.

On the day when the boat was expected, she took her uncle's telescope out of its case and hid it away in her room. From the corner window, you could, with patience and a good glass, see the front veranda of the bachelors' quarters clearly enough to recognize anyone who might be going in or out.

ABOUT noon, Peter Hardy came down the veranda steps, and started at a brisk walk for the native village. Joannet knew where he was going; the track he had chosen led but one way. She called for her horse, flung on her riding things and was away at full gallop down the coconut avenues before Uncle Andrew had time to toddle out and ask her where the deuce she meant to go in that devil of a sun?

[Continued on page 88]



New safeguard found in Japan Tea against several common ailments

Remarkable scientific discoveries reveal rich source of a precious, health-giving food element

"STARTLING" is the word one great chemist has used to describe this discovery.

A new, simple safeguard that may help protect countless men and women against common maladies!

In fragrant cups of Japan green tea has been found a precious food element without which perfect health is impossible.

For lack of this special element, scientists now believe that countless people are needlessly troubled with minor ailments. All too often our three meals a day give us too little of this invaluable element—Vitamin C.

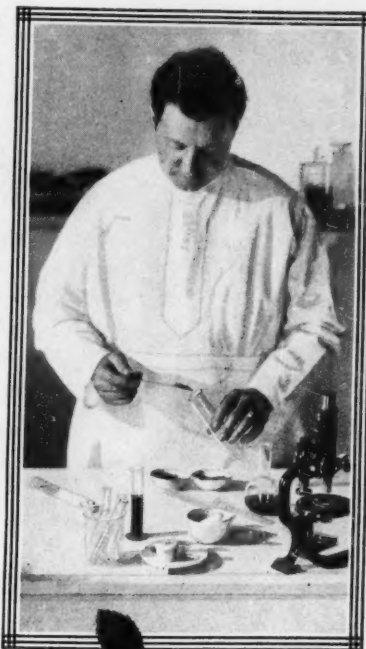
"Important to us," writes one eminent scientist, "are the results of a diet poor in Vitamin C. The symptoms are a *sallow, muddy complexion, loss of energy, fleeting pains, usually mistaken for rheumatism*. Observations during the World War and my recollection of specific cases all combine to suggest that *much of the so called rheumatism that afflicts such a large part of our people is due at least in large part to a diet too poor in Vitamin C.*"

A simple precaution

Most of the foods we eat are lacking in this wonderful element. Aside from Japan green tea, it has been found only in spinach and a few fruits and vegetables.

The startling fact now revealed by science is the richness in this all-important Vitamin C, of that familiar and delightful drink—Japan green tea. The leaves of Japan green tea bring us in abundance this health-giving food element.

If you feel "let down" and are easily tired out; if you suffer from so-called "rheumatic" pains; if your skin is *sallow* or *muddy*, take this simple precaution. Drink pleasant, flavor-laden cups of Japan green tea regularly, at lunch, at supper, in the afternoon. Profit by their rich supply of the precious food-element, Vitamin C. It is probable that you will both feel and look more vigorous—more vitally alive after a few weeks. Start this de-



Scientists have discovered a rich supply of the all-important Vitamin C in the leaves of simple Japan green tea



"The champagne of teas," so those who value the fine things of life have for years called Japan green tea. Now it is known to bring us an abundance of that health-building food element, Vitamin C



lightful health-building habit now. Whenever you drink tea, be sure it is *Japan green tea*. Grocers have it in several grades, at different prices under well known brand names. American-Japanese Tea Committee, 782 Wrigley Building, Chicago.

Lysol

Disinfectant

REG. U. S.
PAT. OFF.



Still "the girl he married"

WHEN they were first married, five years ago, they liked to dance together, go motoring together, play golf together. They still like to do those things together today. She is still the girl he married.

During the years following her marriage, she has protected her zest for living, her health and youthfulness, and "stayed young with him" by the correct practice of feminine hygiene.

But feminine hygiene, wrongly practiced, does more harm than good. Using the wrong disinfectant may lead to very serious consequences.



"Lysol" Disinfectant is sold at retail only in the brown bottle packed in the yellow carton.

Realizing this, the makers of "Lysol" Disinfectant have prepared a booklet called "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth." It gives the facts about this vital subject. Send the coupon now. The booklet will reach you in a plain envelope. It is free.

In the meantime, take no needless, dangerous chances. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant at your druggist's today. Complete, explicit directions come with every bottle.

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PARADISE POACHERS

[Continued from page 87]

She went thundering under Andrew's coconuts, on the big, unmanageable bay. Halfway down the plantation, as she was struggling with the horse, taking little notice of anything on the way, something went past her like a cannon-shot. She wrenched the bay onto the road, looked ahead, and saw, vanishing down the long glades of coconut that led inland, the quarters of a slim chestnut with a gray long coat on its back. It was Mrs. Starkey.

Joannet set her teeth. "I don't care," she said. "I don't care if a thousand Starkeys do know. And I bet this stallion can run the head off her red rat. We'll see!" She gave him a kick and felt him take the road as an engine takes the track. This was riding!

A quarter of a mile on she overtook and passed the chestnut easily. She caught the crack of Mrs. Starkey's whip, and set her teeth still tighter.

Joannet, from constant riding, knew the ways of the plantation; she suspected that Mrs. Starkey did not. If she could get far enough ahead, she could puzzle the other; ride shorewards, swing round, and take the track that led to the village without being seen. The bay was fairly bolting; it took all her strength to keep him on the road. Ahead of her the palms opened out, flying to right and left; terrified natives, dropping their tools, fled wildly out of her way. The bay had had enough by now, but she cracked him over the flank with her cane, and drove him on. In a still glade she drew rein at last, and looked about her. Mrs. Starkey was beaten.

"What was she up to?" thought Joannet as the bay trotted soberly on the track that led to the village. Joannet, the heat of the gallop out of her, had time to think, as they jiggled under the amber-green shade of the palms. The sum of her thoughts was that Mrs. Starkey would pay her back somehow. Joannet did not minimize the strength of the other woman's character; her unscrupulousness, her dangerous courage. "She is up to something, in the Territory," thought the girl.

It was not very far to the village. In three or four minutes, the horse and his rider came forth into an open, sun-baked space of ground full of brown thatch houses.

Entering the village from the plantation, you stepped, at once, from civilization to barbarism. You felt the very air change. No longer the trim avenues of palm, swept by nimble breezes; here was still air, heavy with wood-smoke and dust; here were rude fences, leaning roofs out of the perpendicular, naked men colored like the dark dust about them, squatting silent, on the platforms of the houses. Women skulked about, staring at Joannet and her horse. Small naked children rushed to hide themselves. Kaitupi was a civilized village, its people were missionized, reformed, but, to look at, it differed little from the heathen and cannibal places in the bush.

Joannet had little thought for the natives. She had seen a white coat going down the track before her, and on a sudden her heart began to play horrid tricks. The horse, as horses will, felt her thoughts through the rein; knew that they were not with him, and promptly shied at a harmless leaf.

Hardy turned round, hearing the scuffle of hoofs, and saw, a little way behind him, Joannet, slim, flushed, a lovely Amazon, mastering the great bay stallion with hand and heel . . .

"God, she's the one woman in the world!" he said to himself. What he said to Joannet, as he advanced, hel-

met half lifted, was only:—"Been for a ride? Your horse seems full of beans; why not give him a gallop?"

"I have," said Joannet, flushing as she thought of the race down the avenue.

"What about a walk now?" asked Peter, taking the bay's rein and bringing him deftly to a standstill. He knew he was breaking every resolution he had made, and he did not care. The *Juanita* had been sighted from the hill some hours ago; she would be in in another hour, and after that who knew whether he and this girl who should be his, who was not, would ever meet again? They would have their minute together; it was not much to live on.

"Pari!" he called to the tall, brown skinned native who was following him. "Lead the horse." Turning to her, he asked, "How do you like New Guinea?"

"I haven't seen very much of it yet." "No, that's true; you get a bit of scenery in these coast places, but as for anything else, you might as well be in Rabaul. Local color's pretty thick where I'm going—Sepik River."

"I wish I could see it," ventured Joannet.

"No white woman ever has. Very few white men. One or two missionaries, who're sure to get eaten some of these days. A government man, once in a month of Sundays. Recruiters, very occasionally. You might say no one."

"How do you go?" "Well, I had the chance of this boat."

"Are you recruiting?" "No. Nor missionarying. Nor gold prospecting. Just getting a home."

"You live up there?" "Yes."

"Why?" Joannet turned. "Because," he answered, "I'm that sort of man."

They were near the beach now; she could see, through the leaning trunks of palms, a prick of white sail on the blue; could guess it to be the fateful, undesired *Juanita*, coming at last.

"Why didn't you come to see us?" she got out hurriedly, stumbly.

Peter Hardy smiled. There were people who told you not to trust Hardy; but when he smiled, you knew that they were wrong.

"I didn't dare," he said, simply. Joannet wanted frantically to ask him about Gladys and the pin; but somehow—somehow—you knew that you could not ask Peter Hardy such things.

A thought struck her. She drew the pin out of her own tie—and held it to Hardy. "It's a swastika; take it—for luck!" she said, with her most innocent expression. "Now," her heart was saying, "If he's any decency—"

Peter had decency. He thanked her with eyes that sparkled like the tourmaline beach-water, and, just as she was passionately wishing him to do, pulled off his signet ring.

"Look here—dear little girl—you—you—I can't say what I want to. I'll never be able to say it. But you must keep this—just in memory." He put it on her hand. He caught the little hand, and kissed it, holding it in both his own.

A faint call came across the water. Clearly, the boat was in a hurry; she was coming in fast, with sails aspread and little engine beating.

"If ever you're in any difficulty, or distress, or things smash up with you, let me know, promise! It's a queer country; one never knows what may happen."

"Yes, I promise," answered Joannet. "When are you likely to come back from the Sepik?"

[Continued on page 90]

Don't fool yourself

Since halitosis never announces itself to the victim, you simply cannot know when you have it.



Have you tried the new Listerine Shaving Cream?
Cools your skin while you shave and keeps it cool afterward. An outstanding shaving cream in every respect.

Before any "date" -end halitosis

BEFORE any engagement where you wish to appear at your best, decency demands that you rinse the mouth with Listerine.

By so doing you eliminate any risk of offending by halitosis (unpleasant breath).

You never have it? Don't fool yourself — you simply cannot know when you have it. It doesn't announce itself to you. But it does to others and offends them.

Listerine ends halitosis because it is a powerful deodorant. Prove it this way. Rub a bit of onion on your hand—then apply Listerine clear. Immediately the odor is gone. Even the odor of fish yields to it.

Keep a bottle handy in home and office and use it. It makes you agreeable to others instead of disagreeable. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

READ THE FACTS $\frac{1}{3}$ had halitosis

68 hairdressers state that about every third woman, many of them from the wealthy classes, is halitoxic. Who should know better than they?



L I S T E R I N E

—the safe antiseptic



matrimonial  diplomacy
SHE NEVER KNEW IT TO FAIL

Some of us are natural born diplomats—never an argument over household bills—never a storm—and any bright woman can learn the secret of matrimonial harmony.

Bills will come in for this or that, as bills have a habit of doing—and now comes the diplomacy—Never show them to him until he is smilingly, happily replete with a dinner that has warmed the very cockles of his heart—

And the secret of such dinners is "that flavor called French"—the rare and distinctive flavor of French's Prepared Mustard.

A flavor neither too hot nor too mild—lively, interesting, enjoyable—the flavor of the finest imported mustard seed, blended with certain choice spices and savories according to a jealously-guarded recipe. Ask for it wherever you go.

Sign and mail the coupon NOW, and we will send you French's Flavor Talks and Flavia's interesting recipes FREE.

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PARADISE POACHERS

[Continued from page 88]

"Not at all. Give me your foot; he's a big brute. Stand, will you—Hup!"

The great horse, made fidgety by restraint, had no idea of mincing matters, once his rider was up. He took the bit firmly, and went off with a bound. Out on the beach, she wheeled him, and swung into the long avenues of the plantation again. As the thundering hoofs beat down to the first turn, she leaned back a little, head turned round . . . Yes, he was there, he was looking. She waved her hand—the hand that sparkled in the sun—and swept round the corner.

NOW descended on Kaitupi the true stagnation of the bush.

Andrew Muswell's plantation, bought from a German just before the war, had once been managed with an excess of efficiency. When the dreamy old man took it over it ran of its own impetus for a little while, and then slowed down. He left things as much as possible to a half caste "boss boy," and persuaded himself that the country would soon get out of the slough in which the war had left it.

Joannet, making her own amusement and employment, riding, cooking, mending, saw with dismay the manner in which New Guinea had dealt with Uncle Andrew. There must have been a time when he had been ready to do things, rather than offer reasons why they should not be done. He was well educated, well mannered. He had been to a good English public school; had spent years in the Indian Civil. Yet now he only ate and smoked and drank, neglected the plantation, and slept. What was the meaning of it? Was this all the work of the country and its mysterious moulding hand, or—something else?

Joannet was young; not before had the word "something" come to her loaded with the dark significance it came now to bear.

The days were long, now that she had no object, no rides, no reason for watching Peter's veranda. Joannet went to tea at the Starkeys

sometimes; she was not afraid of Gladys now. Not even when the woman of the dimples had looked at the signet ring. Peter was safe away on the Sepik, and whatever Mrs. Starkey and her silent, sullen man might be up to they were not up to that!

She could not have told how the weeks passed. New Guinea was getting hold of her. Nothing happened, and one wished nothing to happen. Infinitely far, infinitely weary, seemed even the world of Rabaul. Sydney was the edge of the earth; London another star.

Only one thing was vivid; her thoughts and dreams of Peter Hardy. She brooded much upon the puzzle presented by Hardy's behavior to herself. He had certainly meant to have done with her, after the voyage. That good-by kiss . . .

But he had given her his ring—without a question or a promise. And he had let her see he loved her—and had gone away again.

And so with brooding and wondering and hoping the days passed.

SHE was out in the garden one day when she heard some one calling her. It sounded like Uncle Andrew.

"Coming, Uncle," she cried, and

strolled slowly across the stretch of neglected grass and up the white wooden steps. Uncle Andrew was not on the veranda; not in the open hall. Udu, his brown eyes rimmed with white like the eyes of a frightened horse, came pattering from the back of the house.

"I call you, Misses," he said, breathing hard. "I think Marster he too sick . . ."

Uncle Andrew was lying on the floor of the back veranda, the sun streaming hotly upon him. He was more than ever blue and red in the face. His mouth, wide open, emitted queer, irregular snorts. He did not seem to see anything with his eyes.

Between them, the houseboys got him to bed and undressed him. Joannet kept his head up, and put a hot bottle to his feet. She sent for Mrs. Starkey, who came with her husband. They stood in Andrew's room watching that still white heap upon the bed, that never would move again.

There was no mistaking it; even Joannet, who had not before seen death, understood the meaning of the sharpened features, the breath slowing down, the little, wonderful engine that had run without a stop, pausing, coming at last to rest. Mrs. Starkey had Uncle Andrew's wrist in her fingers calmly counting aloud. "One, two," she went, "Three, four, five . . . Six . . . Seven. Eight, nine . . . Ten." After a long, thrilled pause, "Eleven." She held the thin old wrist a little longer; laid it down, and nodded to her husband. There was to be no twelve.

"She'll be best alone," was her comment. "Don't cry yourself ill; make the boys get you some dinner. It can't be helped. Come, Jack, I'll send you over our Chinese carpenter."

"Carpenter?" asked Joannet, dully. She could not understand.

"Yes, of course, for the coffin. He'll have to be buried tonight."

"She must come to us," put in Mr. Starkey, fixing Joannet with his curious, sulky-blue eyes.

"For the present," was Mrs. Starkey's answer. "Oh, yes, of course."

Come over when you've put your things together. Don't worry yourself sick; you couldn't have liked him much."

"Gladys!" remonstrated the man.

"Well, it's true; I don't see why one shouldn't say it. Nobody could have. His wife didn't. Come on, Jack; better let her alone for a bit." She pulled her husband by the sleeve, and they went out, leaving Joannet alone with all that was left of the pathetic old soul.

She dropped on the floor by the bed, and shed for the old man the first of the many tears that most of us are doomed to shed, through life, for opportunities unused, kind words never said.

THE store where the Starkeys lived was as delusively pretty as a toy. It stood not very far from the beach—for a store must consider canoes—and you went to it, whether you came from the beach or along the bush track, by paths of milky coral. It was set up on high-legged piles, like all New Guinea houses. All round the house the grass was very bright and green. The bungalow was of white-painted wood, with a scarlet iron roof. Up the supports of the ladder that led to the all-round

[Continued on page 93]





but breakfast is *not* a meal to be lightly waved aside!

WITH a thunder of hurrying feet and a swelling chorus of excuses, the break-neck breakfasters of a nation depart each morning from the breakfast table. Millions of them—men, women and children . . . How many in *your* family?

Remember this: Your galloping breakfasters go half-fed to the work of the day. They carry a handicap of lowered vitality and increased nervous strain. Indeed, breakfast is *not* a meal to be lightly waved aside!

You have the emphatic word of the nation's doctors for it. They remind you that breakfast follows the longest fast of the twenty-four hours and precedes the hardest work. They tell you that breakfast should supply *balanced nourishment*—fuel and building materials to replenish the store of energy and repair worn-out tissue.

They do not urge you to eat a *large* breakfast. But they do most earnestly advise you to make every breakfast safe by serving foods that are rich in essential elements of nutrition.

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Apparently safe with teeth so glistening white YET...



Pyorrhea

robs 4 out of 5

WHEN the regular brushing of teeth keeps them flashing as a pearl, all seems so safe.

Yet . . . there is an insidious foe which ignores the teeth and attacks the gums. Unaware of this fact, 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger sacrifice precious health. And needlessly too, because this sworn enemy of mankind—Pyorrhea, seldom attacks firm, healthy gums.

Take this precaution: Have a dentist examine your teeth and gums thoroughly at least once every six months. And start using the dentifrice that keeps teeth white and also helps to firm gums and keep them healthy.

Daily, every morning and every night, brush teeth and gums with Forhan's for the Gums.

Without the use of harsh abrasives that so often harm

tooth enamel, it cleans teeth, restores them to their natural whiteness and protects them from acids which cause decay. In addition, if used regularly and in time, it helps to keep gums firm and sound.

This dentifrice is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., for many years a Pyorrhea specialist. And it is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Astringent used by dentists in the treatment of Pyorrhetic conditions.

For self-protection use Forhan's for the Gums, morning and night, every day. Teach your children this good habit. They'll thank you in later years for it will preserve their precious health. Get Forhan's from your druggist. In tubes, 35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York.

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The tremendous success of Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant proves that more and more people are realizing the importance of the correct practice of oral hygiene. Every morning and every night they use this Antiseptic Refreshant as a mouthwash. It is powerful, refreshing and safe. It protects mouth, nose and throat from infection and keeps breath sweet. Try it. 35c and 60c in bottles.



Make This 10 Day Test

Lazy, lethargic gums invite disease. And the only way to keep them firm, sound and healthy is to massage them daily just as a woman massages her face to keep it glowing with youth and free from the signs of age. Forhan's for the Gums is designed for gum massaging. Make this 10 day test. Morning and night, before brushing your teeth with Forhan's, exercise your gums, closely following the directions in the booklet that comes with each tube . . . See how much better they look and feel!

Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

PARADISE POACHERS

[Continued from page 90]

veranda, round the pillars of the veranda itself, and fringing the portico, were flowers. From back to front, the searching sea-winds swept clear, through open, many-doored sitting room and bedroom. The center room had no visible opening at the back; it was fitted with a long wide counter, and a set of shelves on the wall, and was unbearably hot. Here were the goods that the New Guinean desired—cottons of gaudy pattern; sheath knives, clearing knives, tomahawks, beads, looking glasses, kerosene, tobacco. Under the counter there were locked boxes and drawers; what was in these, nobody knew, except the sulky-faced Starkey, who spent much of his time going over, sorting, re-arranging stock, sometimes with the door open and sometimes—in defiance of temperature—with it shut.

The little bungalow looked like the very heart of the dream that many millions have dreamed millions of times; the dream of the far-off coral isle, and the fadeless flowers beside a Summer sea, and the home in the palms.

Joannet knew it, before many days, for something very different. It became to her, a nightmare, a place where she suffered more than ever before in her life. From the moment of her leaving Uncle Andrew's plantation, the bottom dropped clear out of her sheltered, supported world.

LIKE all young creatures, Joannet had taken money for granted; prided herself, somewhat, on her indifference to it; felt amused and superior when elders showed their preoccupation with this uninteresting thing. Now, the security which she had accepted as her right was rocking under her feet.

Mrs. Starkey had coldly questioned her, before offering her the hospitality of the store—"for a time—until you can make your own arrangements. . . ." She had asked her where her mother's people were; her father's. Joannet told her of an aunt and a cousin or two, somewhere in Scotland. Mrs. Starkey reckoned up their probable income, and advised the girl to make for them as soon as possible.

"I could earn my own living," said Joannet proudly.

"How?"

"I would do anything."

"Of course you say that. They all do. Nobody's going to pay you to do 'anything'!"

"People do have secretaries," retorted Joannet.

"Yes. What's your speed at short-hand?"

"I could nurse."

"Yes—in a children's hospital; they won't take them in a general at your age; and every children's hospital has rows of applicants waiting. And if you could do any of these things, you'd have to get to Sydney first; there's nothing in New Guinea."

They were in the sitting room of Uncle Andrew's house, that queer museum of the taste of a past generation—old stuffed chairs, rotting with the climate, china cabinets with the foolish imitation inlay peeling off in strips. Mrs. Starkey, going over every item in the house, pronounced the furniture in general not worth a ten-

pound note, and the building practically destroyed by white ants. Andrew Muswell had pretty nearly come to the end of his credit at the stores, and had overdrawn at the bank to get Joannet's passage money.

"Thought the place would pay soon, always did—old ass! Everyone in Rabaul knew his affairs—except you," said Mrs. Starkey.

There was a moment's silence. It was fearfully hot in the enclosed room; Joannet's bare arms were dripping and Mrs. Starkey's costly organdie clung to her pink back like wet tissue-paper.

Outside, the typical sounds of New Guinean life went on; everything was homely, safe, usual—and under Joannet, the world had given way.

"I'm telling you for your own good," Gladys Starkey said sharply, "you've got to understand where you are. As I said, I will take you in for a little while, but it can't be long. Jim

and I have other arrangements. You'd better write to those people of yours as soon as there's a mail. There'll be some sort of a boat to Rabaul soon. I'd recommend you to take it. You can wait in Rabaul better than here."

The question of means she smoothly passed over. Joannet swallowed hard. Uncle Andrew hadn't thought of giving her any money, and she had felt shy of telling him her little store was done, and to go to Rabaul, where she knew nobody, where, probably, the little hotel wouldn't trust her for a week's board! Black looked the future to Joannet in that hour.

She packed up her clothes, gave them to a boy to carry, and went down to the beach and the store. And then the waters of misery gathered round her, and closed over her head. Joannet had thought there could be nothing worse than Mrs. Starkey, with her callous plainness of speech, her brutal commonsense. She had supposed service under her—for Mrs. Starkey had made it plain that no bread of idleness could be eaten in her establishment—was the hardest thing that could happen.

The first day's labors—sewing, ironing, making beds, cleaning basins, doing all kinds of housemaid work that Mrs. Starkey declared the boys couldn't or wouldn't do properly—did not tire her strong young body, though it humiliated her spirit; all this might be endurable, even the sly laughter and sneers of the natives at the white woman who had to do "boy's work," and the added discomforts of having nowhere to put her belongings, nowhere to dress but the bathroom—her bed being a stretcher on the veranda. She even thought she could stand, without actually breaking out, Mrs. Starkey's rough manner of speech and crudities of deportment.

But what she could not stand was "Jim." She had called him a sneak, in her own mind, from the first; disliked his blue, veiled eyes that hardly ever looked right up; despised his tolerance of Gladys Starkey's flirtations; wondered what he had done to be thrown out of the army—and let him go at that.

She did not seriously think about him, because he was forty or more, and people as old as that did not count.

[Continued in AUGUST McCALL'S]



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You can begin now to do what these women do. At night before going to bed bathe your arms and hands with water and a good soap, using a wash cloth that is rough in texture. On your elbows and the ends of your fingers use a nail brush. Scrub these parts gently with the nail brush so as to get them thoroughly clean without irritating them. Now apply a thin coating of

Ingram's Milkweed Cream and leave it on all night. Your skin will absorb it while you sleep. Do this regularly and you should notice steady improvement.

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THE CHILD AND "SUMMER COMPLAINT"

[Continued from page 50]

with cow's milk for this purpose.

It is not possible in the space allowed me to take up the details of management of breast feeding or artificial feeding. All breast fed babies and all babies fed by substitute methods should be under the observation of a physician, either in the home or at a children's clinic. There are certain fundamental principles, however, that every intelligent mother has a right to know; the baby should gain at least four ounces a week, this is to be looked upon as a small gain; six or seven ounces a week is better. The great majority of babies thrive best if fed at four hour intervals from birth, the first feeding being given at 6 A. M., six feedings in twenty-four hours. The six feedings a day plan should be continued until the second month, rarely later than the third month, when five feedings a day will answer; thus giving an unbroken rest for mother and child from 10 P. M. to 6 A. M.

Breast-fed babies that make small gains should be weighed before and after nursing for a day or two to determine the amount of milk taken and a sample of the breast milk should be sent to the physician or to the clinic for an examination as to its nutritional content. There may be plenty of milk, but of inferior quality. Both the amount of milk secreted and the quality may be favorably influenced often times by proper diet and suitable nursing habits in the mother. In the bottle fed, the formula should always be arranged by the physician, the amount given at each feeding and the feeding intervals should likewise be under his observation. It is my custom to have all milk formulas boiled or at least heated to the boiling point. I do not consider it safe to give uncooked cow's milk to young infants; whatever disadvantages may result from cooking, may be overcome by the use of orange juice and cod liver oil; only small amounts of each being necessary. Scrupulous care is necessary in the preparation of the formula made from the best milk obtainable. The milk as soon as delivered should be placed in a cold refrigerator until used and not allowed to stand exposed in the kitchen or elsewhere. All utensils used in the preparation of the formula as well as the nursing bottles and nipples, must be boiled and thoroughly cleansed with a hot borax solution.

It may occur to the mother reader that I have said but little regarding the intestinal diseases of infants during the summer, nevertheless, the most important observation that could be made as concerns her part in the matter of summer troubles has been said and condensed in one word, that word is *prevention*. It is much easier to prevent any disease than it is to cure it. In the event of active vomiting or diarrhea in an infant with or without fever during the hot months, the illness is to be looked upon as possessing serious possibilities, both the breast feeding and the bottle feeding should be temporarily discontinued and plain boiled water or barley water given until the baby's doctor is consulted. The mother's breast may be temporarily relieved by expressing the milk with the fingers or in the use of a breast pump.

Take no chances with a gastro-intestinal illness in a young infant during the hot months, trivial as it may seem. An appreciation of the value of this advice has saved the lives of many precious babies, it may save yours.

FRECKLES



Remove
this ugly mask

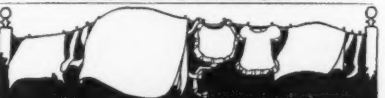
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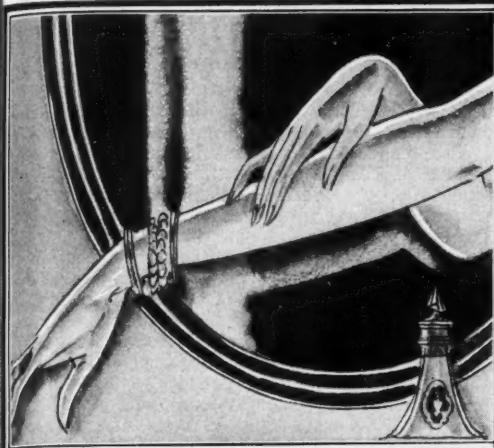
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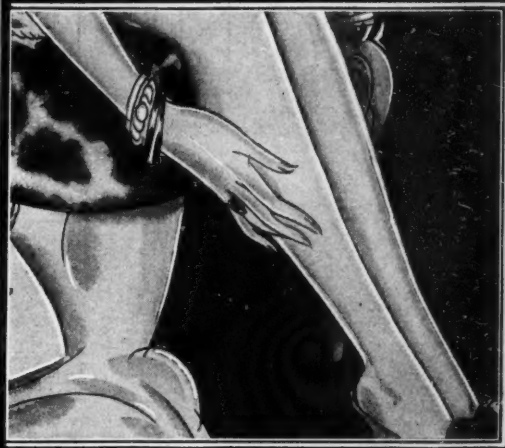
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The unique discovery of a Mid-Western Scientist that's proving, to the wonder of the cosmetic world, that hair can not only be removed completely, but bristly re-growth be entirely avoided and all re-growth delayed indefinitely. What it is.



Re-growth itself is slowed 7 times; coarse re-growth banished forever and enlarged pores utterly avoided!

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NEW discoveries have been made that simplify the hair-removing problem amazingly.

A way has been found that not only removes hair completely, but that comes, according to many authorities, as the closest yet discovered to actually discourage the growth of hair on women.

It ends bristly re-growth entirely. It ends enlarged pores. It delays the re-growth of hair indefinitely.

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It is making famous cosmeticians change all past theories on hair removal. For it definitely ends the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are suffering today from the razor.

What It Is

It is embodied in a preparation closely resembling a superlatively fine beauty clay in texture. You spread it on. Then rinse it off with lukewarm water. That is all. Every vestige of hair rinses off with it.

The hair is gone so completely, that unlike after the razor, you can feel absolutely no stubble; no sign or indication that hair had ever grown on that place, even by running your hand across it. Your skin is as soft and free of hair as a child's.



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Those discoveries are embodied in the hair-removing cream called "Neet." A preparation for some years on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the complete Lawry discovery; and is so stamped on the package.

Obtain at drug and department stores, or beauty parlors, or if you cannot be supplied use the coupon below for supply by mail. The usual price is \$1.00. But there is also a 60c size. The \$1.00 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

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Djer-Kiss Face Powder petal-smooth—clinging. Adorably fragrant... 60¢
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Djer-Kiss Silver Loose Powder and Rouge Vanity—exquisite—gorgeously designed 2.50

Djer-Kiss Talc—chiffon-soft, fragrant; delightful after-bathing 35¢



WOMEN SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

[Continued from page 8]

She was noted for her patriotic poems. Her devotion, however, to the cause is shown by her action in 1776. When the British under Cornwallis came to Princeton, New Jersey, where Mrs. Stockton was living, she secured and secreted a number of important state papers, as well as the rolls and records of the American Whig Society of Princeton College.

She got away safely, but on the very night of her flight, her husband was captured by the British. There is a strange similarity between the history of his imprisonment and that of Mrs. Lewis. He was confined in New York and treated so inhumanly, that Congress, apprised of his situation by Mrs. Stockton, threatened retaliation on English prisoners. His treatment was somewhat better after that but, similar to Mrs. Lewis, the prison treatment undermined his health so that his death is directly attributable to it.

Another physician whose name is on the famous document had an equally patriotic wife. This is Dr. Josiah Bartlett. He married his cousin Mary Bartlett. The Bartletts were the first sufferers for their patriotism for the election of Dr. Bartlett to Congress, two years before the Declaration was signed, caused the burning of his home after a warning. Harry Clinton Green and Mary Walcott Green, in their meritorious *Pioneer Mothers of America* have this to say of Mrs. Bartlett:

"During all this period (the time preceding the burning of the house) Mary Bartlett had been the closest friend and counsellor of her husband. Her patriotism was as ardent as his and burned with as steady a flame, and

when their home lay in ruins and the family was driven to seek safety elsewhere, she took her numerous brood and returned to their little farm, which she managed thereafter, leaving him free to devote himself almost entirely to public business."

Add to the list of wives of the Signers who lost their homes as a result of their patriotism, who fought hardships and obstacles and withstood severest of privations rather than take an oath of allegiance to King George, the names of Deborah Scudder, wife of John Hart; Hannah Jones, wife of William Floyd; Mary Walton, wife of Lewis Morris; Mary White, wife of Robert Morris; Christina Ten Broeck wife of Philip Livingston; Ann Justis, wife of John Morton, and Elizabeth Meredith, wife of George Clymer.

The record of the women who lost their homes as the result of their names being interpreted by the British as signers of the Declaration of Independence would not be complete without the mention of the wives of the three signers from Delaware: Ann Lawler, who married George Ross; his sister Gertrude Ross Till, who married George Read, and Sarah Armitage.

Every American when he is paying homage to the signers of the Declaration of Independence would do well to add the fifty-one names which were added to the list of signers by Lord Howe, who called them signers, too, and did not distinguish between the men who signed the Declaration of Independence and their wives. If the British considered them equally traitorous, then we surely should consider them equally glorious now!

TOO PROUD TO FIGHT!

[Continued from page 28]

frank confession of cowardice? Breaking his men's hearts and backs cutting down trees and building stockades instead of teaching those red wolves how to run. Good Lord, what Bovard and I could do with his soldiers! But he'll never give us a chance." He was almost crying with defeated hope.

The more Keith mocked General, Hingeley, the more the perverse heart of Milly went out to him. That dangerous feeling of pity which had been the prelude to first love in her soul was yearning away from Keith toward the man who was suffering covert persecution, as Keith had done when he won her devotion.

WEEKS went by, heavy snows fell and fell, the woodtrains were attacked and relieved, till the sawmill was exhausted of timber to cut; all building stopped.

Despairing of reinforcements, and knowing that his stockade was not yet strong enough to withstand the coming tidal wave, Hingeley sent out a woodtrain for another foray, with an unusually heavy guard and orders to bring in logs.

Major Bovard demanded the command of the guard and received it. He rode up to where the fuming Keith stood by his wife, and bent down to chuckle:

"Don't you wish you were going across the long ridge with me?"

Keith chafed a moment, then dashed off to the horse-corral. The next thing Milly saw of him, he was riding among the cavalymen.

On the parade ground, the General cautioned: "Support the woodtrain un-

til it brings in wood; if that's not possible—report back to me. Don't pursue the Indians! Above all, don't cross the long ridge!" Bovard saluted and gave his men a sharp command.

Hingeley sent his orderly for Faxon, but Milly called up to him: "My husband has gone with the relief."

Hingeley blushed, gulped, touched his hat to Milly and turned to hide his chagrin behind his field-glasses. A message came in across the air from the hilltop that amazed him as he read it word by word: "Indians have left wagon train and crossed long ridge."

This was puzzling news, yet Hingeley seemed hardly surprised when the next signal was translated to him: "relief force has crossed long ridge." The flag-words were confirmed by a rumor of faint war from the other side of the long ridge: scattered shots, then a few ordered volleys, then a rattle of confused rapid fire.

Milly and several other women had climbed to a platform so near to General Hingeley's post that they could see him blench with the insult of direct disobedience.

He hesitated a moment, sick with humiliation, then flung up his head and shouted, "Captain Bleas! Take a hundred men and go after Bovard. Take the ambulance and two surgeons—and two wagons!" Everybody shuddered. The wagons were for the dead.

It was coming on dark when Captain Bleas brought back his crowded ambulance and the wagons loaded with dripping remnants of what had been soldiers that morning. Milly was near enough to hear an orderly calling up to

[Continued on page 99]

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Perfect Jams and Jellies *every time*



Miss Alice Bradley, Principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery and Cooking Editor of Woman's Home Companion, says: "I strongly advise all housewives to make all their jams and jellies with Certo because:—It's easier—Takes only one minute's boiling. Tastes better—No flavor boiled away. Better color—Not darkened by long boiling. No worry—Never fails to set. It's economical—Fifty per cent more from given amount of fruit and no waste from failures."

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The old-fashioned way required that you boil away about half the fruit juice. And why? Simply to reduce the amount and to concentrate the natural jellifying substance of the fruit to a point sufficient to jell the remaining juice. This process was necessarily wasteful and costly, tedious and uncertain. Worst of all, this long boiling darkened the fresh fruit color and destroyed the delicate fresh fruit flavor.

The modern Certo method turns all the fruit and fruit juice into jam or jelly, for, instead of boiling away half the delicious fruit juice as formerly, in an effort to make it jell, now, with Certo you simply add enough of the natural jellifying substance of fruit (Certo) to make up for what is lacking in the fruit itself. In other words, you start off with just the correct proportion of fruit or fruit juice, sugar and natural jellifying substance to jell *all* the juice, not half

of it, and then you boil only one or two minutes as called for in the recipe. As a result you not only get more jam and jelly, but it's better in color, flavor and texture.

You will find, in figuring up the cost, that even with Certo added, your jams and jellies made in this simpler, quicker and easier way, cost you from 1 to 3 cents less per glass. And you are certain of a perfect, tender set every time—never a failure.

It is true, Certo recipes do call for a slightly larger amount of sugar than is required in the old-fashioned, long boiling recipes, but this extra sugar is needed simply to jell the juice that formerly was boiled away. There is no more, and often less, sugar in a jar of jam or jelly made by the Certo method than in one made in the old-fashioned way. This extra sugar, therefore, is not an expense, but an economy. Get Certo from your grocer.

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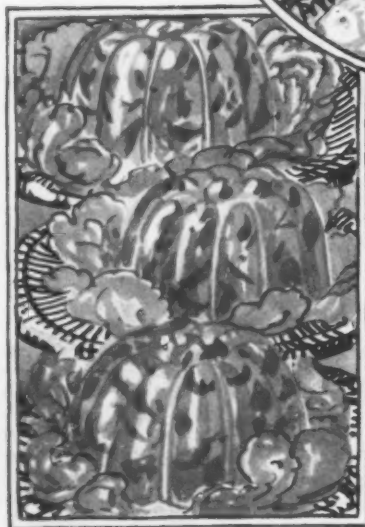
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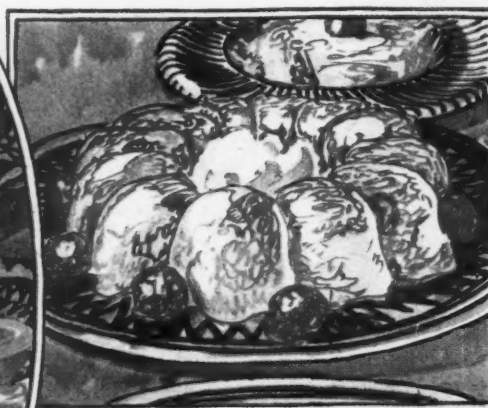


SPANISH JELL-O SALAD

1 package of Lemon Jell-O
1 pint boiling water
1 tablespoon vinegar
2 or 3 pimentos cut in bits
1/2 cup white cabbage cut very fine

1 cup minced celery
1/2 cup cucumber pickles, cut fine
1/2 teaspoon salt

Dissolve Jell-O in the boiling water. Set aside to cool. Mix together other ingredients. Stir into Jell-O when it begins to thicken. Mold in small cups or individual Jell-O molds and serve on crisp lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing. This recipe serves six persons.



STRAWBERRY LOAF

1 package Strawberry Jell-O
1 pint boiling water, less 2 tablespoons
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
1 pint strawberries, halved
12 marshmallows, finely cut
1/2 cup sugar

Add marshmallows to strawberries and sugar, mix thoroughly, and let stand at least an hour. Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. When cold and slightly thickened, beat with rotary egg beater until consistency of whipped cream. Fold in whipped cream, strawberries, and marshmallows. Turn in a mold. Chill until firm. Serve in slices. Serves 12.

PEACH WHIP

1 package Orange Jell-O
1 cup boiling water
1 cup peach juice
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
1 cup crushed peaches, sweetened, drained
2 or 3 drops bitter almond flavoring

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. When cool add peach juice. When cold and slightly thickened, whip with rotary egg beater until consistency of whipped cream. Fold in whipped cream, peaches, and flavoring. Chill until firm. Serves 8.



FLAKED AMBROSIA

1 package Raspberry Jell-O
1 pint boiling water
1/2 cup sugar
2 teaspoons lemon juice

1 teaspoon orange juice
1 pint heavy cream, whipped
1/4 teaspoon salt

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add sugar, lemon, and orange juice. Chill until firm. Break Jell-O into small flakes with rotary egg beater. Mix with whipped cream, to which salt has been added. Serve in sherbet glasses, topped with a green cherry. Serves 6.

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Away-to the open places



THE LURE of the out-of-doors calls to all of us these days. It may be just a day in the open, or it may be a motor trip with a distant town as the destination. But anyhow, it's lunch on the way—prepared at home but served out under heaven's blue dome.

And when the hamper is filled there's seldom the slightest doubt on one score as to what goes in. Always peanut butter sandwiches—and *always* Beech-Nut. Whether there are grown-ups in the party, or children, or both—somehow Beech-Nut Peanut Butter sandwiches are a natural part of the outdoor lunch. They have won their place not only by long established precedent but there's a deeper reason. It's their tempting flavor and their satisfactory goodness that just meets the keen outdoor appetites.

No wonder Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is liked! No wonder it's chosen as the sandwich spread for these lunches along the way. For every step in its making is taken with just one idea in mind—the very best that can be produced. It's the brand most people prefer.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

TOO PROUD TO FIGHT!

[Continued from page 96]

the General in a husky whisper of awe, "Not one of Major Bovard's men alive, sir, nor a horse. We brought back but the half of 'em. And mutilated? I'm twenty years in the service and I never seen nothin' like it."

Not a man alive! That meant that Keith—. If the stolid wife of that orderly had not been near enough to catch her, Milly would have fainted from the platform. She was in her bunk with her baby in her arms and sad women weeping over her when she returned to full consciousness.

"I must go to my husband," she sobbed, and tried to rise, but they forced her back. They would not let her look out of the window at the wagons. General Hingeley had given orders that she should not see her husband. "Tell her that she must try to remember him as she last saw him, handsome, fearless, a hero!"

IT was nightfall when the wagons came in, and the dark was kind. It was kinder still when it brought on a demonic blizzard that drowned the clamor of the building of more coffins.

It seemed that Nature was trying to outdo her children, the Indians, in torturing the invaders; yet she furnished them their only defence; for, benumbed as the whites were with the icy fury of the gale, the Indians in their forest camps were also paralyzed. They could not march against the fort in snow-filled air at twenty-five degrees below zero. They must wait a day or two for their victory.

Everybody in the fort understood now how right General Hingeley had been in playing the miser with his men. The ease with which the Indians had wiped out a fifth of the garrison would give them the certainty of triumph that makes the Indian fearless. And there were less than twenty rounds of ammunition left for every rifle.

General Hingeley called his shattered flock from their toil and their grief and called for a volunteer to take a message to Fort Laramie describing the disaster and beseeching immediate reinforcements. After a long silence, the civilian mail carrier, the "Portugee," called John Phillips, stood up and spoke sheepishly, as if ashamed of himself: "General, I know the trail with my eyes shut. I wouldn't mind tryin'—on one condition."

"Name it, man!"

"Lend me that thor'bred white hoss o' your'n. He don't show up very clear in the snow, and he can outrun any Injun pony. I mought have a chance with him."

"He's yours, God help you both!"

Phillips stowed in his saddlebags a few biscuit for himself, a little feed for his horse, saddled and bridled the horse and rode through the whorls of snow to Fort Laramie.

The fourth night after the messenger left was Christmas night, and the only gift for the wretched huddlers was more snow and unbearable coldness.

At far-off Laramie, where no Indians were to be feared, the reinforcements and the rest of the garrison oblivious of Vrooman's woe, suffered only from the ferocious cold, and tried to forget it in a revel at the officers' clubhouse. They were still dancing at midnight when a grotesque Santa Claus on a smoking horse rode up to the gate and was permitted to enter. The horse fell dead on the parade ground. The rider picked himself up and toppled into the midst of the dancers. They fell back in amazement at the tall maniac with icicles glistening from his beard. The music stopped

as he mumbled, "despatches!" and, fumbling for them with his frozen fingers, fell on his face, senseless.

THERE was consternation in the garrison at Fort Vrooman at sight of a dark mass pushing through the white from the Southwest. General Hingeley trained his howitzers on them and saluted them with a bugle. A bugle echoed the call in cries no Indian could have blown. The garrison went mad with joy, shouted, leapt and danced in whirlwinds about such as knelt in prayer. They unbarred the gate and floundered through the neck-high snow to meet their saviors.

Hingeley waited at the gate and shook hands with the mass of snow and ice he recognized as his old crony, Champlain. "For this relief, much thanks!" he said.

"That goes double, old man," said Champlain. "I am ordered to relieve you of command and ship you back at once."

To make it worse for Hingeley, Milly came up and, being introduced, exclaimed: "Did you bring a medal for General Hingeley—or a major generalcy?"

Hingeley led her away and broke the news to her. She was strangled with rage.

With the relief came a wagonload of mail, including many Eastern newspapers, containing columns of abuse for Hingeley's brutality and cruelty to the poor Indians, and his general inefficiency.

The articles stated that a number of fugitives from the slaughter escaped to the gates of the fort, and beat upon it, screaming in vain for admission while the Indians cut them to pieces under the very eyes of the craven Hingeley afraid to open the gate or even to fire upon the savages, though he had four idle howitzers that could have swept them away!

When Hingeley read this budget labelled "reliable information" and published for all the world to read, his overdriven spirit broke. The paper fell from his hand, and his eyes, were white and drenched with tears.

Milly, seeing her one perfect knight wavering blindly and about to fall under the bludgeons of slander, caught him in her arms and drew him close, and as he clung to her, she was exalted though her eyes streamed. This was what love meant to her—motherhood for a great man greatly dispirited. She had a crusade now, and as soon as it was decent, she put off her weeds, put on wedding robes, and changed her name again, to the scandal of her old friends, who thought her shameless.

Hingeley's successor at Fort Vrooman, for all his advantages, could do no better than he had done. Red Cloud could not be whipped and would listen to nothing but the keeping of the treaties. Finally the President ordered the whole region abandoned and the troops withdrawn from the domain of the Sioux.

As the soldiers marched away, they looked back to see the Indians pouring into the Hated Fort. Hingeley had built it too well for their assault, but they took revenge upon it now, and gave the stout stockade to the flames, dancing about the blazing ruins.

When Milly read the account of the fall of Fort Vrooman she only laughed and said: "But they didn't dance about us when you were there, my bravest of the brave."

For she had grown so used to adorning him that she never got over it.

It's dishes like these that make diners really good natured

They may taste them just to be courteous—but they eat them up with glee. And everyone knows how important it is to be cheerful at mealtime.

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Send the coupon for our booklet, "Hawaiian Pineapple as 100 Good Cooks Serve it." Let it help you put many new "good cheer" dishes on your table.



PINEAPPLE BASKET

Time for combining ingredients: 5 minutes
Time for cooking: none
Makes 6 servings

Now here's a salad that commands attention. It's not only good to look at, but it's awfully good to eat. In fact, Pineapple and tomatoes make one of the happiest combinations of fruit and vegetables. Form 6 tomatoes into baskets. Scoop out centers and mix with 1 cup each "Crushed" Hawaiian Pineapple and broken walnut meats. Season to taste and place on ice. When ready to serve, fill baskets with the mixture. Serve on crisp lettuce with mayonnaise dressing.

HAM AND PINEAPPLE ENTRÉE

Time for combining ingredients: 5 minutes
Time for cooking: 30 minutes
Makes 2 servings

If you want to please a really discriminating eater try this: Bake a slice of raw ham. Bring a cup of cider to boiling point. Place slices of Pineapple on baked ham, pour the cider over all, and serve. Makes your mouth water, doesn't it?

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE



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For this disease is a common cause of listlessness in children. Even a goiter so slight as to pass unnoticed may result in languor, irritability and backwardness at school.

Fortunately, children can easily be saved from goiter by the use of Morton's Iodized Salt. Made under the supervision of certified chemists, each package contains just enough tasteless iodine to make goiter impossible... but not enough to disturb the most delicate system.

As simple goiter is exceedingly prevalent, threatening 2 children out of 3, every mother should change to Morton's Iodized Salt and thus be on the safe side. Get it from your grocer at once and use it on the table and in cooking.

Morton Salt Company, Chicago

**MORTON'S
SALT**

IODIZED FOR GOITER
PREVENTION - ALSO PLAIN

When it rains it pours

BITTER HERITAGE

[Continued from page 26]

a great difference in Carol lately?"

He nodded, suddenly grave. "Yes," he said briefly. "I've noticed it." Adding after a moment: "perhaps, when Jem has actually gone away, she'll find things a bit easier."

"Leaving St. Heriot! But—oh, Mac!"—with profound dismay. "That would mean the end of everything for Carol. I don't think she'd be able to bear her life at all if Jem went away."

Kenyon looked thoughtful. "On the contrary, I think, she may find it much more bearable—once the first wrench is over. The present arrangement is asking too much of human nature. If a man and woman care for each other as they do, then, considering the circumstances, they're better apart, cut off from ever seeing each other at all."

BILLY had just received a telegram informing him that a new fox-terrier pup was being sent to St. Heriot by train and he had proposed motoring to the station, with Herrick, to fetch the dog home. And now the chauffeur had come up to the house with the news that something was amiss with the two-seater.

"Oh, well, we'll use the side-car," said Billy.

They sped swiftly down the avenue and out onto the road, and very soon the little station came to view, and just as the train was signalled, a dog-cart driven by Humphreys, Sir Francis' spying servant, came into sight, and pulled up outside the station. The man sprang down, hitched the reins to a post, and made his way onto the platform, followed more leisurely by Billy.

It had been a big market day at Tanborough, and the small station platform was crowded. Billy, the basket containing the puppy on his arm, found himself momentarily wedged in a corner. From the other side came the sound of a sullen voice pitched on a low confidential note.

"She's gone to Two Ways Cottage."

"You're quite sure?"

Billy gave a great start as he heard the answering voice, for it was the thin, disagreeable voice of Sir Francis Mortimer which asked the question, and Billy listened anxiously for the reply.

"Yes, she walked over there this afternoon, after tea-time, and I followed 'er. She 'asn't come back, and the kitchen-maid she'd 'eard as 'ow 'er ladyship 'ad left word she was dining with 'er brother."

"You've done well, Humphreys." Sir Francis was speaking again. "We'll drive there—to Two Ways Cottage."

Then the stream of people moved forward, and two minutes later Billy had emerged into the station yard, and deposited the basket with the terrier pup in Herrick's arms.

In a few words he told her of the conversation he had overheard between Sir Francis and Humphreys.

"So you see," he wound up, "old Mortimer means catching her there—at Jem's cottage. And then the fat will be in the fire and no mistake."

"It will, indeed," she agreed in tones of dismay. "Let's start at once," she went on urgently. "We must get to the cottage first, Billy, whatever happens."

He nodded, and soon they were rushing through the night towards Two Ways Cottage, bent on saving Carol from the consequences of her own indiscretion.

But unfortunately, not five minutes afterwards their hopes received a sudden check. They found their progress checked once more by a heavy mist which grew thicker as they descended

into the valley, until it was almost like driving through an opaque white sea.

Herrick bent forward anxiously in the side-car. "There's only one thing for it now," said she. "I must walk in front and guide you till we're through this patch of fog."

Reluctantly Billy assented, fuming with impatience over the time they had already lost, but he realized that her suggestion was the only practicable one. So the journey was recommenced at a snail's pace, with Herrick trudging pluckily along in front, calling instructions over her shoulder as she went.

The mist thinned slowly as they emerged from the valley, and at length Billy pulled up to enable Herrick to resume her place. As she stepped into the side-car there came to their ears the regular clomp-clomp of a horse's hoofs, menacingly close.

"Good heavens, they're overtaking us!" exclaimed Billy hoarsely. He bent over his handlebars and the motor-bike shot forward. Soon they were bumping over the farm-track which led up to the door of the cottage. A minute later cycle and side-car came to a standstill.

As Herrick stumbled into the little hall the murmur of voices, a man's and a woman's came from a room on her left. She crossed to it swiftly and threw open the door.

"Jem! . . . Carol!" The words left her lips with impetuous urgency. "Sir Francis is on his way here!"

They were sitting by the fire, having coffee together, as she entered.

"Francis—coming here!" The words stammered from Carol's lips. She looked around the room with terrified hunted eyes like some trapped wild thing and Jem slipped a hasty arm round her shoulders.

And in a few hurried words Herrick told them of Billy's discovery and all that had occurred.

"So Carol must go home at once," she wound up. "Sir Francis mustn't find her here."

"But how can I go?" Carol demanded shrilly. "Jem was going to drive me home later. But his pony isn't even harnessed yet—"

"You can't stay here," said Herrick imperatively. "You must go back with Billy," and she tore off her thick motoring coat. "Quick! He's waiting for you round at the back-door."

"But what about you?" protested Carol distractedly. "We can't both ride in the side-car."

"I'll stay here—Jem can take me back afterwards. But you must go at once."

"Oh, I can't—I can't do that—" Herrick turned urgently to Beresford. "Make her go, Jem!" she implored. "Do make her go!"

He began helping Carol into the coat, and she yielded passively, like some one in a dream. "You must go, dear," he said firmly. "It's the one possible chance."

A moment later they were all three outside, beside the noisy engine of the motor-bike. Herrick picked up the basket with the puppy, holding it while Jem lifted Carol into the side-car, then thrusting it hastily onto her lap.

Carol was ghastly pale: "O, Jem, something frightful will come of this," she said tensely.

Then the machine disappeared into the darkness, and Jem hurried off into his stable-yard and ordered Joe Westcott to harness and put in the pony as quickly as possible.

He returned in three minutes and shepherded Herrick back once more

[Continued on page 101]

For baby's own use
in the nursery



Just as he has his own talcum powder and his own soap, quite separate from the family's, your baby needs a special jar or tube of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly for his private use. Keep it in the nursery.

To prevent Chafing—Each time you change baby's diaper, and after every washing, smear on a little "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. Friction from his diaper cannot then cause irritation, and he will not become chapped, or chafed either.

To cure Snuffles—Rub a tiny bit of "Vaseline" Jelly over the bridge of the nose and up on the forehead. This treatment will ease the irritation that causes snuffles.

To treat the Scalp—Apply some "Vaseline" Jelly on the scalp with absorbent cotton, directly after the daily bath. This will remedy "yellow scalp"—and make for a healthy condition.

An attractive booklet, called "100 Hints on Health, Beauty and Home Uses", will be sent you free on request. Address Dept. E-7, The Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, 17 State Street, New York.

All drugstores carry "Vaseline" Jelly. Look for the name "Vaseline" on the label—your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Cons'd.

"Vaseline" Borated Jelly is especially useful for styes, granulated and inflamed eyelids. Absolutely harmless to the eye. Soothing, cleansing and healing. Keep a tube in the house. On sale everywhere. Get the genuine.

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Vaseline

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GONE!

Perspiration Embarrassments

Unpleasant Odor
Stained Dresses
Damp Discomfort



TODAY women of fastidious habits everywhere insure complete freedom from perspiration embarrassments by keeping the underarm dry and fresh all the time.

Even in hottest weather, or at the most active sports they never permit a trace of dampness. Only so can they be sure of absolute protection from the possibility of noticeable odor, frocks ruined by spreading stains, damp sticky discomfort.

This complete security is easily achieved by applying Odorono after the bath a few times a week. Then the underarm stays dry day after day.

So essential a part of an adequate toilette is Odorono that over four million bottles of it are used every year. Women would no more neglect it than they would soap and water cleanliness.

A PHYSICIAN first made Odorono. Today physicians advise checking perspiration with Odorono where it becomes troublesome, as perfectly safe and healthy.

There are two strengths of Odorono. Odorono (ruby colored) keeps the underarm dry used about twice a week the last thing at night. Odorono No. 3, milder (colorless) used daily or every other day, night or morning is for sensitive skins and hurried use. At toilet goods counters 35c and 60c. The new Odorono Cream Depilatory 50c. 10c and the coupon brings you a complete kit of samples for the underarm toilette.



New 10c Offer:
Samples of Odorono,
Odorono No. 3, Odo-
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Ruth Miller, 187 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.
I enclose 10c for 4 samples.

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(Print name and address plainly)

In Canada address The Odorono Company, Ltd.,
468 King St., West, Toronto, Ont.

BITTER HERITAGE

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and proceeded to poke up the dying fire. And just then came a sharp, imperative rat-tat at the front door. There followed the sound of its opening and hasty steps across the hall. Then Sir Francis' tall figure appeared in the doorway. Behind him loomed another figure, and Herrick, petrified with dismay, found herself staring with horror-stricken eyes at Mac Kenyon.

Mortimer looked around the room swiftly, suspiciously. Then his glance fastened on Jem.

"Where is my wife?" he snapped. "I'm afraid I can give you no information," returned Beresford, "but she's certainly not here."

At this juncture, Herrick, who had been standing in stunned silence, stepped impulsively forward. "It's perfectly true, Sir Francis," she said. "Carol isn't here."

Mortimer wheeled round on her, unveiled dislike in his glance. "And what are you doing here, pray?" he asked. "My friend Kenyon will be interested to know that, I'm sure."

For a fraction of time Herrick hesitated, her eyes tragically seeking Mac's for any sign of understanding. But there was none. It seemed as though he deliberately avoided looking at her, and his face remained hard and inflexible.

"I should think that that's self-evident," she said quietly, and pointed to the table with its remains of a supper.

Mortimer glanced at the table, a slow, malicious smile on his lips. "Oh! I see. A little tête-à-tête supper. Very nice—very nice indeed. Eh, Kenyon?"

Still Kenyon did not look in Herrick's direction. His eyes rested first on Jem's face, then on that of Sir Francis himself. "At least," he said coolly, "Miss Waylen's presence, alone here, will convince you that you were misinformed about my sister's movements, Mortimer. You dragged me here, as I expected, on a false errand."

Sir Francis smoothed his chin with two bony fingers. "But not an altogether fruitless one," he submitted, with a sneer. "You've increased your knowledge somewhat, haven't you?" He paused, then added contemplatively: "Mr. Beresford seems to be a man of catholic tastes."

The two-edged thrust went home. Mac made a sudden savage gesture—a gesture checked almost instantaneously by an iron will. But Jem made no effort to control his anger. Sir Francis' gibe found his nerves raw-edged with strain. His arm shot out and his strong fingers gripped the older man by the collar.

"It's only your age which saves you from the thrashing you deserve," he said hoarsely. "But you'll get out of my house—and get out quick!"

For once in his life Sir Francis had no choice but to obey. Jem ran him swiftly out of the room and almost flung him through the open doorway into the arms of Humphreys. Then he came slowly back into the sitting room. As he entered Mac strode past him, pausing only to say cuttingly: "Doubtless you'll see Herrick to her home—when she wishes it."

I HAVE no explanation to offer," Herrick spoke quietly.

It was the day after their unexpected encounter at Two Ways Cottage, and she and Mac were standing in her little sitting room at Windycroft—the room in which they had once come to a rather wonderful comprehension of one another's love.

"It was a pity you came," she com-

mented in a dull, listless voice.

She felt curiously detached. She knew she and Mac had finished with each other. This was the end. He would never forgive her for going, as he thought, to supper at Jem's cottage, and only by telling him the whole truth of yesterday's happenings could she ever clear herself in his eyes.

That she could not do, for Carol's being at Two Ways Cottage last night must be kept secret. Mac would have no forgiveness for his sister, if the truth were revealed, and Sir Francis would revenge himself upon her by methods of his own.

Suddenly out of the past something leapt at her, something he had once said in the early stages of their friendship, "*Disloyalty—a double game—is the only thing I can never forgive.*" And he thought her guilty of the one sin he counted unforgivable.

He looked at her with something like supplication in his face. "An explanation . . . I've asked you . . . is there no explanation?" he said, his voice tense.

"None," she answered. For a moment the man and woman stood staring haggardly into each other's eyes.

"So—so you don't love me any more," she said at last, in a curious little voice.

For a moment he stood looking at her in silence, then, turned to leave the room. A stifled cry broke from her as his fingers closed round the handle of the door, and she made a half-stumbling step towards him. But he did not look back.

MIM, you're on your honor not to speak." It was a shadowy-eyed and white-faced Herrick who spoke to an indignant Lady Bridget.

"You wouldn't have been let into the secret at all," she went on, "but for Billy's brilliant idea that we should all swear Carol had been dining here that night. If we'd known Sir Francis was going to catch me alone at the cottage," she added, with a wry smile, "there'd have been no need for his scheme."

"Billy's idea was a good one," said Lady Bridget, a gleam of humor in her eyes, "but I can't stand your making a burnt-offering of yourself on Carol's account."

Mim darling, really, I couldn't have done anything else. And you won't say anything to Mac? You'll promise? Because I couldn't bear to take my happiness at the price of making Carol pay for it. Besides, Mac must trust me without that. So you'll promise?"

"Very well," agreed Lady Bridget reluctantly. "I promise."

Billy too, could hardly be restrained from rushing over to Greenwood and giving Mac a true and particular account of the proceedings at Two Ways Cottage.

"It's ridiculous of you," he protested hotly, when Herrick insisted upon his secrecy. "And Jem's a dirty sweep to let a woman bear the brunt of this thing."

She smiled. "Jem, my dear, has two women to consider in the matter, and of course he considers the woman he's in love with first."

Billy grinned unwillingly. "You've got me there. You women are queer creatures," he commented regarding her with puzzled eyes.

"We are," she agreed, "and it would take a good deal more than you to understand us."

So she had her own way with the only two people who could have cleared

[Continued on page 102]



You may be only one
short week away from

The Radiant Complexion You Seek

Why thousands of women everywhere are turning to this marvelously simple skin treatment.

TIMID, self-conscious, uncertain of the impression you make on others! A complexion dulled and muddled by blemishes! Perhaps just a few scattered blackheads, a general coarseness of texture, the surface rough or oily! Or again, perhaps a skin you think entirely hopeless!

Yet whatever the condition of your skin, you may be only one short week away from the sort of complexion you have always envied in others. We know this sounds extreme, yet there are thousands of women today who will testify to the amazing results which even a week or two of a certain treatment has brought.

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Below the surface layers of the skin, natural forces are fighting day and night to counteract the harsh conditions of daily life. Unaided, these forces fight a losing battle. The dust and germs are not carried off as fast as they accumulate; infection results.

To cleanse the pores, to gently restore the pulsing of the tiny capillaries in the lower layers of the skin, to carry off infection, and then to stop new infection before it starts—thousands are today using Resinol Soap.

Start today to use Resinol on your own skin. Within a week you will begin to notice your complexion has become finer, smoother, ruddier. You will notice a clearing of the ugly little blemishes.

Also as a general toilet soap—for baby's tender skin, for shampooing, for the bath! Note Resinol's clean, tonic odor.

Ointment for serious affections

Resinol Ointment has for years been successful in relieving even stubborn skin affections. Rashes and eczema—often itching, unpleasant and embarrassing—will in many cases vanish promptly. Thousands have wondered at the QUICKNESS of its action. And it is absolutely harmless.

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Please send me, without charge, a trial size cake of Resinol Soap, and a sample of Resinol Ointment—enough for several days' ordinary use.

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My dear, don't
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I was positively
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It's pleasant to wash away hairs

IT'S just as easy and pleasant as rinsing dust from your hands or face. You put a bit of the liquid De Miracle on a piece of cotton, you touch it to the annoying, undesirable hairs of underarm, limb, neck or face. Then, just a quick rinse with pure, warm water—and your skin is fresh, clean and delightful—absolutely free of the slightest marring shadow of hair. It is so natural, so womanly, so easy!

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De Miracle

REMOVES HAIR

BITTER HERITAGE

[Continued from page 101]

her in Mac's eyes. As for Carol, she was left in complete ignorance of the fact that her husband had discovered Herrick at the cottage. Herrick did not see Jim again until he came to say good-by to his friends at Windycroft. So Jim went his way into exile.

Carol came over to Windycroft the day following his departure. She had been kept a prisoner until then by the sudden illness of her husband. The intense excitement of that night, followed by his bitter disappointment at his non-success, had tried a heart already weakened by drug-taking. And the treatment he had suffered at Beresford's hands had shaken him badly. He had reached Mortlake Hall almost speechless, gasping for breath, and Humphreys and the butler together carried him up to bed.

Carol told this to Herrick when at length she found herself free to go over to Windycroft.

"We can none of us imagine what could have upset him that night," she said. "If he had discovered me at Jim's cottage I can quite imagine his flying into a rage that might have brought on this attack."

Then, dismissing the subject of Sir Francis' illness, Carol came to the real object of her visit, which was to try and discover the true reason for the breaking of her brother's engagement. Apparently Mac had remained absolutely silent concerning the fact that he had found her at Two Ways Cottage. All he had done was to write to his sister that his engagement had come to an end "by mutual agreement."

"Is it true you've agreed to break it off?" she demanded. And Herrick had answered that it was quite true, but nothing Carol could say or do would move her to further confidence.

"Some day," she said, "we may be able to be friends again. And it's better to be good friends than bad lovers." And with that Carol had to be content.

SPRING always gives me that 'new frock' feeling," Mim declared, one morning at breakfast. "What do you say to a few days in London, Herrick, and let us both have an orgy of new clothes? You and I and Billy could amuse ourselves quite well in town for a little while, I think."

So to London they went.

Once in London Herrick found herself caught up and swept along in such a whirl of gaiety that when night came she slept out of sheer physical weariness. Mim and Billy between them seemed determined that every minute of the day should be filled, and their efforts were gaily reinforced by Gair Severn.

He had come across Herrick at the Savoy whither Billy had taken her to dine and dance.

"I'd no idea you were in town," he said.

"What does Kenyon say to your flying off like this?"

"My comings and goings don't concern Mac—any longer," she said. "Our engagement is broken off."

"Quarrelled, have you? It's just as well. I should have had to engineer a quarrel between you if you hadn't managed one for yourselves."

Herrick's head went up. "Nothing you could have said would have influenced either of us," she replied contemptuously.

The music ceased, and for a moment she and Severn stood facing each other on the rapidly emptying floor.

"Wouldn't it?" he replied softly, and there was in his voice a curious note of conviction. "There you are vastly mistaken. I told you once that I never give up."

She only shrugged a disdainful shoulder as she turned to leave the floor in the wake of the other dancers.



ONE morning near the end of her stay in London a letter in a familiar handwriting lay on Herrick's plate at breakfast time. She was conscious of the swiftly veiled glances of Mim and Billy as she slipped the letter into her pocket. Not even under those kind eyes could she bear to read it, but later, alone in her room she opened it.

"Herrick, can you ever forgive me?" ran the letter, its very brevity vibrating against her heart. "Carol has learned from Sir Francis all about that night at Two Ways Cottage and she has told me. I can never forgive myself."

For all her pride, she did not find it difficult to forgive him. The interminable days which had elapsed had given her better time to think, to learn of what little value pride is against love, and how, if the cases had been reversed, she might equally have doubted Mac.

And so a note, even briefer than Kenyon's own, went on its way to Greenwood.

"We return the day after tomorrow. Come see me."

Herrick."

YOU seem unusually pleased with life today," Severn remarked that afternoon. "One might almost think you and Kenyon had made up your quarrel. Have you?" he added abruptly and he turned to her suddenly. "Have you seen him, then?" he demanded sharply.

"No, but he has written to me. The foolish thing we quarrelled over has been explained. It was just a misunderstanding."

"I'm sorry," he said bluntly. "I want to marry you—and I intend to."

Herrick felt her temper rising. "It's ridiculous to talk like that," she replied. "You can't make a woman marry you if she doesn't want to."

"Can't you? Herrick"—his voice softened unexpectedly. "I don't want to force you. I'd ever so much rather not. That was why I was so glad when I knew your engagement was broken off. It seemed to give me a chance to win you other ways—"

"No," she interrupted. "You never had a chance, Gair."

When next he spoke all the tenderness had gone out of his voice. "Then I've my chance—now," he said, speaking very deliberately. "I happen to know who your father was. Kenyon doesn't. Do you think he'd marry you if I told him the truth about you?"

Herrick shrank back, white to the lips, then gathered herself together. "Mac wouldn't mind if you did tell him," she said, her steady glance defying him. "I have already told him, as much as he would hear. And he simply does not care what my father did."

"Perhaps not—in the abstract. But did you ever tell him that your father

[Continued on page 105]

Frances Lee Barton

explains the most important point in cake-making



COOK-BOOKS will tell you how to make cakes. They'll give you any number of delicious, tempting recipes. But they very often overlook the most important point in cake-making!

I wish I could explain to every woman who makes cakes that there is *more than one kind of flour*. So many women don't know this! They use bread flour for their cakes, without realizing that bread flour is meant for *bread*. It contains a type of gluten that requires from three to five hours "raising" by yeast, to give the best results.

For cakes, you need an entirely different kind of flour—Swans Down Cake Flour. Swans Down is made from specially selected soft winter wheat, grown near the Swans Down mills. This wheat contains a delicate, tender gluten that gives perfect results with the "quick leavens"—baking powder, egg whites, etc.

There's a big difference, too, in the milling of Swans Down. Only the choicest part of the wheat kernel is used. Of the flour milled from 100 pounds of selected wheat, *only 26 pounds are good enough for Swans Down*. And Swans Down is sifted and re-sifted—through finest silk—until it is *27 times as fine as bread flour!*

Swans Down is flour alone. Nothing is added to it. But it gives almost magic results! It will make your cakes light as a feather, fine-grained and tender. It's certainly worth the slight extra cost to be sure of perfect cake, *every time!*

Try the Strawberry Cake with Swans Down. Be sure to follow the directions carefully. For my own cake-making, I use a special set of utensils—and you can have



STRAWBERRY MERINGUE CAKE

(Raspberries, blackberries or huckleberries can be used in place of strawberries if desired)

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour	¼ cup milk
4 teaspoons baking powder	1 teaspoon vanilla
¾ cup butter	¾ cup sugar
1 cup sugar	4 egg whites, stiffly beaten
4 egg yolks, beaten	1 quart fresh strawberries
¾ cup sugar (All measurements are level)	

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and sift together three times. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks, then sifted flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in two 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 minutes. Remove from pans and cool.

Fold ½ cup sugar slowly into egg whites. Place two layers on baking sheet. Pile meringue lightly on them and return to moderate oven (350° F.) to brown (15 minutes).

Wash and hull berries. Reserve a few choice ones for garnishing. Crush remainder of berries with ½ cup sugar. Spread between layers. Garnish top with whole berries. Serve at once. Serves 8.



a set just like it, at cost! Read the offer below. There are nine articles included in the cake set, and each one helps to make cake-making a simpler, easier art.

Get these fine utensils at cost!

Valuable aids to better, easier cake-making are included in this *Cake Set*—a bargain! For just what it costs us—\$1.00 (\$1.25 at Denver and West, \$1.50 in Canada, \$2.00 elsewhere, including U. S. possessions)—we will send the kind of cake set we use in our own kitchens. Set consists of: Set aluminum measuring spoons; Wooden slotted mixing spoon; Wire cake tester; Aluminum measuring cup; Steel spatula; Heavy square cake pan (tin); Patent angel food pan (tin); Sample package of Swans Down Cake Flour; copy of recipe booklet, "Cake Secrets". If not entirely satisfied with set, you may return it, carrying charges prepaid, and your money will be promptly refunded. ("Cake Secrets" is the only item sold separately. The price is 10c.) An oven thermometer is essential to perfect baking. We can now supply you with a standard thermometer, postage prepaid. Send \$1.00 (\$1.25 at Denver and West, \$1.50 in Canada, \$2.00 elsewhere, including U. S. possessions).



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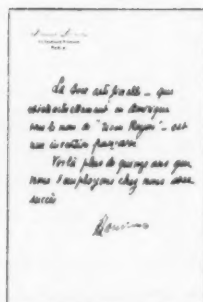
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SWANS DOWN CAKE FLOUR

Lanvin employs **RAYON** to interpret the sports mode



The name of Jeanne Lanvin is always associated with the robe de style. At the Lanvin establishment, rayon is warmly approved and extensively used.



"I have been well pleased with rayon as a material for the sports costume and consider unquestionable its position in the mode."



Green rep, wool trimmed, in a striking sports ensemble

JEANNE LANVIN, creator of the robe de style, designer of costumes worn by the actresses of the Parisian stage, is emphatic in her approval of rayon. Like Poirer, Callot, Drecol, Jenny and other authoritative designers, she considers rayon's position in the mode as definitely assured.

Rayon is woven into beautiful, luxurious fabrics of every type. Filmy georgettes, rich velvets, dainty voiles, satins, moires, taffetas — there is a rayon weave for every costume,

for every occasion. And rayon fabrics are always charming, always lovely. With surfaces soft as a flower's petal, colors bright and clear and rich as the rainbow, rayon has varied the mode with new charm and new beauty.

Rayon fabrics require no special care in laundering, though they should be handled with the same care given other fine fabrics. They do not shrink or stretch or lose their shape. Perspiration cannot harm them. Rayon's full, vivid colors remain sun-fast and unfading, nor will white rayon turn yellow with repeated washings.



In laundering, rayon requires only the same care you give any fine fabric.

You will find rayon in the most representative department stores, in the most exclusive specialty shops. Beautiful, serviceable, moderately priced, it has been received by the women of America with the same enthusiastic approval that has been given it by those Parisian designers who dictate the fashions of the world.

Rayon is a textile of almost endless uses:

CHILDREN'S APPAREL. Children's dresses and underthings, nightgowns, pajamas and stockings are never more serviceable and good-looking than when fashioned of rayon fabrics.

COATS. The smartest coats of the season are seen in grosgrain and satin weave rayons.

DRAPERIES. In draperies rayon adds to the draping qualities of the material and lengthens its period of service.

DRESS FABRICS. Virtually every fashionable fabric type is found among the many rayon weaves. Velvets, satins, georgettes, crepes, voiles, taffetas, wool crepes, basket weave woollens — these are but a few of the many rayon fabrics, beautiful, modish, long-wearing.

DRESSES. For the afternoon occasion rayon in flat crepe, transparent velvet and satin weaves is thoroughly approved.

HOSIERY. Rayon alone or in combination with wool or silk is made into stockings of unusual durability and excellent appearance.

MEN'S WEAR. The most exclusive haberdashers display rayon fabrics in lounge robes, smoking jackets and pajamas. Rayon is also woven into the smartest cravats, socks and scarves.

NEGLIGES. Rayon's bright colors and soft texture make it ideal for boudoir apparel.

SPORTS COSTUMES. In knitted frocks and separate sweaters rayon brings a new sparkle to the sports costume.

TAILORED DRESSES. In sheer wool and wool and rayon effects, rayon adds to the trim smartness of the tailored dress.

UNDERTHINGS. Because of its long service, fast colors, and dainty elegance, rayon lingerie holds an assured position in the smartest specialty shops.

UPHOLSTERIES. Taking dyes with a full rich bloom, rayon is admirably adapted for use in any figured or patterned material.

We will send you free on request samples of smart new rayon fabrics, with a booklet describing the use of rayon by Parisian couturiers. The frocks illustrated will offer interesting suggestions for your own wardrobe.

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Rayon

BITTER HERITAGE

[Continued from page 102]

was—Quintin Lindris?"

"No," she said, "but I don't see what difference that makes. It was what he did that mattered."

"It makes all the difference in the world whether your father happened to be Quintin Lindris—or some other swindler," he said slowly. "Because it was Quintin Lindris who ruined Kenyon's father."

She only stared at him dumbly. He winced at the naked agony in her face.

"Herrick—" He made a stumbling step towards her. "Don't look like that! Only say you'll marry me, and I swear Kenyon shall never know a word about your father."

She spoke, slowly, carefully. "If I marry you, you'll keep silent about my father. If I won't, you'll tell Mac. Is that it?"

"Yes. Otherwise I tell him," he said.

She stooped and picked her gloves up, smoothing them out meticulously between her fingers. "You must give me a little time to make my choice, Gair," she said at last, without looking at him. "I can't decide here and now. I'll tell you tomorrow morning."

HOURS elapsed and it was not until the sun was dipping westward that she came to a clear knowledge of what she must do. She must marry Gair, and so save Mac from what, if she became his wife, could only end in misery and disaster.

She was not fit to be the mother of Mac's children. His children must not be born from the stock of the man who was morally responsible for the death of Mac's own father and mother and for the tragedy of his sister's life.

Herrick slipped into Lady Bridget's room before dinner. "I've something to tell you, Mim," she said. "Gair came here this afternoon to ask me to marry him."

Lady Bridget smiled. "He's done that several times before, hasn't he?" she inquired in some amusement.

Herrick smiled back brilliantly. "Yes, it's been rather chronic with him. He's coming tomorrow for my answer."

A pause. Then: "It will be—yes," said Herrick.

"I've come for my answer," Mac spoke quietly to Herrick standing by the sundial in the Windycroft garden. She stared with dry, aching eyes past the man who had spoken, at the flowers blowing in the sunshine. She knew she must dash that look of hope and love from his face.

Herrick's voice was steady as she gave him back the answer she had rehearsed mentally so many times. "No, Mac," she said. "I've thought it all over, and I don't feel that I can marry you now."

"No," she continued, her voice flat and hard. "It's too late. I've changed my mind. I'm going to marry Gair Severn." Mac was silent for a moment then he laid his hands on her shoulders, forcing her to face him. "Tell me—and if you answer yes this time, then I'll accept it as the truth: do you really—honestly—want to marry him?"

With an effort she compelled herself to meet his eyes. "I honestly want to marry him," she said steadily, and there was that in her voice which carried utter conviction to the man beside her.

"I'm—I'm sorry, Mac, but I can't marry you, that's all."

"It's enough," he said. And without another word he turned and left her.

TO Herrick, dreading the day fixed for her marriage with Gair Severn,

the time seemed positively to flash by until she woke to her last day of freedom, to the day whose morrow would make her Severn's wife.

She felt her eyes suddenly wet and turned abruptly from the window to find Lady Bridget in the room.

"How bare it looks without your own things," she said. "Herrick child, I don't know what I shall do without you. Meanwhile—" She hesitated, fingering a letter she held in her hand.

Herrick felt her breath catch suddenly in her throat. Was it from Mac? A last word of kindness, of farewell?

"Is that for me?" she asked with dry lips, glancing towards the letter.

"Yes," said Lady Bridget. "It's for you. It's from your father. He wanted it to be given to you on your twenty-first birthday, or on your wedding-eve if you were married before then."

She slipped the letter into the girl's hand and left the room.

Herrick looked at her letter in her hand. Enclosed with it was an old signet ring of her mother's and one or two legal-looking papers and a birth certificate. These Herrick laid aside and, unfolding her father's letter, began to read it.

"Herrick, little old pal," ran the letter. "I wonder if, when you have read this to the end, you will be able to find it in your heart to forgive me, will still try to think of me as the good comrade I always wanted to be to you. I hope so, for, whatever else this letter takes from you of our memories together, the memory of our comradeship one with the other remains true and real."

"You were Dorothy's child, not mine. You came into the world three months after your father died, and because he never even saw you it seemed to make you more completely her child. Her child, not his. And I loved you at first just because you were hers. So I made you mine, and you were never told that I was not your actual father."

"But now I've made a hash of things and the only choice ahead of me is prison or death. I can't leave you a sixpence, my dear, but there's still one gift I can give you—the knowledge that you are not the child of a swindler. You'll think I ought to have let you know the truth long before and I suppose I ought. But I've a selfish fancy to remain a little longer in your heart just as I used to be. I hate your ever knowing I'm not really your father. I've faced most things in life, and now I'm facing death, but somehow I couldn't face this. I suppose we've all got our breaking-point somewhere, and that's mine. Anyway, even if you don't quite understand, try and forgive me."

There was only one thing which puzzled and bewildered Herrick for which she could find no explanation. This she confided to Mac when the first glorious ecstasy of reunion had melted into the sure stability of mutual understanding.

"It's so difficult to understand things," she said. "The whole of this time I've been fighting against something that was only imaginary—breaking you and myself against a wall which didn't exist. It all seems to have been so useless—so purposeless."

And Mac, standing with her hands in his, told her.

"Your pluck was the same as if what you believed to be true had been actually the truth," he said slowly. "I think that's what counts in life. Don't you see, beloved, it's just the fact that you put up such a splendid fight which makes you—you."

[THE END]



Home Baking has not lost its charm

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MITZI'S Dancing Feet

"Keeping a corn is an odd idea, with Blue-jay as easy to get as postage stamps" . . . So writes Mitzi, beautiful star in the Broadway production, "The Madcap."

Praise like this from the owner of million dollar feet is echoed by millions of Blue-jay users. They know that the soft and velvety "plaster way" is the safe and gentle way to end a corn. Relieving the shoe-pressure and stopping the pain at once.

But all Blue-jay's friends will be delighted with its new refinements. A creamy-white pad instead of the old-style blue one. A more flexible disc to cover even the odd shaped corn. And an improved package. At all drug stores, at no increase in price.

For calluses and bunions use Blue-jay Bunion and Callus Plasters.

THE new
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THE SAFE AND GENTLE
WAY TO END A CORN



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Nurses at the Maternity Center advise mothers how to give the best of care to their babies

**"A truly
sanitary way to
cleanse
a little baby's
things"**

MOTHERS often ask the famous Maternity Center of New York the safest way to care for baby garments, bottles and toys.

The Center uses Lux. These experts say:—

"Lux is a truly sanitary form of soap for use with a little baby's things because, unlike cake soap, the same Lux is never used twice.

"At the Maternity Center, we keep Lux in a glass jar, take out a teaspoon or tablespoon at a time as needed. This gives the baby protection against the germs and dust a cake of soap may collect, no matter how carefully guarded."

The Center uses Lux for another important reason—because of its purity. "Many soaps," they say, "contain alkalis harmful to a baby's skin. If even a little of such a soap remains in the baby's garments after washing, his tender skin becomes irritated. Analysis has shown that Lux contains no harmful alkali."

Sparkling, bubbly Lux suds—so bland, so richly cleansing—safeguard your baby's precious health. Use Lux for all his things!



Where purity and
mildness count most,
doctors say, "Use Lux"

Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

MARY, WIFE OF LINCOLN

[Continued from page 21]

haunts of her childhood, for she had written: "Mother, dear, I have been dreaming of our sweet old garden. I want to see it again, and even if, at this time of the year, it should be under its blanket of snow I could still, in my mind's eye, see Elizabeth strolling with me on the garden walk to the summer house."

So Mr. Lincoln in 1847, now a member of Congress, took Mary home to visit her father in Lexington before settling his family for the Winter in Washington. As it was Mary's first visit to Kentucky since her marriage she anticipated with eagerness her homecoming. None of her younger brothers or sisters had ever seen her. It was a cold day in November and the wide hall was chilly as the door was thrown open to receive them. The whole family stood near the front door with welcoming arms and, in true patriarchal style, the colored contingent filled the rear of the hall to shake hands with the long absent one and "make a miration" over the babies. Mary came in first with little Eddie, the baby, in her arms. "To my mind she was lovely," her sister Emilie says, "clear, sparkling blue eyes, lovely smooth white skin with a fresh, faint-wild rose color in her cheeks; and glossy light brown hair, which fell in soft, short curls behind each ear. She was then about twenty-nine years of age. Mr. Lincoln followed her into the hall with his little son, Robert Todd, in his arms. He put the little fellow on the floor, and as he arose I remember thinking of Jack and the Beanstalk, and feared he might be the hungry giant of the story, he was so tall and looked so big with a long full black cloak over his shoulders and he wore a fur cap with ear straps which allowed but little of his face to be seen. Expecting to hear the 'Fee, fi, fo fum,' I shrank closer to my mother and tried to hide behind her voluminous skirts. After shaking hands with all the grown ups Mr. Lincoln turned and, lifting me in his arms, said, 'So this is little sister.' I was always after that called by him 'little sister'. His voice and smile banished my fear of the giant.

"After Sister Mary left Kentucky

I counted the days when I could accept her invitation to make her a visit, and finally, when I was about eighteen, I set out happily for Illinois to visit my four sisters. Ann Todd was now married to Mr. C. M. Smith.

"It was in December when I arrived, and Springfield was in the midst of a whirl of gaiety; parties and balls followed each other in quick succession; and sister Mary was very gay that Winter. I was struck with her exquisite taste in dress. One gown, I remember, was a lovely lavender brocade which she had made herself, and which she wore with a round point lace collar. Our sister, Mrs. Edwards, entertained several times that Winter, as did also Mr. and Mrs. Ben Edwards.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln went to a large party at the Ridleys leaving everything apparently secure at home with a maid to watch the children. The party was very delightful but Mary grew restless and anxious and finally said, 'Mr. Lincoln, we must go home'; but he was reluctant and suggested that they stay a while longer. But she insisted that she must go and told him she would get some one to take her home that he might stay and enjoy himself. With his un-failing kindness he said, 'I will take you home. We will find everything all right and then we can come back and enjoy the rest of the evening.' They did not come back, however, as they found the house on fire, the maid fast asleep and the children's lives in danger. Mr. Lincoln said he was glad he had a wife who could 'sniff fire a quarter of a mile away.'

"Mary seemed almost clairvoyant, her intuitions were so clear and strong. She insisted that Mr. Lincoln should not take the position of Provisional Governor of Oregon. If he had taken it his chance of being made President would have been destroyed.

"Mr. Lincoln appealed to the eternal feminine in Mary. She mothered her husband as she did her children and he seemed very dependent on her. She would call him back and make him wrap his throat in a muffler. She watched his health as she did that of her little sons, and he never seemed

[Continued on page 107]

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 600 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal., Spring & Baker Sts., Atlanta, Ga., 810 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada; 204 Gt. Portland Street, London, England.

No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price
5075	6-1435	5284	6-18, 36-42.35		5305	14-18, 36-42.45		5326	14-18, 36-42.45	
5207	14-18, 36-42.45		5285	14-18, 36-42.50		5306	14-16, 36-42.45		5327	2-4-6-8-10	..30
5217	14-18, 36-42.50		5286	Three Sizes..30		5309	14-18, 36-42.45		5328	14-18, 36-42.50	
5235	14-18, 36-42.45		5287	14-18, 36-46.45		5310	14-18, 36-42.45		5329	14-18, 36-42.45	
5253	14-18, 36-46.50		5288	14-18, 36-42.45		5311	4-1435	5330	14-18, 36-42.45	
5255	14-18, 36-42.50		5289	14-18, 36-42.50		5312	14-16, 36-42.45		5331	1-2-3-4-6	..30
5256	4-1435	5290	14-18, 36-46.45		5313	14-18, 36-42.50		5332	2-3-4-6	..35
5259	4-1435	5291	4-1435	5314	16-18, 36-46.45		5333	2-3-4-6	..35
5261	2-3-4-625	5292	14-18, 36-42.45		5315	16-18, 36-42.45		5334	14-18, 36-42.65	
5262	14-18, 36-42.45		5293	14-18, 36-42.50		5316	14-18, 36-42.50		5335	14-16, 36-42.45	
5263	14-18, 36-46.45		5294	14-18, 36-42.35		5317	14-18, 36-42.45		5336	14-18, 36-42.65	
5266	2-4-6-8-10	..30	5295	14-18, 36-46.45		5318	6-1435	5337	2-4-6-8-10	..30
5267	14-18, 36-42.45		5296	14-18, 36-42.35		5319	16-18, 36-50.45		5338	14-18, 36-42.45	
5268	2-4-6-8-10	..30	5297	14-18, 36-42.35		5321	14-18, 36-42.45		5339	14-18, 36-42.45	
5269	14-18, 36-42.45		5298	4-1435	5322	14-18, 36-42.65		5340	14-18, 36-42.45	
5276	14-18, 36-42.45		5299	6-1435	5324	6-1435			
5280	14-18, 36-42.45		5300	14-18, 36-42.45		5325	14-18, 36-42.45				

Embroidery Patterns

No.	Color	Price	No.	Color	Price	No.	Color	Price	No.	Color	Price
833	Yel. or Blue	15	1601	Yellow75	1653	Applique75	1657	Yellow35
1533	Yel. or Blue	35	1650	Canvas45	1654	Blue50	1658	Medallions	..40
1586	Yellow75	1651	Calico60	1655	Medallions	..35	1659	Painting45
1590	Yel. or Blue	30	1652	Calico90	1656	14-2050			

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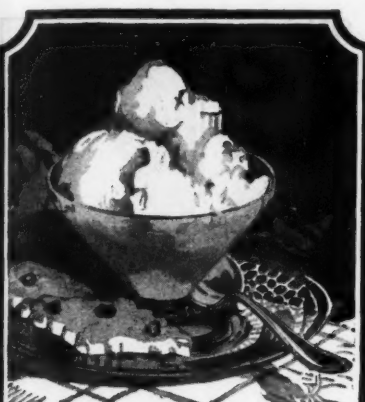
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for cold or
frozen desserts

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Send 4c and top of Mapleine carton for "Mapleine Cookery" by Alice Bradley... We will include "Mapleine Electric Refrigerator Recipes".

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If you have youngsters, my advice is give them flashlights. I know what a consolation one is to a nervous child at night. And don't neglect the important item of what's inside—load the flashlight with Eveready Batteries. Those little cells hold more actual light than it seems possible to cram into a battery.

Teach the children the flashlight habit. It saves them and yourself a lot of worry.

IRIS Fifteen beautiful varieties—all labeled. Also 1—50 cent Red Iris. Also 4—50 cent plants of my favorite of all irises—20 in all. About \$7.50 worth. Parcel Post. Prepaid for only \$1.50. A Million plants is the reason for these very, very cheap prices. Full instructions how to plant and grow iris—also list of 6 other unusual collections in every box. This is ideal time to plant iris. One exquisite Lavender Iris free for prompt orders.
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Cut out this coupon and send it with name and address. You will receive free a sample of the new **DIAMOND POINT CLUSTER JEWELS**, with a picture of the chain and directions for making it.
ALLEN'S BOSTON BEAD STORE, 8 WINTER ST., BOSTON, MASS.

MARY, WIFE OF LINCOLN

[Continued from page 106]

impatient over all this fuss made over him. She was full of coquetry, and often patted his arm and slipped her lovely little white hand into his. The contrast between his big, bony, brown hand and hers was almost ludicrous. She was noted for her lovely hands. They were well formed, and as white as the camellias she so often wore in her hair. She must have known how pretty her hands were for she made many quick little waves and birdlike gestures with them as she talked. Mr. Lincoln loved to see Mary in pretty clothes which he often spoke of as her 'feathers' or her 'war paint.'

"One evening Bob and I were playing checkers. Mr. Lincoln was looking thoughtfully into the fire and apparently did not hear what Mary was saying. Finally a silence. Mary put down her piece of embroidery and said, 'Your silence is remarkably soothing, Mr. Lincoln, but we are not quite ready for sleep just yet.' As Mr. Lincoln did not seem to hear, Mary got up and took his hand, 'I fear my husband has become stone deaf since he left home at noon,' she said. 'I believe I have been both deaf and dumb for the last half hour,' replied Mr. Lincoln, 'but now you shall not complain,' and he launched into an anecdote of one of his clients which broke the game of checkers and left us all speechless with laughter. Mary often watched for her husband and when it grew time for him to come home she would meet him at the gate and they would walk to the front door swinging hands and joking like two children.

"Anyone could see that Mr. Lincoln admired Mary and was very proud of her. She took infinite pains to fascinate him again and again with pretty coquettish clothes and dainty little airs and graces. She was gay and light-hearted, hopeful and happy. She had a high temper, and perhaps did not always have it under complete control, but what did it matter? Her little temper was soon over, and her husband loved her none the less, perhaps all the more, for this human frailty which needed his love and patience to pet and coax the sunny smile to replace the sarcasm and tears—and oh how she did love this man! She had a strong belief in predestination, ingrained in the blood of our Scottish Presbyterian ancestors, but wishing for anything did not mean that she should not use an active brain and determined will to gain her end. She believed in prayer, but not a passive acceptance of fate if she could divert predestination into more pleasant channels. She said to me one day, 'What is to be is to be and nothing we can say, or do, or be can divert an exorable fate.'

Mary was full of fun and an airy sort of badinage, very puzzling to a dull-witted person. She is quoted as saying early in her married life, "Mr. Lincoln is not pretty, he would certainly make a magnificent president." Of course only a stupid person would take this as a serious prophecy. Though, no doubt, she thought her husband better fitted to occupy that position than any other man in the world—for her faith in him was unbounded.

Mary Lincoln, while a painstaking and exquisite housekeeper, was so careful with her expenditures that Mr.

Lincoln could help his own family and pay off the debt of the store at New Salem, which had failed before his marriage. She adored her children and it was a pleasure to her to clothe their little bodies in garments of her own handiwork. She taught them, read aloud to them.

There were now three noisy, enterprising boys to entertain, to keep out of mischief, although their pranks never seemed to annoy their mother and seemed deeply to interest their father, who, joining in their romps, called them pet names. Tad (Thomas) born April 4, 1853, his father nicknamed "Tadpole" when a baby because the little fellow's head seemed larger than usual and the abbreviation, "Tad," clung to him all his life. Mr. Lincoln never interfered in the management of the children nor with Mary's domestic arrangements. Mary chided him for coming home in the rain with-

out an umbrella; she was fearful about his health which her brother-in-law, Dr. Wallace, had warned her to watch. She wanted to see him looking his best and was pleased when he wore broadcloth and a glossy tall silk hat. She shrank from any criticism of him and tried to make him more conventional. She did not want him to answer the door bell and, when a member of her family said, "Mary, if I had a husband with a mind such as yours has, I would not care what he did." She was very much pleased, and answered, "It is foolish; a very small thing to complain of." She was inordinately proud of him and believed in him with every fibre of her being. She longed for his success with all her heart because she wished the whole world to see him with her eyes, a great and glorious human being, the master spirit of his day and generation. She was thrilled as she saw his greatness being more and more recognized by his fellow citizens.

While her life was filled with love and home duties, she still found time to read; she kept in touch with current events and could forecast many a political outcome; she sympathized in all the political aims of her husband, advising him with far seeing judgment when he turned to her for encouragement. They went to church together on Sunday and she felt the "poetry" in his religious nature.

In 1857 Ben Hardin Helm (Mary Lincoln's brother-in-law) had occasion to go to Springfield to argue a law case. He promptly called on the Lincolns with many messages from "little sister." Mary, with warm cordiality, held out both hands to him and turning impulsively to Mr. Lincoln said, "So this tall young Kentuckian is Little Sister's husband, he shall have a double welcome as a Kentuckian and as a brother." "And also as the Grandson of the Kitchen knife Whetted on a Brick," added Mr. Lincoln. "Well," said Mary to Helm, "In spite of the fact that the speech in Congress which fastened that soubriquet on your grandfather, Mr. Ben Hardin, was made against our political idol, Mr. Clay, I have always had a sincere admiration for your grandfather's ability to cut roughly but cut deep."

Mr. Lincoln quietly slipped out of

[Continued on page 108]



"MELLO-GLO Face Powder is wonderful. It stays on longer yet does not dry the skin or clog the pores." Rose Marie Wallace, appearing in "Rosalie", New Amsterdam Theatre, N. Y. C.



"The youthful bloom reproduced by MELLO-GLO Face Powder does not wear off so quickly. This new powder is delightful." Carlotta Marino (acting in Warner Bros. Pictures), 57 W. 56th St., N. Y. C.



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We recommend the use of cold water containing 2 tablespoons of Borax to the quart. Use a stiff brush. After washing, flush out with another strong Borax solution and wipe the walls of all compartments with a cloth wrung out in cold Borax water. Finally sprinkle several spoonfuls of dry Borax over floor and racks. A weekly Borax cleansing will keep your refrigerator sanitary and free from all taint. Bread boxes, cupboards, shelves—wherever food is kept—should be regularly washed in hot water and Borax. Borax drives away all odor and leaves real cleanliness in its place.

Write for our booklet, "Better Ways to Wash and Clean." It's free for the asking. Address Pacific Coast Borax Company, 100 William Street, New York City. Dept. 557.



20 MULE TEAM BORAX

MARY, WIFE OF LINCOLN

[Continued from page 107]

the room and sent to the hotel for Helm's luggage, insisting that he must make their house his home while in Springfield. Helm spent a delightful week with them and he and his brother-in-law formed a friendship which was more like the affection of brothers than the ordinary liking of men. Lincoln and his young brother-in-law had much of mutual interest to talk about. Lincoln's father (Thomas Lincoln) had settled in Elizabethtown, Hardin County, Kentucky, and there had plied his trade of cabinet maker and carpenter before he bought his farm near Elizabethtown, where Lincoln was born. Helm's father owned a large body of land one mile from Elizabethtown. While Helm was twenty-three years younger than Lincoln he had all of the traditions of Hardin County at his finger tips and could answer Lincoln's interested questions. Lincoln, Helm and Mary discussed animatedly the political situation. Both Helm and Mary came of slave-owning people who personally had never seen cruelty practised, who both had been nursed by loving black mammies whose word was law and must be obeyed implicitly by the children under her charge.

Helm feared the freeing of the slaves would ruin the South. Mary agreed with her husband that the institution of slavery was a blot on the country. Neither at that time dreamed of sudden emancipation. Lincoln and Helm realized and deeply deplored the bitterness and hatred growing up between the two sections of the country. While Lincoln was a Republican and Helm a southern rights Democrat, they were thoughtful, conservative men, both were born in the same state, within a few miles of each other; both had a full understanding of the conditions and prejudices of the Southern people. Lincoln declared, "They are just what we would be in their situation. If slavery did not exist among them they would not introduce it. If it did not exist among us, we should not instantly give it up. I surely will not blame them for not doing what I should not know how to do myself. If all earthly power were given me, I should not know what to do as to the existing institution. My first impulse would be to free all the slaves and send them to Liberia to their own native land. But a moment's reflection would convince me that . . . it's sudden execution is impossible, etc." "I regret as you do," said Helm to Lincoln, "that the importation of slaves into the South was ever allowed but we must realize that under the guarantees of the Constitution an immense amount of wealth in the Southern states has been wrapt up in slaves, indeed slaves must constitute nearly half of all the property owned in the South." "But" cried Mary, "this rich government would compensate the owners for their slaves and in time send the negroes back to their native land." "No," replied Helm, "the Northern Abolitionists will never consent to that plan. They have already declared it would be a disgrace to the nation to pay for emancipated slaves. The South bought the slaves in good faith—" he laughed, "most people have a fancy for

holding on to their property even if much trouble comes of it."

At the end of his single term in Congress in 1849, Abraham Lincoln retired permanently, as he thought, from politics, for five years thereafter he devoted his time and talents to the practice of law. He and Mary during this time read and studied much together. They were both fully abreast of the times in the world of politics. Newspapers and editorials were alive and exciting. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise in May, 1854, put through by the Democrats under the leadership of Lincoln's inveterate political rival, Stephen A. Douglas, stirred Lincoln and Mary to the very core and Lincoln was spurred into immediate action. He returned to political life and helped to form the Republican party. The old Whig party, which had avoided making an issue of the slavery question, now gave a last expiring gasp and the former Whigs in the North united with those Democrats and Free-soilers having anti-slavery principles. Many of them were not Abolitionists. They were united on the firm platform that slavery should not be extended. Hot heads now, both North and South, were threatening the country with disunion.

There was no epithet too insulting for the North to fling at the South, and the South flamed with answering vituperation of the North; each section inflaming the passions of the other day by day with more bitter hatred.

Lincoln was called half-hearted in the North because he persisted in his belief in the right of the slave states, guaranteed by the Constitution. His principle aim in life now, was to save the Union if he could. "If I could save the Union by emancipating all the slaves I would do so; if I could save it by emancipating none of them I would do it; if I could save it by emancipating some and not others, I would do that too." Few men were as single in purpose and so unswerving as Lincoln to effect the preservation of the Union. In 1857 the Republican party had, shortly after the inauguration of President Buchanan, received a staggering blow from a totally unexpected quarter when it was decided by Chief Justice Taney and a majority of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States that the exclusion of Slavery from any part of the territories was unconstitutional, and in the Dred Scott case the Chief Justice and his associates decided that the negro, Dred Scott, was not a citizen and also not free, because the Missouri Compromise had always been void and unconstitutional. Chief Justice Taney declared that the makers of the Constitution and the authors of the Declaration of Independence had not meant the negro when they used the words "man," "persons" or "citizens."

Mr. Lincoln, thoughtful and conservative, declared, "And no matter what our grievance, even though Kansas shall come in as a slave state; and no matter what theirs, even if we shall restore the Compromise we will say to the Southern disunionists. 'We won't go out of the Union and you shan't.'" This "you shan't" the hot headed Southerners took to be a challenge. Calmer Southerners who were for pre-



The Mother!



The Daughter!

Both in doubt

... concerning this most intimate matter of feminine hygiene

IN most families this delicate subject is misunderstood by both mother and daughter. The daughter's views are likely to be vague about the whole matter. The mother, on the other hand, believes she knows the facts when, to be frank, her information is usually out-of-date. And it is almost always the daughter who suffers!

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L'ECHO DE PARIS



5329

5309

5338

5319

Wherever Sports are, There are Good Clothes

SPORTS clothes are young, vital, modern. They are the last contribution of fashion. They have no precedent in sartorial history. They are as new as radio. As symptomatic of the epoch as air ships. What wonder that they jostle all other clothes for first place. That's what fashion historians say. But women throw all that aside and say "they make us look young." True. The only drawback about looking young is to try it unsuccessfully. At certain ages, with certain figures that show the marks of time, the assumption of boneless youth borders on the grotesque. But youth riots in the sports clothes of this Summer, and age achieves distinction in them if a sense of humor is allied to good taste.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5329. Distinguishing features of this frock of thin woolen are radiating tucks, flat collar, cravat of same material, sleeves strapped at wrists. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 32-inch material or 2½ yards of 54-inch.

No. 5309. Flannel makes this frock, its severe neckline softened by a scarf. Skirt appeals by its irregularity. Size 36, 3¼ yards 36-inch. Satin-stitch motif from Embroidery No. 1590 would make a smart decoration.

No. 5338. All tricks of the trade in this frock of heavy flat crepe: sailor yoke, oddly shaped cutting of the front and back with pleated sides. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5319. Striped wash silk here suggests a clever way to combine vertical and horizontal lines. The shirt bosom effect is well done. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material; collar, ¾ yard of 36-inch.



5335

5336

5336

5328

No. 5335. This evening wrap of transparent velvet has the touch of the Cavalier in its arrogant cuffs, wide revers, buckled neck scarf. Size 36 requires 5 yards of 40-inch material or 3½ yards of 54-inch.

No. 5336. The evening frock with its peacock tail and bustle bow is here developed in printed taffeta. Gentle fulness at front hip line is good trickery. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material.

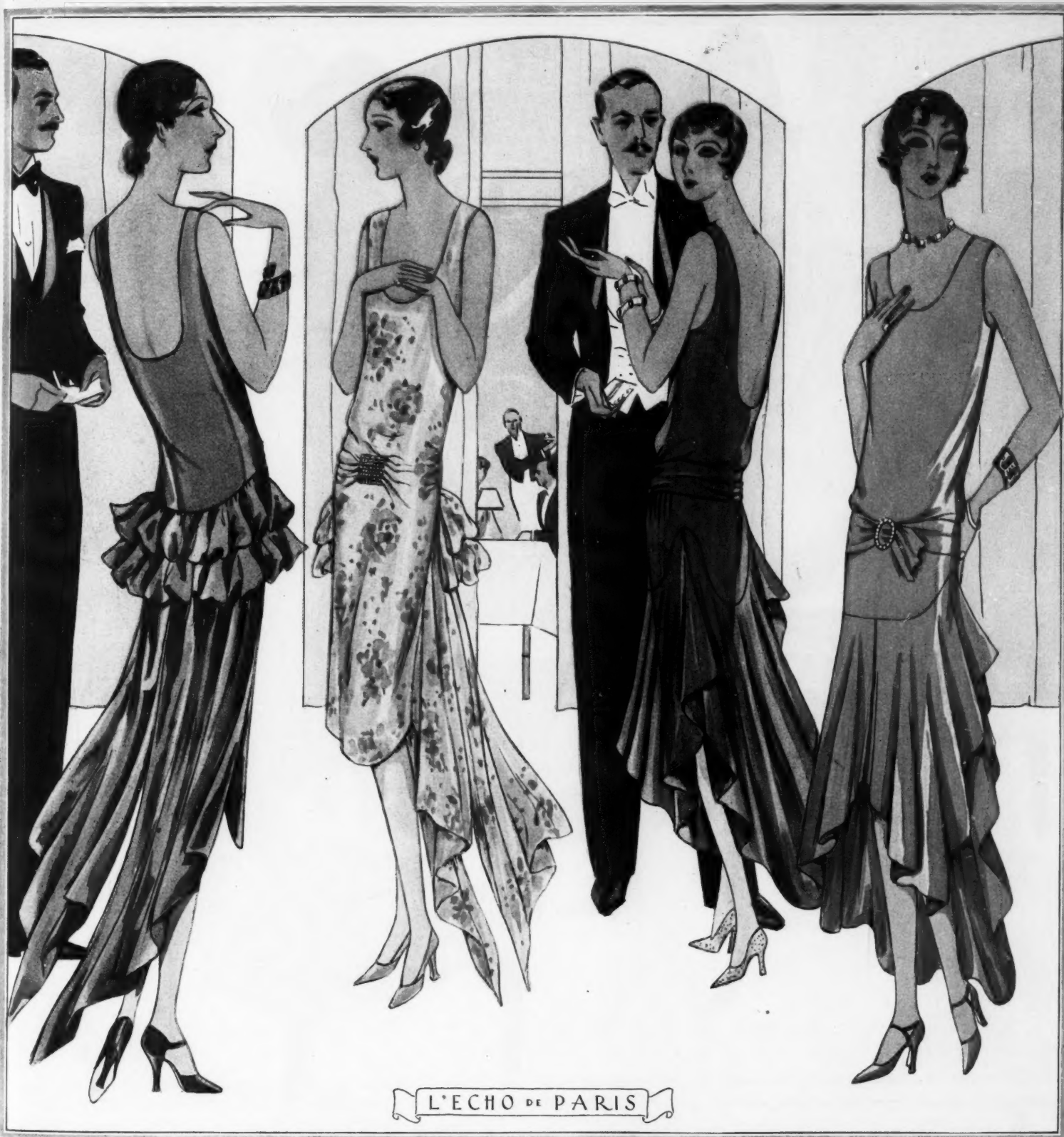
Bustles, Bows and Boleros Dominate Evening Frocks

SOME of the smartly gowned young women keep the immense loops of the bustles on evening gowns stuffed with tissue paper the color of the fabric. You know the trick by the crackle of the paper as they sit down. It's an amusing novelty. Two models here show the kind of bustles which are thus treated, and shows how the wheel-revolves. It was done in 1880. The very long spreading ends below these bustles are often called "peacock tails." In them lies the vanity of the gown. It is rumored they will be spangled and embroidered. Another revival is the use of point d'esprit for dance frocks. Here's one with scalloped bolero which is new.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5328. Point d'esprit is suggestive of days when "belles and beaux" ruled the dance floor. Its curved bolero is followed by curved flounce to form a full skirt. Size 36, 6¾ yards 40-inch material.

No. 5336. Plain taffeta makes another version of this model. The outstanding bustle built of loops and tucked across the center is stiffly held by the firm fabric. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material.



5322

5322

5334

5334

No. 5322—Here's a clever mingling of mediaeval and modernity. The fabric is soft taffeta and the ruffles at the hips go in curves dipping also at back. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5322—This model, repeated in figured chiffon, proves that any fabric is equally successful. It shows how the front is in striking contrast to the back. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material.

It's Knees and Heels with New Dance Frocks

FAMILIARITY with the frock that drapes to the heels and rises nearly to the knees in front has induced us to like it immensely. We have ceased to argue about it. We merely strive to find new methods of achieving it gracefully. Whether or not it is a prophecy of ankle length skirts even experts can't say. Its novelty suffices. One model exhibits the tight skirt with the bertha and sash ends. The other uses yards of fabric that doesn't keep its distance from the floor any two inches in succession. On its way to the heels it cavorts in voluminous ripples and flying curves and points. No simplicity here. Notice that girdles are higher than usual.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5334—The yards of chiffon that go into this skirt must be cleverly handled to give the suggestion of fragility. Here the uplift is at sides. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5334—Creme satin, as you see, substitutes chiffon in the same alluring model. It shows how the buckled girdle breaks the line of bodice. Size 36 requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch or $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material.



L'ECHO DE PARIS

5315

5340

Sunshine, Summer and Five O'clock

PARIS picks up many customs and ideas from London. One custom to cross the English Channel is what Parisiennes call "the feeve o'clock." And strangely enough it really means tea. For which Paris designers invent a multitude of translucent frocks, all colorful. It is the Parisienne's one chance to wear frivolous frocks in the day hours. Here are shown new gowns accepted. Sheer, not opaque, fabrics are chosen. Often the slip is of the same material. Whether printed or plain is left to the wearer's inclination. Coquetry is in every line. Skirts are dissimilar and irregular shoulder drapery is accentuated. The only apparent lengthening of the skirt is by means of dripping drapery.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5315. Chiffon or sheer crepe can be used for this frock with an original treatment of deep circular drapery forming cape and flounce. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5316. Every line droops in this printed georgette gown with shoulder cape that gathers at waist to meet a velvet ribbon bow. Size 36, $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch; velvet ribbon, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 4-inch.

No. 5330. Rayon voiles, printed chiffons and georgettes give wide range of choice for this frock with Martha Washington kerchief and double waistline. Size 36 requires 5 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5340. A ruffled skirt that dares to tip upward in back, a simulated bustle and a deep fichu, all distinguish this frock of printed georgette. Size 36 requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material.



No. 5326. This georgette gown with its cleverly uneven skirt brings attention to its bodice by the heavy lace as loose cuffs and narrow "modesty piece." Size 36, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch; lace, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch.

No. 5310. The velvet in this gown is a cobweb weave which gives little warmth. There's trickery in the sleeves that gives distinction. Size 36, 5 yards 40-inch; contrasting, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 40-inch material.

Lace and Velvet Intrude Themselves Into Summer Clothes

THERE was a fashionable bride in a Southern town who was astonished to find that a smart New York dressmaker had sent her a velvet coat to wear this Summer in conjunction with a figured chiffon frock. She questioned it. The answer came back "velvet in its new cobweb weave is fashionable for Summer." And it is. Even for frocks. It runs apace with chiffon and other sheer fabrics. There's a gown of it on this page. Heavy lace also appears in cuffs and vest on thin gowns. Soap bubble chiffons carry coats of velvet touched with cream and ecru lace. Here's an opportunity for you to get old lace out of old trunks in the attic.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5339. Hot weather does not deter women from adopting red again as a Summer color. It is here in a frock that resolves itself into ruffles and jabots. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5313. This figured chiffon frock gets its youthful vitality from the swinging movement of circular skirt flounce and applied jabot to bodice. Size 36, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material or $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 54-inch.





5325

No. 5325. This adaptation of a mediæval frock gets its irregular swirling movement in skirt through skilful scissor work. Size 36, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch; contrasting, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 40-inch.



5316

No. 5316. Of sheer georgette, the full skirt and bow at hip are as unceasing in ripples as a wind blown lake. Size 36 requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch or $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch material.



5253

No. 5253. Technically perfect is the cutting of this frock to achieve varied and harmonizing angles that make the fabric swing to and fro. Size 36, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch; $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 40-inch.



5330

No. 5330. The fichu on shoulders of this printed gown tries its best to rival the full skirt that resembles a lotus flower. Size 36 requires 5 yards of 40-inch material.



5330

L'ÉCHO DE PARIS

Incessant Movement of Fabric Conspicuous in Gowns

THE pencil silhouette, the pipe stem contour, the mannish severity, belong to a day that's done. Even with tailored suits, the blouse, cravat, slippers, sheer stockings, flowers, strings of beads, give frivolity. The fabric of the hour is soft and flowing. So movement through drapery, flounces, jabots, geometrical cutting, is essential to grace. Skirts blow outward like petals of flowers. Martha Washington kerchiefs soften neck outlines. Prints in chiffon, rayon, georgette, voile and organdie, achieve movement and soft feminine lines. The new frocks are surely of romantic origination.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

L'ECHO DE PARIS



5313 5314 5235



5235

Few Frocks Miss the Chance to Adorn the Neckline

EVERY woman tries her best to look feminine. Every one in the clothes and beauty trades aids her. Therefore, the severe neck opening takes its place in the shadows. Its reign was too long. The lack of weight in new fabrics compels a decorative treatment of neck and shoulders. Half-way capes, the fichu of two Revolutions—French and American—is revived. Sailor collars with flying bows were made successful by Talbot of Paris. Plain turnover collars take on significance by reason of odd shaping. Even when a plain V opening is used, it is fashionably adorned by cording and tucks.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5315. This Renaissance neckline flings a deep cape backward to offset the flounced skirt that drops in point at one side. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5313. The well-shaped cape on the shoulders of this sheer frock serves to partly cover the arms. The bow is another romantic touch. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch.

No. 5314. This is the Summer's version of a tailored suit, enlivened by vest, collar, cuffs of contrasting silk. Size 36, 3¾ yards 40-inch; contrasting, ½ yard 36-inch.

No. 5235. The slender V opening at neck is made decorative by a band, flower and groups of tucks at each side. Size 36, 5¾ yards 32-inch or 4½ yards 40-inch.

L E C H O D E P A R I S



5317

5255

5267
Emb. No. 1601

5276

Brilliant Hues Are Splashed Against White Beaches

THE fashionable French beaches and the far-flung fame of the Lido at Venice, inspire us to put on the most gaudy clothes we possess when to the beaches we go. Against the white and blue which gets monotonous, we dash ourselves in purple, red, yellow, green, and patterned fabrics. Bathing suits follow that example. No longer are they dark blue. They shriek aloud with violent colors. All beach frocks are short and simple as shown here. They have ingenious touches. Sleeves or no sleeves. Either choice is right. The more informal the effect, the better.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5317. The beguiling features of this frock are the loose knotted collar; effect of triple belting at normal waistline; sharp, fanlike flare at one side of skirt. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material or 3¾ yards of 40-inch.

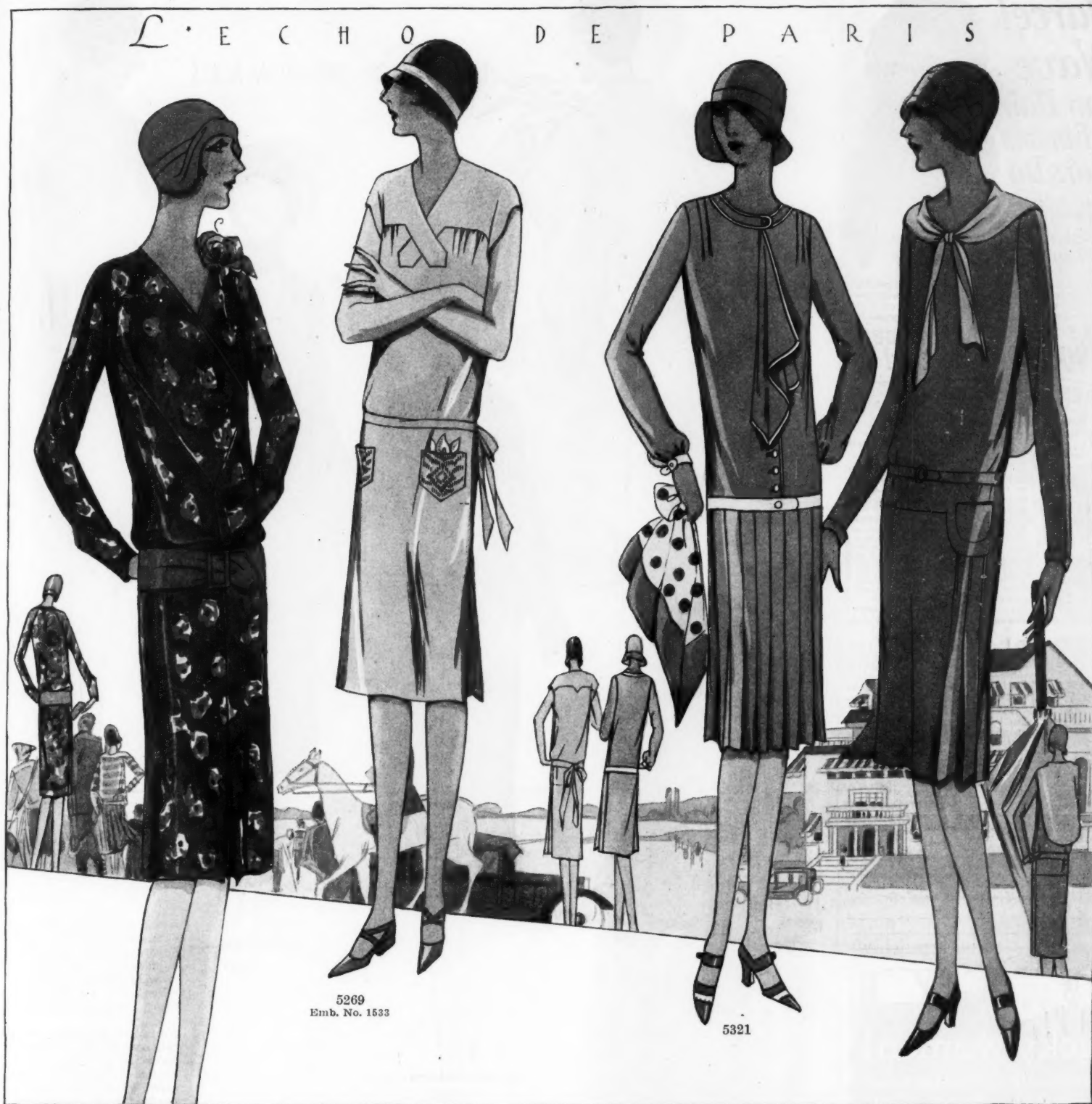
No. 5255. This sea-view frock manages to look like one of the new kaleidoscopes which are the diversion of the fashionables, by patterning, banding, belt and hem. Size 36, 3¼ yards 32-inch or 2¾ yards 40-inch; contrasting, ½ yard 36-inch.

No. 5267. No one need ask what is the novelty in this frock! Observe the jacket effect; half fastened; sleeveless. It's of silk pique. Size 36, 2¼ yards 40-inch. A dog motif in felt appliqué of contrasting color would be a smart decoration.

No. 5276. Here, printed silk is manipulated into a striking skirt; the girdle is buckled; the shoulders are tucked. The neckband and tie are in solid color. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 32-inch material; contrasting band, ¾ yard of 32-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 106.

L · E · C · H · O · D · E · P · A · R · I · S



5262

5269
Emb. No. 1533

5321

5309

Country Club Days Bring Out New Sports Frocks

THERE'S no end to the ingenuity and enthusiasm shown by dress designers in the making of open-air clothes. Naturally! For these models are now acceptable all the hours of the day. Silks, woolens of cobweb weaving, crepes, printed linens arriving from Paris, thin flannels, are materials that go into these clothes. Even wool lace is used. The novelties shown on this page are velvet girdles, intricate yokes, jabots bound with contrasting color, waist deep capes of thin fabric loosely tied in front with long ends. Enough cleverness to explain their reputation!

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5262. This dark printed silk frock takes on frivolity through a wide velvet girdle as substitute for a commonplace leather belt. Shoulder flowers carry out the colors in the patterning. Size 36, 4 yards 36-inch material; girdle, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch.

No. 5269. It's not easy to invent an unusual yoke such as adorns this wash silk frock, outlined by a tied sash. Size 36, requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 32-inch material. A smart decorative trimming would be motifs on the pockets worked in straight-stitch.

No. 5321. The cleverness of contrasting colors is subtly worked out here by belt and bindings in a light tone against a dark one. Both are silken fabrics. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40-inch material.

No. 5309. There are tricks of many kinds in this heavy silk frock. The seams on skirt, the odd placement of pocket, addition of careless cape excite interest. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material; collar, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 36-inch.

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L'ECHO DE PARIS



5305



5312



5335

No. 5335. Such a coat of silk with its rakish scarf and exaggerated cuffs proclaims the popularity of Cavalier fashions. Inequality of hem is excellent. Size 36, 2½ yards 54-inch; scarf, ½ yard 40-inch.

No. 5335. In sheer georgette this coat carries feminine features deep tucks at hem, pleats at neck, a buckled scarf. It is first aid to any frock. Size 36, 5 yards of 40-inch material.

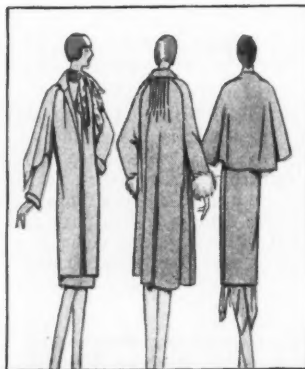
No. 5312. Velvet establishes itself as a Summer fabric in this skirt length coat with light fur cuffs and scarf collar. Revers loosen the front lines. Size 36, 4½ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5305. Flexible, supple cashmere cloth lets all the rippling lines of this day coat fall as they should. Heed the novelty of the irregular cape. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 5306. An evening wrap like this of transparent velvet serves many occasions. With crossing fronts and deep cape, it gives security no matter what gown goes beneath. Size 36, 3¾ yards of 40-inch.



5306



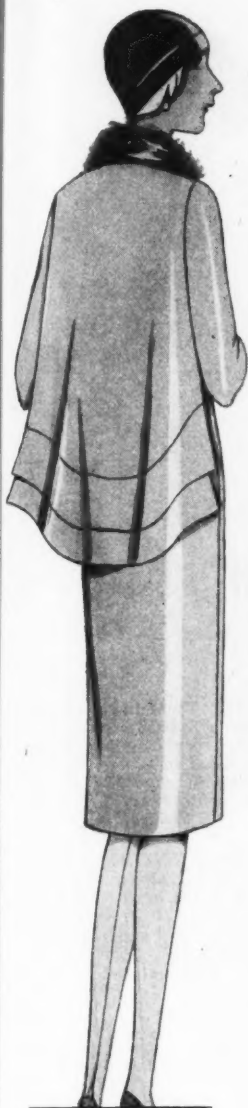
5305

5312

5306

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L'ECHO DE PARIS



5263



5305
5280



5312



5312



5300
5207



5263 5305 5300
5280 5207

No. 5263. We follow the rakish fashions of Cavaliers not Puritans today. Witness this silken coat with swinging cape at back and deep fur collar. Size 36 requires 4 3/4 yards of 40-inch material.

Nos. 5305, 5280. We retain affection for coat and frock that are close kin. Here the severe coat needs the exotic muffler. Size 36, 3 yards 40-inch; dress, 3 1/4 yards of 40-inch.

No. 5312. This velvet coat is shown in two views for its back and front. The front accents revers of contrasting velvet. Size 36 requires 3 1/4 yard 40-inch material; contrasting, 1 1/2 yards 40-inch.

No. 5312. The back of this velvet coat is narrowed by group pleats and sharply pointed sleeves that run to collar. It has the raglan fullness. Size 36, 3 1/4 yards of 54-inch material.

Nos. 5300, 5207. This thin velvet cape was chosen by the fashionables on French beaches. Now it's here. Size 36, 2 1/2 yards 54-inch; dress, 2 3/4 yards 40-inch; band, 5/8 yard 54-inch.

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LECH O DE PARIS



5324

5324



5332



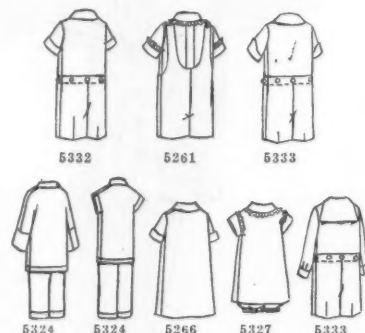
5333

No. 5333. These linen trousers are the irreducible minimum. But they are balanced by an ornate waist in two colors. Size 4, waist, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 32-inch material; contrasting, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 32-inch.

No. 5332. This white waist shows its kinship to the trousers by bands of the same colored linen. Size 4, waist, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material; trousers and bands, 1 yard of 36-inch material.

No. 5324. Children are permitted the luxury of silk pajamas such as these with printed jacket to carry out decorative hems of trousers. The tie is a feature in itself. Size 14, plain, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material; figured, 2 yards of 40-inch.

No. 5324. This little girl goes to bed wearing cotton crepe pajamas gay as patchwork quilt. Decorations are silk in solid color. Size 8 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27-inch material or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch; contrasting, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 32-inch.



5332

5361

5333

5324

5324

5266

5327

5333



5333
Emb. No. 833



5266



5327

No. 5261. The boy wears trousers and suspenders all in one. As a touch of gaiety the waist in contrasting color is ruffled. Size 4, waist, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 27-inch material or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 32-inch; trousers, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27- or $\frac{7}{8}$ of 32-inch.

No. 5333. In striped drill with sailor collar and dickey, this boy feels competent. Size 6, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch; contrasting, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch; shield, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch. Satin-stitch stars embroidered on collar and shield would be smart.

No. 5266. Little girls, like older sisters, wear printed frocks. This is quite sophisticated with bias bands, godets and short sleeves. Size 10 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch; contrasting, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 32-inch material.

No. 5327. There is no necessity to have gingham look like nothing at all. Here it's cut to catch the eye with pleats and tabs. Size 6, 3 yards of 27-inch material or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch; collar, armbands, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 32-inch.

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L E C H O D E P A R I S



5331

5075

No. 5331. This brief frock of dotted Swiss owes its novelty to a shaped yoke that covers the arms and a collar that ties in a smart bow at one side. Size 4, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material.

No. 5075. Going to a party one wears georgette coquettishly cut. Small scallops and narrow lace edgings and a gay bow add to the frivolous effect. Size 6 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36- or 40-inch material.



5259

No. 5259. Another party frock of point d'esprit carries out adult ideas with shirred godets on skirt, with bright sash and flying shoulder ribbons. Size 12 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material; ribbon, 3 yards of $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch.

No. 5337. Color contrast is achieved here by putting a jacket of contrasting color over a silk frock. Edges are bound with the same silk as jacket. Size 6 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch material; jacket, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch.



5337



5311

5256



5268

5318

No. 5268. Sheer georgette takes its place for children's clothes. In this frock, shirring at the shoulders and small panels of the fabric held in place by a sash are decorative. Size 8 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5318. This juvenile party frock carries the sheer shoulder cape of georgette tied with a conspicuous ribbon bow. A ribbon sash holds in the skirt. Size 10 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material; ribbon 4 yards.

No. 5311. Printed georgettes are admirable for growing girls and here the frock gains a beauty by a deep bertha of plain fabric and a gay velvet ribbon sash. Size 12, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch material; bertha, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 40-inch.

No. 5256. Dimity goes with juveniles against other rivals. This frock is short and wide and its decoration is an oddly shaped yoke of plain fabric. Size 6 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 32-inch material; yoke, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 32-inch.



5256

5075

5337

5268

5331

5259

5318

5311

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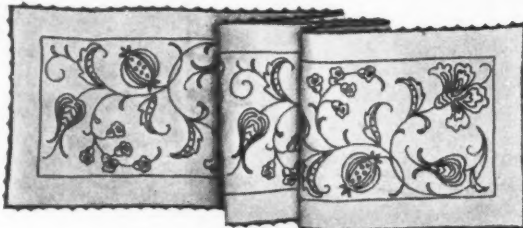
Keeping Your Stitchery Up-to-date

by Elisabeth May Blondel

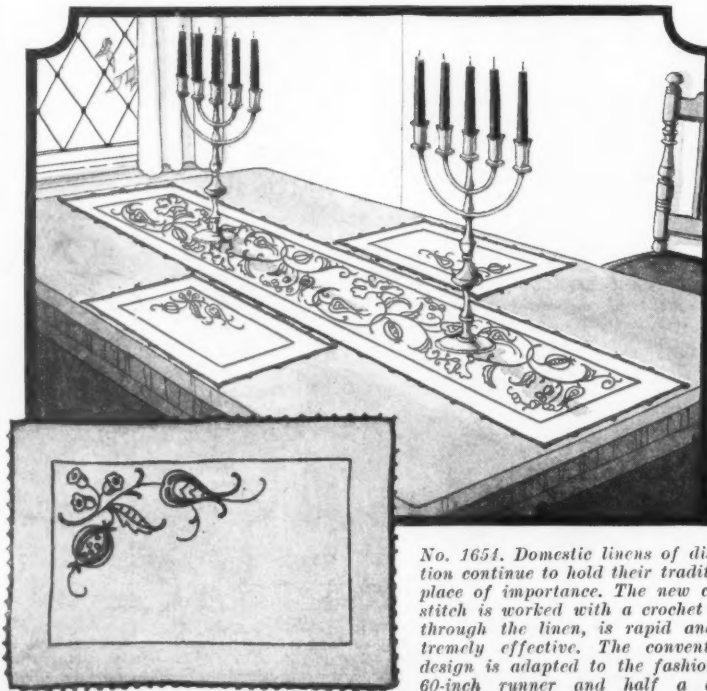


No. 1586. To quilt such a coverlet as this for her very own is the smart housewife's cherished desire. Worked in taffeta or radium, the peacock set is irresistible. The design for coverlet is adaptable to sizes 52 x 64 to 76 x 84 inches.

No. 1657. The Peacock pillow, quilted in all the soft glory of outspread plumage, now comes to add symmetry and comfort to milady's boudoir. Matching its parent coverlet, the two fulfill all the demands of prevalent fashion. The design for boxed pillow, 17½ inches in diameter, is developed in running-stitches that catch through to the wadding. The quilted effect is loveliness itself, a worthy compliment to chaise longue or easy chair.



1654. The long 90-inch linen runner chain-stitched all in one color and finished with a picot edge.



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of McCall's Magazine, published monthly at Dayton, Ohio, for April 1, 1928.

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared John D. Hartman, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Assistant Treasurer of The McCall Co., publisher of McCall's Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 445, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher: The McCall Company, 236 West 37th Street, N. Y. C.; Editor: Otis L. Weiss, Managing Editor: James Henle, Business Managers: None.

2. That the owners are: The McCall Company, New York; McCall Corporation, Wilmington, Del. (Owner of the McCall Co. Stock). The following are the names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 percent or more of the capital stock of McCall Corporation: Claude R. Branch, 15 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.; Oliver B. Capen, 250 Fourth Ave., New York City; Irving M. Day, 120 Broadway, New York City; Morris E. Dent, c/o Guaranty Trust Co., Madison Ave. & 60th St., New York City; Alice A. Fisher, c/o H. J. Fisher, 22 William St., New York City; Henry J. Fisher, 22 William St., New York City; Hamilton C. Lyon, 360 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; James H. Otley, Henry W. Sackett and Guaranty Trust Co. of New York as trustees under the last will and testament of James H. Otley, deceased, for Frances E. Otley, Trust; for Gilbert Otley, Trust; for James H. Otley, Trust; for Lucetta G. Otley, Trust, and for Martha M. Otley, Trust; Leo Higginson & Co., 70 Federal St., Boston, Mass.; McCall Corporation, 236 W. 37th St., New York City; John R. Maxwell, Villa Nova, Pa.; Merrick & Co., c/o The New York Trust Co., 100 Broadway, New York City; John P. Munn, 18 West 5th St., New York City; Sanford Robinson, 26 Liberty St., New York City; Daniel W. Streeter, 514 Marine Trust Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.; Wm. B. Warner, 236 W. 37th St., New York City; White, Weld & Co., 14 Wall St., New York City; Mrs. Ada Bell Wilson, c/o Amer. Exch. Irving Trust Co., 233 Broadway, New York City; Robert Cade Wilson, c/o Amer. Exch. Irving Trust Co., 233 Broadway, New York City; Mrs. Anna Roberts Holmes Hill Wright, c/o Corn Exchange Bank, 19 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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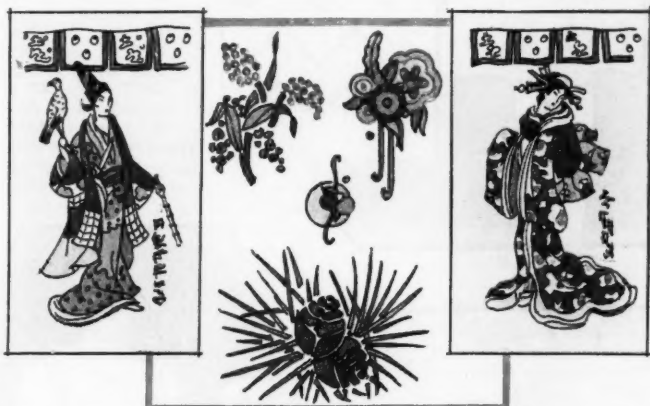
John D. Hartman, Assistant Treasurer, Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of March 1928, Walter J. Boyle, Notary Public, New York County, No. 154 New York County Reg. No. 0-154, Kings County No. 150, Kings County Reg. No. 239, My commission expires March 30, 1930.

The Furniture of Smaller Folks

By Elisabeth May Blondel



No. 1655. Decorative pasted medallions that look like veritable leaves from the child's most treasured story book, now adorn his bedroom furniture and carry out the modern note of practical simplicity. The soft colorings will blend with any light tinted wood, and a coat of varnish applied after pasting insures durability. The motifs are adapted to 6 pieces, the largest $4\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ inches; 2 medium and 3 small, $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$.



No. 1659. Suitable subjects of authentic design for fabric painting on wall panels, on kimonos, on pillows, lingerie, etc., are here shown. The two Oriental motifs, $8\frac{1}{4} \times 14\frac{1}{2}$ inches, carry color possibilities of alluring charm; the pine cone motif, $5\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, is adapted to two pairs, and as many duplicates of the remaining floral motifs are offered. Accompanying color charts illustrate and simplify the practical development of these painting motifs.

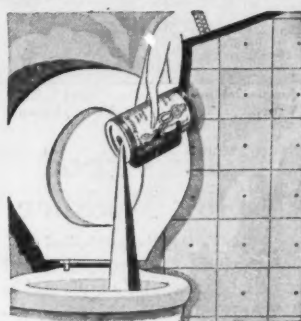
1659. Painted wall panels of Japanese inspiration impart new luxury to the home interior.



No. 1658. Too cunning for words is this baby set of pasted decorations for the tiny occupant's crib and chifforobe. Spring posies of many hues bloom around the little tot silhouetted against a pale blue sky. The illustration above is an enlarged detail of the largest medallion, $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, pasted at the head of the crib; there are two pairs (with seated infant) in medium size, $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ inches; and 3 small motifs complete the set of 8 which create charming spots of decoration among nursery accessories in every day use.

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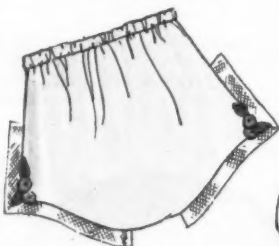
The Summer Mode for Twenty

by Elisabeth May Blondel



No. 1656. The smocking vogue blazes its path upward, and now the older girl in her teens becomes a devotee of the popular "Smocktop." This belted mode enhanced by colorful cross-stitch motifs is unusually attractive for girls ranging between 14 and 20 years of age. The model is adapted to 3 sizes—14 years, 16 years and 18 to 20 years. Delightfully convenient is this new method that simplifies the making.

1656. Two details above show rows of smocking for size 14, and motif for colored cross-stitch.



1653. The silk appliques will cover flower motifs for vest, panties and costume slip or nightgown, any three garments that are preferred. When combined with a finish of net footing, the result is extremely chic.

No. 1653. Any girl will out and make herself a set of silk lingerie, when the essential decoration is supplied in daintily colored silk patches for applique as in the uniquely attractive design here illustrated. The silk pieces in four pastel shades are adapted to complete any three garments, following the accompanying instruction.

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MARY, WIFE OF LINCOLN

[Continued from page 108]

serving the Union by some sort of compromise were insulted and called Abolitionists. The storm of protest raised in the North by this decision of the Supreme Judges caused Judge Douglas to hasten to Illinois to calm his constituents. Douglas was handsome, an orator and had great personal magnetism; he was already a brilliant success and his party thought of him as good timber for President of the United States, at no distant time. "What!" exclaimed Douglas, "Oppose the Supreme Court! Is it not sacred? To resist it is anarchy." Mr. Lincoln answered this speech of Douglas with such forcible arguments against the decision of the Judges in the Dred Scott case that he appealed to the common sense and fairness of his audiences and won the praise of even the most radical leaders in the Republican party. Lincoln was growing more and more popular with his party. In 1858 he and Douglas were opposing candidates for United States Senator from Illinois and as Douglas was rather evading the question of slavery which was uppermost in Lincoln's mind he challenged Douglas to a series of joint debates in which he proposed to make Douglas come out in the open and declare his real sentiments. Those debates are now famous in history.

Mary Lincoln, urged her husband to pit his strength against Douglas and when Lincoln was rather despondent and felt that the race of ambition had been a failure—a flat failure for him, and a splendid success for Douglas—Mary said with spirit, her head thrown back and her eyes shining with pride, "Mr. Douglas is a very little little giant by the side of my tall Kentuckian and intellectually my husband towers above Douglas just as he does physically," Mrs. Lincoln staid quietly at home and kept the home fires burning, trained her children and read accounts of the speeches in the papers.

During the debates the progress of Mr. Douglas was like the triumphal procession of a conquering hero. His special train of cars with flags flying, his band of music, his body guard of devoted friends, he even had a cannon to boom announcement of his approach to a town where he was scheduled to speak. Mr. Douglas was accompanied throughout this campaign by his wife a brilliant beautiful woman. It is said that Douglas spent no less than \$50,000 in this canvass. Mr. Lincoln, who thought that he had been extravagant to spend five hundred dollars, traveled modestly, sometimes even on a caboose or freight train, but as he hated "fire-words, fizzle gigs" this mode of travel suited him better.

Mr. Lincoln came home one evening looking rather disturbed, in reply to Mary's query, "What is worrying you?" (for she was quick to note his moods,) he told her he had just had a conversation with his friend Mr. Fell, who wished him to be a candidate for President of the United States. Mary's little crooked smile deepened into a dimple. "Is that anything to worry about?" she asked. "What is the use of talking of me for the Presidency?" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln impatiently, "Whilst we have such men as Seward, Chase, and others, who are so much better known to the people, and whose names are so intimately associated with the principles of the Republican party. Everybody knows them; nobody scarcely outside of Illinois knows me." "They soon will," Mary replied and her husband smiled at her persistence. "Besides," he continued, "is it not, as a matter of justice, due to such men,

[Continued on page 126]

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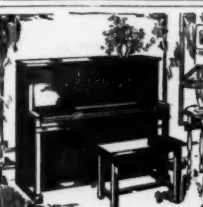
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who have carried this movement forward to its present status, in spite of fearful opposition, personal abuse and hard names? I really think so." "Oh," smiled Mary, "if abuse is all that is needed to earn the Presidency I think you have earned part of the price already." Mr. Lincoln was amused. What an ambitious little wife he had! He shook his head, there was no chance. Why force himself? But Mary's inherited instinct from her Indian-fighting ancestors was fired at the prospect of battle, and battle was chance. Why not take the chance! There was everything to gain and nothing to lose. "I admit," said her husband, "that I am ambitious and would like to be President, but there is no such good luck in store for me as the Presidency of these United States." "Oh," cried Mary, "how you underrate yourself!" But, with a knowing little smile, she added, "You are the only person in the world who does. You often quote Burns, 'Oh, wad some power the giftee gie to see yoursel as ithers see you,'" she paraphrased.

Mr. Lincoln persisted, however, in his modest estimate of himself. "I must in all candor say I do not think myself fit for the Presidency." Mary laughed at him for thinking himself "Not fit." "You've no equal in the United States," she declared. She really thought he had no equal in the world.

Politics became more engrossing to Mr. Lincoln and more and more in Mary's heart grew the triumphant conviction of his strength. On February 21, 1860, Lincoln made the famous Cooper Institute speech in New York that electrified his party. Two months later, in April, at Springfield, it was *Resolved* by his fellow citizens that "Abraham Lincoln is our first choice for President of the United States. We deem ourselves honored to be permitted to testify our personal knowledge in everyday life as friend and neighbors of his inestimable worth as a private citizen, his faithful and able discharge of every public trust committed to his care, and the extraordinary gifts and brilliant attainments which have not only made his name a household word in the Prairie State but also made him the proud peer of the ablest jurists, the wisest statesman, and the most eloquent orator in the Union."

Letters now came in a stream, some from totally unexpected quarters. Mary with quickened pulses realized what it meant. "Fit or not," she exclaimed, "you are in the field." Then with lowered voice solemn with prophecy, she declared, "You will be President of the United States." Her husband smilingly shook his head. Of course he did not attach any importance to this prophecy, which was the expression of Mary's unbounded love and ambition for him, and yet, it was strange how often Mary could see far into the political future—strange and unexpected things did happen—perhaps—Mr. Lincoln was passively ambitious; Mary, keen for battle on the front line, feared no defeat in this conflict, had no thought that her man might, even with flying colors, go down in defeat.

The State convention met at Decatur, May 9 and 10, 1860, and with wild enthusiasm unanimously declared for Lincoln as President. On May 16, the Republican Convention was formally opened in Chicago. The balloting was a strain. Illinois men thought they had a hundred votes. Counting they found they had 102. Pennsylvania had fifty and one-half votes; Chase, forty-

MARY, WIFE OF LINCOLN

[Continued from page 125]

nine; Greeley's men, forty-eight, McLean, Pennsylvania's second choice, twelve. It was for Pennsylvania to say whether Seward was to be defeated. The Pennsylvania delegation moved that on the second ballot Pennsylvania's vote be cast solidly for Lincoln. When Pennsylvania's name was called amid a profound silence the multitude in the wigwam heard the answer, "Pennsylvania casts her fifty-two votes for Abraham Lincoln." The third ballot Lincoln was distancing Seward—only two and a half more votes and Lincoln would have the nomination, there was an instant of breathless silence, and the chairman of the Ohio delegation springing up on his chair cried, "I rise to change four votes from Mr. Chase to Mr. Lincoln."

The scene which followed baffles description. Men wept and sobbed on each others' shoulders, they threw hats, handkerchiefs and canes in the air. It seemed as though they could not cease their expressions of joy, the tension had been so great and had lasted so long that these outbursts gave relief to pent up anxiety. Mr. Lincoln and Mary all this time were in Springfield. They were feeling the tension and strain even more than their political friends in Chicago. Mr. Lincoln was restless and

spent the weary waiting of this week drifting between the telegraph office and home, for Mary was anxious for every scrap of news. Mr. Lincoln was not as hopeful of the result as Mary. "Well," he said wearily, "I guess I'll go back to practicing law." "Why, of course," said Mary soothingly. "President Lincoln will return to Springfield and his law office in a few years, but he and Mrs. President are going to travel a little bit before they settle down to a quiet humdrum life."

Friday morning both Mr. Lincoln and Mary had dark rings of fatigue and sleeplessness beneath their eyes, the suspense was almost unbearable, even their voices were strained and sounded unnatural as they tried to speak calmly and reassuringly to each other. Mr. Lincoln went to his office, but soon joined the excited throng around the telegraph office. His nomination came over the wire, then the balloting. The strain was too great, he would not wait. Remembering a commission Mary had given him that morning he started across the square and was standing in the door of the shop when a shout went up from the group in front of the telegraph office. "Lincoln is nominated!" He was surrounded in an instant by an exultant crowd of half hysterical friends bent on shaking his hand and shouting congratulations. The happy excitement of his friends was instantly reflected in Mr. Lincoln's beaming countenance, but realizing in a moment what it all meant his face became grave and thoughtful. He knew how serious was the crisis through which the country was passing and how great a responsibility the next President would have to assume.

"My friends," he said, "I am glad to receive your congratulations, and as there is a little woman on Eighth Street who will be glad to hear the news, you must excuse me until I inform her." He turned to Mary for encouragement and for the triumphant love he knew he would find in her eyes. It does not take a very vivid imagination to picture their meeting; Lincoln proud of his wife and that he had realized her faith in his star, and Mary, her heart singing with joy over the honor that had come to her man—the father of her four sons—her heart nearly bursting with the pride she felt in him. There was not much sleep in Springfield that night for anyone, particularly for Mary. Her knowledge of politics made her share her husband's gravity, but her unbounded confidence in his ability surged in her like a singing sea.

The shouting and singing of campaign songs was sweet music and the glowing, flaming bonfires and parades a beautiful sight, thrilling every nerve with exultation over the triumph of her loved one. Mary was not the only one exultant and happy. Her cousin, Judge Stephen T. Logan, a grave and staid Judge at all other times had gone wild with excitement at Chicago, where he had headed the Convention. He had gone clad in the finest suit he had ever worn and "crowned with a tall, new, shiny, silk hat." When he came back this suit, which he had not taken off since he left Springfield, was wrinkled and dusty and he was wearing a little Scotch cap—the tall silk hat having been beaten into a shapeless wreck over the shoulders of his happy fellow-delegates (From Rankin's History).

[Continued in
AUGUST McCALL'S]

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Long Beach, Calif.

"I am eleven. Nearly all my life I had a breaking out on my skin—it was awful because I couldn't swim much—and we lived just two blocks from the beach.

"But now that I've been eating Fleischmann's Yeast my skin trouble is practically gone and I have lots of pep and feel fine. Now we go to the beach every day—my dog and I—it's great fun. I won't forget that Yeast made me well."

ROBERT S. SWANSON

"They thought I couldn't keep the job"



Plymouth, Mass.

"My family thought that business was the last thing I should go into, in my run down condition. But at that time (shortly after my mother's death) I never needed anything so much to occupy my mind. So finally the doctor said that if I was determined I should at least build myself up

by eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I began eating it every day.

"Well, I got the position I had set my heart on and was later made manager of the office. Thanks to Yeast, I have energy enough to work all day and go to lots of dances in the evenings."

OLIVE A. WILSON

(RIGHT)

Cleveland, Ohio

"After years of suffering, I was finally being compelled to take a laxative every day. I did this to reduce as much as possible the frequency of my attacks of indigestion and headache.

"Naturally, with my condition as deeply seated as it was, I waved aside the advice of friends who urged me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. But nine months ago I was prevailed on to try it. Three weeks later I was able to discontinue laxatives. My indigestion has disappeared. Headaches likewise."

JOHN V. ROWAN



EVERY time you resort to drugs and exhausting cathartics you merely put off the day of reckoning. All drugs are a temporary measure at best—that is how they differ from Fleischmann's Yeast. Yeast is a food—fresh as any garden vegetable.

As your intestines are strengthened by eating yeast, food wastes are got rid of promptly, completely. Digestion has a clear track ahead! Appetite revives. Your very complexion—now radiant, smooth—proclaims a body internally clean.

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"For seventeen years I was in such a condition from constipation and stomach trouble that every part of my body seemed affected. I was weak from the pains and dizziness—and steadily growing worse. Fleischmann's Yeast seemed such a simple means of relief that I had little confidence in it. But a friend's urging finally induced me to try it. In three months' time my elimination was regular. My appetite is now very good, and I am again able to sleep well."

MRS. ENNIE C. CLEVELAND

So simple—this new way to health:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals: just plain, or in water or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake in hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed. And train yourself to form a regular daily habit. Harsh, habit-forming cathartics can gradually be discontinued.





LIVES AND LETTERS

Our New Department of Human Relations

Conducted by Margaret Severance

Growing Old Disgracefully

IN the garden of life, man flourished like a flower, saith the Scripture. It does not add that, when the petals wither one by one, the flower all too often becometh like a weed. So, in substance, write a number of almost hysterical married daughters whose parents, out of cruel necessity, are living with them. Old age, in that light, is life's ugliest tragedy, rather than its most beautiful fulfillment, as poets and philosophers tell us it was meant to be.

In childhood we lean heavily upon the strength of our parents, believing them to be the very symbols of the strength of God. Very often small children cannot conceive of God except in terms of their earthly fathers, subconsciously treasuring that ideal all their days, so that in mature life they are miserable and ashamed if the ideal is shattered and replaced by crumbling figures of earth, with feet made not even of clay but of sand.

A first babyhood is lovely, because it is natural; a second hideous because, barring chronic illness or hopeless mental disintegration, it is totally unnecessary, the product of moral slump and gross physical selfishness. How can we love a peevish touch-me-not whose only claim to reverence is seventy-five or a hundred birthdays, each candle adding not another virtue but another grouch? Man has nothing to do with fixing the date of his nativity and he should not expect praise or obeisance because it happened to fall long ago. There is no more reason why we should bare our heads before ninety years of ugly and selfish living than before ten years of it or forty. Mere decrepitude is no feather in anybody's cap. We love an apple tree not because it has been blown and bent by many winds, but because, season upon season, it has borne bright blossoms and fair fruit—and because it is still bearing according to its strength. It has taken on a spiritual quality that no young tree can have.

It is a similar spiritual sturdiness in countless old persons that makes them desirable and valuable members of society; they have acquired tolerance, mellowness of mind, vision beyond the day, wisdom in little folk ways that their juniors rarely possess except as divine gifts. Such old persons need not be intellectuals, merely average simple folk such as we meet everywhere.

Shorn of the bustling activity of youth, the trappings of successful maturity, we are revealed by old age starkly as we are. Pleasant or unpleasant, we cannot conceal it. The fault lies not in our age but in ourselves. Having all my life been honored by friendship with many old persons, I object to anybody's confusing old age, which draws forth our tenderness and respect, with selfish and preventable senility, which would give even a paralytic strength to run a Marathon of escape.

The two most winsome and socially successful persons on the long roll of my recollection, might by calendar have been called old. Yet friends and relatives of all ages competed with each other eagerly for their presence. They had a beauty, a charm and a wit which they could not have possessed in their April days. Like great books, they were and are ageless. I knew, too, a lovely lady—she must have been all of ninety when she died—who, in spite of fingers twisted agonizingly by

rheumatism curled her hair every day. "Why should I give in to the pesky thing?" she used to ask. "Everybody hates rheumatism and everybody loves curls. I'd rather call attention to my head than my hands." Recently I was told about a great-grandmother, eighty-something and sprightly as a debutante. She climbs five flights of stairs every day to her apartment. She keeps young, she says, because she has to climb.

The winds of memory blow many more pictures before me. One of the fondest of these is that of an old man, very tall and straight, fighting age as gallantly as all his life he had fought hatred and injustice, holding open doors for his daughters to pass through, seating them at table, doffing his hat to his little granddaughters as if they had been grandduchesses instead. Indeed, old age of this sort is not only very beautiful but very comforting to the rest of us. It was meant, I sometimes think, as a pledge by the Almighty of our continued ability to grow, a promise of immortality itself.

Various famous persons have left us their secrets for retaining vigor and usefulness in spite of age. The words, of course, are different but the substance is strikingly the same. Standing on what he called "the summit of the years," John Burroughs wrote, as he looked backward over his long and glorious period of harvest, "There is no joy like mental and bodily activity, like keeping a live interest in the world of thought and things. Old age is practically held at bay so long as one can keep his life moving. The vital currents, like mountain streams, tend to rejuvenate themselves as they flow."

Chauncey Depew, though he was ninety-four at the time of his death three months ago, still held a job which has since, on account of its heavy responsibility, had to be divided among several younger men. He attributed his longevity to his sense of humor. He had, he was fond of relating, watched worry kill both his father and his grandfather and he determined that it should not kill him. "I found," he said, "that mind controls the body. Thus, humor saved my health." Stage folk keep young longer than do their audiences, not, certainly, because they labor less or have easier lives, but because they must throw themselves constantly into new parts, because they dare not let go.

The most certain symptoms of senile decay are three: hypnotic preoccupation with the past, manifesting itself in militant garrulousness about by-gones; a swollen sensitiveness about everything and everybody, which takes exception to the most harmless occurrences and construes courtesy as insult and kindness as cruelty (this springs from vanity that the most frivolous sixteen-year-olds cannot match); and complete indifference to physical appearance and the amenities of life. But let the daughters speak for themselves.

My dear Margaret Severance: I am very much embarrassed to present my problem to anybody. Yet, if I do not try to solve it, my domestic happiness seems threatened. I married a very prominent man and have to entertain his professional friends to further his public interests. We have a beautiful home and all the luxuries that make life pleasant. And yet lately I am

very uncomfortable in it, because of my father and mother who have come to live with us, for they are too feeble to maintain themselves any longer. Lately they have developed little crudenesses of manner that almost crush me. I have got so I dread to entertain, for I cannot hurt their feelings by asking them to absent themselves from the table, nor can I bear to expose my husband to the criticism which has begun to be heard from several sources about this. Is there anything you can suggest? Mrs. F. X. W.

Unless he is completely blind, deaf, paralyzed, and penniless, no grown person is too feeble to maintain his own home. Giving up an establishment of years' duration and a sudden dependence upon relatives often turns back the psychological clock until old people become children again almost literally. Adult responsibility helps make responsible adults. Children who bestow idleness upon their parents bestow trouble and discontent also. Nothing is so terrifying as to wait for death in an easy chair. A happier way is a cottage for the parents near daughter or son, or independent quarters in the same house. Thus, each has the advantage of companionship without the tyranny of constant intimacy.

My dear Margaret Severance: I know so many young couples with my problem, that I am asking you to print this for the benefit of us all. There ought to be a law forbidding relatives to live with young married folk. Many mothers seem to be lacking in good sportsmanship. Instead, they bid for sympathy and expect to be supported morally and financially. For years after my marriage, my mother was considerate and kind, but now she is so charged with jealousy, so hyper-sensitive, that she makes life a burden for my husband, myself and our children. We are all made to feel like intruders, who haven't an idea or a right. My husband and I are figure-heads in our own home. If we talk together without including her, she thinks we are talking about her and makes a scene, ending with tears. We try to reason with her but cannot. The nervous strain is killing me and driving my husband from home. I have two brothers but their wives will not have Mother around except for short visits. Please, please help me! Mrs. Q. A. M.

Tantrums in children, whether they be seven or seventy, should be treated with the same medicine—ignored utterly. When such children kick and cry and demand too much candy—of whatever kind—and discover that nobody hears them or sees them or is even faintly upset by them, they stop wasting energy and behave themselves. The absent-minded treatment is often better than the absent treatment itself.

Make LIGHT WORK of pie crust

Anything that people like as well as pie ought to be made easily and often. So why not make pie crust the easy way—with a *creamy* shortening like Snowdrift!

Flip your dough together with a few swift cuts of the knife—it's no work at all for Snowdrift measures quickly and takes little handling. You can use it icy cold and still it won't be hard. Pie crust made with Snowdrift is just as flaky and tender and crisp as it can be. Snowdrift saves your time in

all kinds of baking—in cookies, biscuits, or cake. A batter or a dough goes together quick as a wink when the shortening is *creamy*—and Snowdrift is *always* creamy. We creamed it for you before we packed it in the airtight can. Whipped it up all light and white and fluffy—so good to look at, you just know it's fresh and wholesome and good to eat.

The airtight can *keeps* it pure and sweet and delicate—ideal for baking and for delicious fried foods, too.

Use Snowdrift in any of your favorite recipes. Or send for the Snowdrift cook book full of new things to try. Write The Snowdrift People, 210 Baronne Street, New Orleans.





Clean your refrigerator with Old Dutch every week. This is of utmost importance, especially in the summertime when foods spoil so easily—so many health troubles are caused by food contaminated in an unclean refrigerator.

Old Dutch safeguards your refrigerator with

Healthful Cleanliness

an important health protection



The most important thing you can put into your refrigerator is *Healthful Cleanliness*. You need it to keep food pure and wholesome. The surest way to keep the refrigerator sanitary, fresh and sweet is to clean it regularly with Old Dutch.

Old Dutch is a natural cleanser whose basic ingredient "Seismotite," is of distinctive character and efficiency. Through the microscope you see it as thousands of flaky, flat-shaped particles. There is nothing else like it for removing dirt. With the visible uncleanliness it takes away impurities you cannot see. Old Dutch chases all dirt, none is left behind!



Old Dutch doesn't scratch. This drawing of a highly magnified Old Dutch particle shows how these particles, like tiny erasers, remove the dirt by a clean sweep without scratching. Safest for all cleaning because it contains no grit.



Grit scratches. This drawing of a highly magnified gritty particle shows how grit scratches. Scratches not only mar the beauty of surfaces, but are lodging places for dirt and often dangerous impurities. Avoid harsh, scratchy grit.

Old Dutch Chases Dirt—Protects the Home



The Symbol of Healthful Cleanliness